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A WOMAN'S Ideal LUXURY YACHT

Philante Cost a Fortune to Build—and to Run

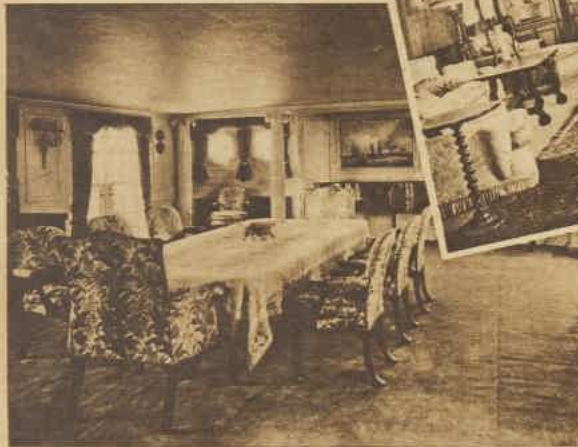
By Air Mail from Our New York Office

Every woman dreams of some day owning a luxury yacht in which she can travel the world.

For one woman the dream yacht has materialised into a ship described as the most luxurious in the world—the Philante.



THE PHILANTE, described as the world's most luxurious yacht.



THE PHILANTE'S dining-room, decorated in semi-antique style and made to appear as unshiplike as possible. Centre picture shows the magnificent main lounge.



MR. AND MRS. SOPWITH, proud owners of the luxury ship Philante.



MRS. SOPWITH'S CABIN, showing the wrought-iron gates set by a mirror to represent a door leading into another room. This gives an added effect of size to the apartment.

THE lucky woman whose dream yacht came true is Mrs. Sopwith, wife of Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, the millionaire British sportsman, famous for his efforts to win the America's Cup with his racing yacht, Endeavor.

While the Sopwiths were making their recent unsuccessful attempt to win the cup from America, they lived on the Philante.

Its rooms are as big and roomy as those of a floating country house, and that's what it is to its millionaire owner.

Mrs. Sopwith herself designed the interior decorations of the Philante. She has tried to make it as unship-like in appearance as possible.

The Philante is the largest private yacht ever constructed in Britain, and one of the biggest in the world.

Her tonnage is 1612, length 263 feet, width 38 feet. She can cruise without refuelling for 7000 miles. Her top speed is 17 knots.

A crew of 35 man the yacht. A ship of this size could accommodate 50 passengers, but there is room only for 14. The reason for this is to avoid overcrowding.

THERE is ample room for the Sopwith family and their guests. All the cabins and saloons are spacious. The drawing-room is 30 feet by 20 feet.

Apart from the dining-room,

smoking-room, lounge, writing-room, there are eight cabins, six of which contain two beds. The other two belong to Mr. and Mrs. Sopwith. Each has its own bathroom.

The general decoration scheme is antique Spanish. Much of the furniture is genuine period of great value. Some of it is modern, designed to tone with the general scheme.

Most of the big rooms have French windows opening on to the decks. Each cabin is sound-proof.

MRS. SOPWITH'S bedroom, in green, with embroidered tapestries, has a four-poster bed.

At one end there is a Spanish wrought-iron gate fixed open against a mirror.

This gives the impression of another room opening out of the bedroom.

Colors in the general scheme are pastel shades of green, blue, beige, and red. Thick carpets cover the floors.

Mr. Sopwith is one of the richest men in Britain. His firm, Hawker Siddeley Aircraft Company, build the world's fastest fighters and bombers.

The yacht is said to have cost more than £150,000.

Yachts of the Philante class cost an immense sum to run. Annual upkeep bills might total between £40,000 and £50,000.

The crew's food bill alone is a big monthly item—so also are the uniforms and insurance.

But, finance apart, it's nice to dream about owning a yacht like that.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Wife of Prime Minister

MRS. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, wife of the Prime Minister of England, noted for her regal deportment, good looks and smart frocking. She leads a busy life, for, apart from those official duties which fall to her lot as wife of Britain's leading Parliamentarian, numerous charitable organisations absorb her time and interest. This photograph was taken in the train in which she was travelling to Manchester to open a new block of flats.



—Brooklyn.

Has Another Diploma

MISS PHYLLIS ROUNTREE is yet another Australian doing well overseas. At recent examinations held at the London Medical Research Institute, she gained the Diploma of Bacteriology.

A native of Hamilton, Victoria, she graduated M.Sc. at Melbourne University, did a course at the Waite Agricultural Research Institute, Adelaide, and worked with the Walter and Eliza Hall Institute of Research, Melbourne Hospital, before going overseas.



Dancing Examiner Here

FELIX DEMERY, examiner for the Royal Academy of Dancing, London, who visited Australia in 1935, is making his second trip here.

This time he is to award two scholarships in Australia, one for the most promising student from Victoria, South Australia, and West Australia, the other for the most promising student from N.S.W. and Queensland. The lucky winners will go to London to further their studies.

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INFANTILE PARALYSIS Treatment — Right or WRONG?

Full Story of Research on which Australian Authorities Now Differ

What are the merits of nasal treatment to save Australian children from the dreaded infantile paralysis scourge now prevalent in Victoria?

Conflicting views about it were expressed last week.

The Federal Minister for Health, Mr. W. M. Hughes, took a stand in favor of the nasal treatment, which, he said, is "simple, but needs administering by a duly qualified specialist."

Three other medical authorities challenged the Minister's views. Their opinions were that until this treatment had passed a further experimental test, it should not be adopted generally as a preventive measure.

The nasal treatment mentioned by Mr. Hughes was first fully described by Dr. Paul de Kruif, a noted American writer and secretary of the Infantile Paralysis Commission, which, in the United States, administers the work of fourteen research laboratories.

His survey is here reprinted from the American Ladies' Home Journal, since it covers a phase of infantile paralysis research of vital interest to Australia at the present time. It also states, for the first time, the theory by which the disease enters the body.

Frankly and critically, he explains the result of scientific research, tells what happened when frantic parents administered home treatment during the last American epidemic, and stresses the need for educating the public in this matter and building up medical forces to guard against fresh outbreaks.

By DR. PAUL DE KRUIF

IT is now pretty safe to predict that soon a new step will be taken in the fight against infantile paralysis.

While the science of this new preventive is so simple that a ten-year-old boy or girl can understand it, its use will demand the mobilising of a highly-trained army of men and women—doctors, health men, nurses.

It can only be successful if the mass of the people will take thought to see to it that our death fighters are equipped and ready before another epidemic begins. Everything in this war against the maiming illness of their children, now depends on the people's foresight.

The worth of this admittedly experimental new weapon can only be proved if it is tried under the most exact, medically regulated circumstances.

All hangs on mothers' and fathers' understanding of the sinister resourcefulness of the murderous poliomyelitis microbe—and their knowing, too, its recently discovered, fantastic weakness. But let me explain.

Gives Immunity

THERE is a strange, bright side to infantile paralysis.

Its midget microbe seems to tackle everybody; yet for every child it maims or kills, it makes hundreds of boys, girls, and even babies immune—resistant, permanently, for life.

There is another dubiously hopeful fact about this curse of childhood to remember. When once a baby has been crippled by the bite of this sub-visible microbe, it will then be almost surely proof against that microbe's further devastation. That baby won't be attacked again, or crippled further. The child's blood now has power against the infantile-paralysis death.

And searchers find this antimicrobe strength, too, strange to say, in the blood of the majority of grown-ups who've never had the sickness.

It is known also that the blood of such recovered children or naturally immune grown-ups has no power to guard susceptible children from the terror.

Attacks Nerve Centre

AND, just as no sort of blood serum has the power to prevent the devastating attack of these deadly microbes upon the nerve cells of a

child's brain and spinal cord, so, too, such serum holds no hope for cure, once the murderous midgets have sneaked in there to begin their mischief.

Such serum cure has been claimed by doctors. Faith in it is still held by some. Cold experiment has given a sad "no" for answer.

You wonder why no drastic quarantine is set up by our health men to keep sick children from giving death to those still healthy? But who spreads the terror? Our death detectives have proof the microbes are often spread by people perfectly healthy. Unaware of it, they are innocent murderers.

Elusive Germs

NO, there is no practical way to spot the spreaders of this paralytic doom. The moment the first sudden, ominous laming, strangling of the first babies begins in your community—that instant the fear of parents is justified. For from then on, all children are imperiled.

But if the microbes of infantile paralysis are so sly that it's vain to hope to sleuth out the trail of their maraudings, if serums won't guard, if vaccines fail to prevent, what's left but resignation? Well, here's the glory of our men against the maiming death: that they never know when they are beaten. These past three years, they've found that what had seemed a most sinister strength of the paralyzing microbe was its Achilles' heel, its weakness!

The one place in nature where it can live, multiply, work its harm, is in the nerve stuff of humans and monkeys.

Brilliant science in the laboratories of London, New York, Stanford University, and Chicago now makes it pretty certain that this death sneaks direct from the outside world into a child's brain, and so down to its spinal cord to work its paralytic mischief.

How Disease Enters

THIS new science now makes our searchers understand the tragedy of the failure of serums to cure, or serums and vaccines to prevent. What good, for your threatened baby, if serums and vaccines do give microbe-killing power to that baby's blood? What price mere blood immunity?

When it's only inside the nerve cells that the tiny murderers are gnawing? Snug and safe inside there, so that the microbe-killing chemistry of the baby's blood cannot get at them.

CAN OUR CHILDREN be saved from infantile paralysis by the new nasal treatment?

Three Against One— In favor of infantile paralysis treatment by nasal sprays under medi- cal supervision:—

Mr. W. M. Hughes,
Federal Minister for Health.

Against the treatment,
pending results of further
inquiries and tests:—

Dr. Featonby,
Chairman of Infantile Paralysis
Consultative Council in
Victoria.

Dr. E. Sydney Morris,
Director-General of Public
Health, N.S.W.

Dr. J. Steigrad,
Secretary of Infantile Paraly-
sis Committee of N.S.W.

Of course you'll now ask how on earth can these infantile-paralysis microbes possibly sneak into your child, when they'd soon perish in the child's stomach or its blood, or any other part of him, except the insides of his nerves and nerve cells?

It's right here our searchers have reached the very heart of the mystery, groped towards something profoundly hopeful.

Inside the noses of monkeys—and children!—they've spied a curious little doorway by which, and through which alone, this death can enter.

Test on Monkeys

UP in the roof, the very vault of monkeys' and children's noses, lie the tiny hairline endings of the nerves of smell.

They're the only nerves in all the body that are completely naked to the outside world. They pass from the nose through the bottom of the skull direct to the brain.

This, and this alone, is the one pathway by which it is surely known that the dreadful paralytic death can force entry.

Nose Washes

TO find ways of saving babies from infantile paralysis, Charles Armstrong, of the United States Health Service, at Washington, has spent three years in patient research.

He ended it in the spring of 1936 with a fantastic, a truly powerful way of blocking the little endings of the nerves of smell of monkeys. So that the paralytic death cannot get in.

Day after day he washes the insides of sundry monkeys' noses with a weak solution of picric acid and alum. That way he coats, he protectively galvanises, you might say, those delicate nerve endings. Then he waits six days, lets those galvanised monkeys rest.

Then, day after day, he pours into their nostrils terrific, deadly doses of the infantile paralysis virus—

And this absolutely simple—and harmless—preventive saves twenty-four out of twenty-five monkeys from a hot, dangerous virus that paralyzes, kills twenty out of twenty-six monkeys whose noses have not been washed out with the solution of picric acid plus alum.

Continued on Page 26



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FROM OPTOMETRISTS & OPTICIANS Everywhere

KAZUKO TSURUMI Has Found "PARADISE"

Visiting Japanese Girl Tells What She Thinks of Australia

To any young Japanese student, Australia is an island of "vast width, scarce population, gum-trees, sheep, and a large Parliament House at Canberra."

At least, that is the studied opinion of 19-year-old Kazuko Tsurumi, a Japanese student.

She is at present in Australia with her father, Mr. Yuseki Tsurumi, prominent statesman and educationist and Japanese delegate to the New Education Conference now meeting in the capital cities of Australia.

THE granddaughter of the late Count Goto, Miss Tsurumi attended the Peers' School in Tokio and has brought with her a quaint idea of Australia as taught to Japanese children in history and geography lessons.

She has so far visited Brisbane and Sydney and is now on her way to Canberra and Melbourne. The first places she inquires for are the Zoo, the gardens, and the Art Gallery. Having visited them, she returns to her hotel to study the books on Australia she has collected in her search for local knowledge.

The writing desk in her room is piled with volumes about flora and fauna, and official guides. One she handles fondly is David G. Stead's study, "The Rabbit in Australia."

"In London," said Miss Tsurumi,

"my father tried to obtain books about Australia, written by Australian authors. But it was most difficult. We found that we could not learn very much about your country from Miss Janet Mitchell's book, 'Warning to Wantons.'"

Australia, she has found, has run true to form on all things she was taught except in the matter of bush-rangers.

On her arrival she had been very confident of her knowledge of the country, and was looking forward to seeing sheep, gum trees and bush-rangers.

But after a day she was sceptical about the bush-rangers, and only smiled when questioned about them.

"In our text-books at primary school, written in Japanese syllables, I learned that Captain Cook landed on your island a long time ago, and a convict settlement started and grew. I learned also that Australia had few people here for your big country. It was an

Education for Women

"I THINK education most important for women, just as important as for men," says Kazuko Tsurumi, "but there are still some disadvantages for women in Japan. When we finish college about 21 years of age, very few women can attend Universities, for in most of them only men are allowed."

"After we finish our education then we get married. In olden times women married from about 16 to 20 years of age. That was much too young."

island of vast width, population very scarce, many deserts, gum trees, and a large Parliament House at Canberra.

"I find that all the foreigners here are very kind, even the taxi-drivers," said Miss Tsurumi. "Australia is just as I thought it would be, like Paradise."

"There is lacking here the tension that there is in Europe. Here I notice everywhere the happiness of the people's faces. There is no worry. I watch the faces in the streets."

Asked about the education of women in Japan, Miss Tsurumi said that the first principle in the education of a Japanese woman was to become a "good wife and a wise mother."

"In olden times when my mother was young, girls went to school to learn to be a good wife and a wise mother, but now other subjects are taught also. At college which I now attend the most important subject is English literature. Then, of course, we learn economics, psychology, Japanese and world history."



MISS KAZUKO TSURUMI, a young Japanese student, who is now visiting Australia, finds the country just as she thought it would be—like Paradise. She is shown in national costume in a pose from one of the classical dances at which she is adept. (See story on this Page.)

LAST DAYS to Win £500 FOR RECIPES

HOUSEWIVES have only a few days now to try to win the £500 prizes in The Australian Women's Weekly Recipe Competition.

All entries must be lodged by next Wednesday, September 8.

The last entry coupons for the competition are published to-day on Page Five, Homemaker Section. Cut them out now and attach them to the recipes you desire to enter for the prizes.

Waiting to be won are these prizes: £100 for the nicest and most practical cake recipe; £50 for the next best; £50 for the best sweets or pudding dish; £50 for a preserved fruits or jam recipe; £50 for recipes for an economical dinner; and 200 consolation prizes of £1 each.

See full details, entry forms and rules on Page Five, Homemaker Section.

Boy King Will Marry a Commoner

By Cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

Love has conquered the heart of another King—that of the handsome 17-year-old King Farouk, of Egypt, whose engagement to a dainty, dark-eyed, 16-year-old beauty was announced last week.

HIS fiancée is Sasi Nas Zulficar, daughter of a high Egyptian palace official, whose wife is a lady-in-waiting to Farouk's mother.

The engagement was sealed with a huge platinum diamond ring, given by Farouk in the exotic garden at the summer palace at Alexandria.

The romance blossomed this summer in the leafy English garden of Ballardcombe, where Sasi, whose mother is lady-in-waiting to the Queen-Mother Nazli, was acting as companion to four young princesses.

Farouk was staying in a house a mile away. He was a frequent visitor and friends were aware that the four sisters were not the chief attraction at the gay tennis parties.

The engagement ring is the same with which the late King Faud betrothed Queen Nazli eighteen years ago.

Egyptian women are hoping it may symbolise the desire of the young couple to carry on Queen Nazli's liberal ideas on the status of women.

Reactionary male opinion in Egypt is bent on checking the growing emancipation of women and seems de-

termined to drive them back to the harem.

All hopes of Egyptian women are now resting on the slender shoulders of the King's bride-to-be.

HER name—Sasi—is of Persian origin, and means "Pure Rose."

So young that in Australia she would be a schoolgirl, she is now about to be lifted to the throne at the crucial beginning of the reign of the first independent King of Egypt for centuries.

Sasi is pretty, vivacious, and speaks fluent French and some English.

Farouk's selection of a commoner has enhanced his popularity with the masses. His mother, Queen Nazli, was also a member of a good middle-class family.

The wedding next year will be a simple ceremony—it is the same for a King as for a pedlar.

The Registrar will be summoned to the palace to hear the bride's and groom's parents, and will read to the parties the agreement of marriage, while a Mahomedan "learned man of religion" will read prayers and give advice. There are no vows of obedience, etc., as rules governing married relationship are laid down by the Koran.



WHITE is made of SEVEN COLOURS!

Floating, shimmering soap-bubbles split up white light into seven colours. The colours of the rainbow that you see in the bubble are the colours that make pure white. One of these colours is blue. There's no true white without blue. White linens which have

gone a yellowish grey need blue to bring back their sparkling white. If you want your white things to come off the line as white as snow, remember to rinse them in Reckitt's Blue.



Reckitt's BLUE

Out of the blue comes the whitest wash!

BEHIND the High WALL

Illustrated by
WYNNE
W. DAVIES

An unusual story of a beautiful girl who cherished a romantic dream of lovers passed on

NOW that the old stone mansion has been torn down, and in its place a tall office-building is about to rise; now that Miss Charity and Miss Lydia, who lived there so many years, are dead and dust; now that all the rest who were once concerned in the strange drama have been gathered to their fathers—all, that is, except me—I feel that I can tell the story as it could never be told during the lifetime of any of them.

Who, in that older and quieter city, did not know the Marlowes, with their aristocratic lineage, their stolid indifference to social upstarts? My mother, a Courtland, had married into the Marlowe family, and so I was a cousin of Charity and Lydia.

Their mother died soon after Lydia was born, and it was only their father, Peter Marlowe, who kept a vigilant eye on the girls. He never re-married. He had adored his wife, the mother of his two children.

There was a stateliness about the Marlowe mansion that is not visible to-day in the homes of the newer aristocrats. Its great oaken door opened upon a hall of enormous proportions which would be called wasted space now. The drawing-room was on the right of it, and the library was off to the left. A staircase flowed into the hall, like the train of a lady's dress—a lady who had herself half disappeared; and in the gloom there were haughty portraits of ancestors on both sides of the family.

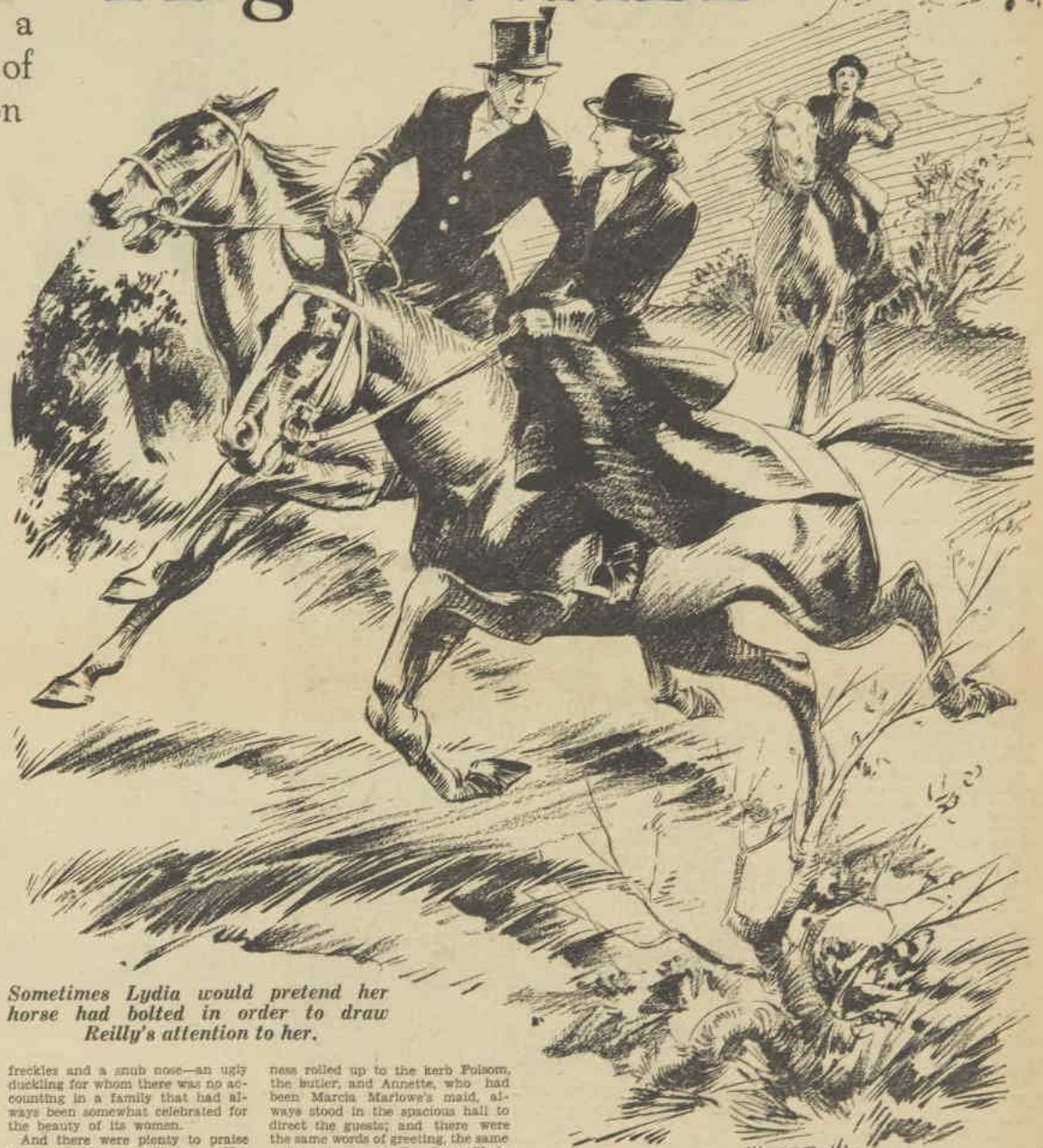
LOVELY as the drawing-room was, with its crystal chandelier, its flowery wallpaper, its smiling marble fireplace and its rich mahogany furniture, it was the dining-room that most fascinated me when I was so frequently a guest in its spacious interior. For the Marlowe silver service was famous, and particularly beautiful were those tall candlesticks that cast reflections in the smooth and polished mahogany, while the rest of the room was left in a velvet darkness, with only occasionally a shadow flitting about on the massive walls.

Four portraits in tarnished frames peered with uncanny eyes, as if, from another world, they approved of the orderly existence of those in this house who had followed them. They seemed to say that all was well; and all was still well and established even after poor Marcia Marlowe died, at the early age of thirty-two, leaving two little girls behind her.

Their education began, in stilted fashion. French and German governesses were installed in the great house; and in the summer, in the country, a desultory sort of coaching went on, and there were trips to the Continent, with elderly spinster relatives; for Peter Marlowe, in order that nothing should happen to the vast family wealth, often remained for long periods in town, investing and re-investing the securities he held with such a tight hand. In his strange way he loved his little girls, and he was determined that every good thing that money could buy should be lavished upon them; that they should be "ladies" in the larger meaning of the word, make successful marriages, and carry on the Marlowe tradition with dignity and grace.

There were dancing lessons, and little birthday parties, of which I was a part. The boy circle grew apace as the girls grew older; but it was obvious, even in those formative days, that lady flocked towards Lydia, and left Charity more or less alone and stranded. For they were as unlike as two sisters could possibly be, though they adored each other.

Charity was plain, almost painfully so, with straight, colorless hair,



Sometimes Lydia would pretend her horse had bolted in order to draw Reilly's attention to her.

freckles and a snub nose—an ugly duckling for whom there was no accounting in a family that had always been somewhat celebrated for the beauty of its women.

And there were plenty to praise Lydia, if not to spoil her. Her bronze hair was an aureole about her shapely head, her blue eyes peered out at you like twin stars, and her camellia-like skin was as clear as Charity's was spotted and freckled. She resembled nothing so much as a bit of rare Dresden china; but hers was not a doll-like beauty. She was animated, glowing with health and spirits, and one always had a feeling, as she passed from

ness rolled up to the kerb. Polson, the butler, and Annette, who had been Marcia Marlowe's maid, always stood in the spacious hall to direct the guests; and there were the same words of greeting, the same exclamations over the Amontillado sherry when it was brought into the drawing-room.

The grandes dames were plumper in those days, and there was no avoidance of thick, creamy soups and terrapin floating in rich sauces. There would be six wines served at such feasts, and everyone sipped from each glass. The older men, pompous, bewhiskered and often of huge girth, remained at the board

fused about for days, and enjoyed the more or less self-appointed post to which she elected herself. There was no detail too small for her vigilant eye.

Lydia was flushed, and Charity, whose own idea it was that they should come out together, and thus save the household from the fatigue of two separate receptions (money was of no consideration) tried to submerge herself as much as possible.

She was even then one of those un-halcyon saints, content to dwell in reflected glory. And when people like old Mrs. Murgatroyd, feeling that the older sister was too timid, took pains to pay added attention to her, it was pathetic to watch Charity's instant and joyous reaction.

I had always liked my cousin Charity, and I think I was about as close to her as anyone. As she grew older, she had a way of staving men off; not that she disliked them, but there was a certain virginal aloofness about her that no one could fail to observe.

And the young men flocked to the mansion. Two or three, with the bluest of blue blood in their veins, made ardent advances to the lovely Lydia; and it was here, for some reason, that my cousin took me into her confidence.

"I don't know why it is, John," she said one afternoon while we were riding in the Park. "but I like no one but Desmond Bleeker, and you know his failing. He drinks too much. He was the only man who went too frequently to the punch-bowl at our coming-out party, and father noticed it. But oh, John, he's so handsome, and he does say the nicest things to me. What on earth am I to do? For I know father would never approve of him."

I didn't know how to answer her. For I was but five years her senior, and had not had a great deal of experience with life. I only knew that young Bleeker was of an old family, and we had heard that the weakness manifest in him had been a common one with some of his ancestors.

Please turn to Page 44

By Charles H. Towne

childhood to young maidenhood, that there were hidden fires smouldering somewhere beneath that delicate surface.

The years moved slowly along. My own life, in a measure, was as monotonous as that which the girls spent in that handsome old house, where their father gave solemn dinners for the same small group, year in and year out. The red rug and awning were spread out when such functions took place, and as the carriages with their jingling, brightly polished har-

too long after dinner, smacking their lips over the old port that Uncle Peter proudly brought out on such important occasions.

When the girls came out at last, the late were gone over with great care, lest ineligible should get in, and anyone worthy be excluded. Of course, in those sadly distant days such receptions were invariably held in one's own house.

Everything was "correct" about the Marlowes' coming-out party. A maternal aunt, Lillian Armstruther,

COUNTERFEIT COIN

THE STORY SO FAR:

RICHARD EXON, wealthy Englishman, and JOHN HERRICK, his friend, while on a secret mission to the Castle Brief in Austria, rescue

LADY CAROLINE VIRGIL from her villainous cousin,

PERCY VIRGIL, and Count Ferdinand, his father, who have robbed her of her inheritance.

CAROLINE and her friend invoke the help of the DUCHESS OF WHELP, nicknamed "Old Harry," to expose the Count and his son.

CAROLINE remains with the Duchess, who writes the Count, commanding him to invite Exon and Herrick to the Castle at his guests.

On their return to Raven after seeing the Duchess, Herrick is upset by the disappearance of his gun. He decides to retire after a vain search for the gun.

NOW READ ON.

Another instalment of our fascinating serial of romance and adventure

Illustrated
by
Wynne Davies



While we waited for Percy, the beautiful picture of Caroline on the wall behind us was like a silent, encouraging companion.

HERRICK sank heavily down on the foot of his bed.

As he did so, a deafening explosion made me jump out of my skin, and, in one most frantic convulsion, Herrick leapt upward and outward, as though propelled by some spring.

"My goodness," said I, and ripped the quilt from the bed.

Twelve inches from the foot of the bedstead, a broad-arrow ruck in the blanket declared that below the blanket something had moved.

I turned to Herrick.

"Are you all right?"

"Well, I'm still the same shape," said Herrick. "If that's what you mean; but you can't sit down on a land-mine and be as good as you were."

Someone was running on the landing.

Then Winter appeared in the doorway—and Brenda wide-eyed behind him, with one of her hands to her throat.

"Nobody's hurt," said I. "Mr. Herrick's pistol went off. Where did you put it, Brenda? I mean, when you made the bed?"

"On the chest of drawers, sir"—pointing.

"I SEE," said I.

"And what time did you turn down the bed?"

"At six o'clock, sir. As a rule I turn it down at nine, but, as you were out to dinner, I did it before."

"And then?"

"I visited my cousins at Monein, and spent the evening with them."

"Well, that's all right," said I. "You go back to bed. Let your father and mother believe that we fired by mistake."

"I will do that," said Brenda, "but please may I know the truth?"

"It's simple enough," said I. "As soon as you'd left for Monein, somebody entered this house and came up to this room. They took Mr. Herrick's pistol, which you laid over there, and put it into his bed. Before they put it in, they put down the safety-catch. And they laid it with its mouth to the pillow—that ruck shows that; on firing, the pistol kicked—and shifted towards the foot. Now they've very light triggers, these things. Mr. Herrick touched it off by sitting on the edge of the bed. But if he'd got into his bed in the ordinary way, and had touched it off with his foot—as somebody meant him to do—"

"I think," said Brenda, quietly, "that the sooner that man is in gaol, the better for all of us."

"I entirely agree," said I, "but how can we prove he was there this afternoon? More. If he were asked his movements, I'll wager that he could prove he was fifty miles off."

Herrick was inspecting the bed.

"The muzzle," he said, "is now pointing rather that way. If, therefore, we stand on this side and loosen the sheet—"

We did so—gingerly. Then we lifted the loose sheet and blanket, turned them over and let them fall clear of the bed.

The weapon lay as he said.

Between trigger-guard and trigger a piece of cork had been wedged, so that all the play of the trigger was taken up. It follows that the cork, which protruded beyond the guard about three-eighths of an inch, became the pistol's hair trigger, the slightest touch upon which must certainly fire the thing off. Indeed, I shall always wonder how Percy Virgil—for, of course, it must have been he—had contrived to arrange the bed-clothes without mishap, for when Herrick sat down on the bed, he did not sit down on the pistol but fully eight inches or more, yet the draw of the sheet on the cork had fired the weapon before he was fairly down.

The sheets were scorched, and the path of the bullet was plain, for the undersheet was ripped and, when we had moved the pillows, there was a hole in the panel which made the head of the bed.

Using great care, I picked up the

pistol and put up the safety-catch. Then I freed the cork and laid the two in a drawer.

"It's our day out," I said. "and Percy Virgil's day in. I mean, he's clean out of luck. This morning Caroline left her wrist-watch behind."

"On the landing table," cried Herrick, and clapped a hand to his mouth.

"It's all right," I said. "He wasn't here before six. And, as luck will have it, I saw it—at half-past five."

After so full a day and in view of what was to come we were thankful to have a week-end with nothing to do; for all that, I must confess that, had I not been sure that the Duchess would be annoyed, I would have driven to Tracery every day—not to assure myself that my lady was safe, for of that I could have no doubt, but because I was mad to see her and hear her call me by name. Instead, I sat in the meadows and played with the dream which the Duchess of Whelp, in her wisdom, had taken away, which the

Countess of Brief, in her sweetness, had given me back. And because I was foolish, I wrote her a little note, which all the world might have read, which I posted myself at Gabble on Saturday afternoon.

Here I should say that out of evil came good; the attempt upon Herrick's life had cleared the air. We had thought it likely that some such attempt would be made, and, while we were not uneasy, our senses did constant duty against some surprise. But now the attempt had been made, and the danger was past

BY

DORNFORD YATES

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—for Virgil would know that, whether he won or lost, his "throw" could not be hidden or made out an accident, and so would be sure to give Raven a very wide berth.

Herrick wrote to Old Harry on Saturday afternoon.

Madam—I have the honor to tell you that Exon and I reached Raven this morning at half-past one. And that, without incident. I am bound, however, to confess that my young

and somewhat downright companion, for whom I share Your Grace's good-natured contempt, possesses an instinct which I would give much to enjoy. But I, of course, should turn it to good account. Approaching the farm, he smelt danger; he has since admitted so much. D'you think he could tell me so? D'you think he could make my brain free of this highly important fact? He preferred to withhold it, madam. He preferred to offend me—and, as you know, I am one of the mildest of men—by insisting upon precautions I could not take and by fidgeting in his seat—a vulgar practice, of which, I may say, I have spoken to him before. I have said he smelt danger, madam; but because we had not been killed in the road of approach, our friend dismissed the matter and pitched his precious instinct into the draught. And now listen to this. When I was changing yesterday afternoon, I laid on my bed a pistol—which I forgot to take up. Before retiring, I sought for this dangerous thing—at first casually, and then, since it was not apparent, with an uneasy diligence.

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Go Thy Way

An Appealing Short Story

A cleverly written romance, which tells of a woman's dramatic discovery and how it changed her life



NATURE makes many mistakes, but Miss Banks' hair wasn't one of them. Its gallant brassiness had nothing to do with Nature. It was one of those shams so obvious as to be almost endearing. Miss Banks arrived in Dinard one Easter

time, and took the Villa Rosa, which had green shutters on a white front, a magnolia tree in its garden, and stood at the bottom of the Boulevard des Pearls, its garden adjoining that of Mrs. Vane.

From the beginning Mrs. Vane was very, very suspicious about her. Modernness she could forgive, though she deplored it, and never encouraged it in her own daughter, Kathleen. But Miss Banks was too ancient to be modern. Thirty-five if she was a day.

Mrs. Vane set her face firmly against her, and since Mrs. Vane was, by reason of her position and her personality, leader of those people who remained in Dinard all the year round—retired Army people, families come over to learn French, families come to recover from a sad reverse of fortune—it followed that a great part of Dinard set their face firmly against her also.

Fishy, they said. Very fishy. Mrs. Vane was a general's wife, accustomed to leading. She had buried the general in Delhi and bought a villa with his life savings, which turned out to be very much less than she expected. Nobody opposed

Illustrated
by
**EDWARD
SHELLEY**

The way she went on was odd. She did not wait, as nice people always waited, to be called on. She scraped acquaintance with people in the strangest way, at the Casino, or among the bathing-machines, and asked them right off to a party.

And one and all they went from sheer curiosity, which Mrs. Vane thought quite deplorable, though the same feelings would most certainly have driven her there had Miss Banks ever asked her.

All Mrs. Vane's smouldering suspicions were confirmed when she learned that Miss Banks was called Melisande. She remembered a song of her own youth that had a menacing lilt:

"Lean down, lean down to the water, Melisande,
From the shadowed pool drink deep."

Alas, it wasn't drinking deep of the water that was Miss Banks' trouble. On the contrary. The whisper got about like fire in a hay-yard.

"My dear, at the dance last night she was quite blotto. I saw her, standing in the doorway there, with a silly little smile, swaying slightly."

"Oh, I hope not," said the dear ladies of Mrs. Vane's set, drawing long, hissing breaths, for they stood for respectability and the Services, and all had at least one titled relation, if only a knight.

"Something must be done about it," said Mrs. Vane. "Our prestige is at stake. People who want to do that sort of thing should remain at home, and not do it in a foreign land. Imagine what the servants must say!"

It was bad enough before Mr. Davidson became so firmly attached. He could be seen going to the Villa Rosa at all hours. Sounds of his banjo penetrated the silence, all mixed up with the rattle of ice in glasses, and the jangle of the cocktail shaker, and peals of laughter. Orgies, said Mrs. Vane, and only a garden-spas away. She peeped quite often through a chink in the wall.

Not that she ever saw anything really shocking, but Mr. Davidson was always there, and he a married man. Mrs. Vane had never been able to abide Zoe, his wife, before, but now she took her up violently.

"If only Mr. Snowe wasn't so young, so inexperienced!" sighed Mrs. Machinka. Her husband, while she had him, had been a bishop. "In a case like this how one needs an experienced priest! There is so much he could do."

"She must be discouraged," said Mrs. Vane.



*Kathleen said:
"What are you
doing with that
photograph? It is
my father's."*

their chaplain. He looked too young, too inexperienced.

He wore a Norfolk jacket, a collar and tie. Seen on a week-day he might have been anybody.

Mr. Snowe talked just like anybody else, looked just like anybody else, and behaved just like anybody else. Hardly what one pays a clergyman for, said the good ladies of Dinard.

He was coming out of his house when Kathleen got there, and she turned very pink and gave him the note.

"From mother. She wants to see you."

"I'll come along now," said Mr. Snowe. "No time like the present, and I was going for a walk."

Kathleen couldn't believe her luck. Side by side they went back to the Boulevard des Pearls. She wished her breath would not come in such windy spasms, so that she seemed to talk to him in great gasps.

Lonel Snowe was a tall man, loosely put together, whom not too robust health had given a hollow look. He had bony wrists and ankles, and a large, commanding nose, more suggestive of a soldier than the Church. His deep-set grey eyes had a twinkle in them, which old ladies often found disconcerting to their tales of woe.

Mr. Snowe went about so little, lived so entirely in the realm of books, that he knew nothing much

to prevent scandal, perhaps even tragedy, in our midst. Poor little Zoe Davidson.

"Come, Mrs. Vane, you would hardly call her a devoted wife. Why, all last year—"

"We are talking about this year, not last year. In any case, she is his wife, and you, representing the Church, should surely uphold her position."

"I can go and see Miss Banks, if you wish it. But I don't know what you expect me to do!"

"I consider it your duty to find out something about her, who she is, and why she is here."

Mr. Snowe returned to his house, feeling very tired. Half an hour with Mrs. Vane made him feel as if he had climbed Snowdon.

WHEN he got to the Villa Rosa next day he was shown into a sort of conservatory, where a middle-aged woman sat knitting a baby's jacket. Seen in repose, before she realised he was there, her face was very sad. He noted her hands, which were square and capable, and her hair, which was ghastly, and her honest North Country accent, which she never made any attempt to hide.

"Well, it is nice of you to come and see me," said Melisande Banks, and she gave him her hand so heartily that he hadn't the courage to tell her he came as one crying in the wilderness.

They talked away on all sorts of subjects before he got an opening. Miss Banks was very knowledgeable about gardening, which surprised him a little. Also he learnt that the baby's coat she was knitting was for a hospital in London on whose Board he sometimes sat.

In the end Miss Banks very tactfully gave him his opportunity by saying: "I expect you've heard I'm a terrible person?"

"I heard you were creating rather a flutter in the dove-cotes."

She nodded. "I came here meaning to be real wicked. But somehow it hasn't come off."

"What on earth did you do that for?"

"I made my hair this color," continued Miss Banks, "because I had a notion it would be easier to go to the devil with hair like this. It was a quiet sort of mouse-brown before. I didn't think I'd get anywhere with it. And I came to France, because I always thought that France—well, you know what one does think of France, when one lives in Masham."

Mr. Snowe had to laugh aloud.

"You're very honest, anyway."

"Yes. I was always a poor liar."

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Poems That Live

The Last Word

By Matthew Arnold.

"**C**REEP into thy narrow bed,
creep, and let no more be
said!
Vain thy onset! all stands fast:
Thou thyself must break at last.
Let the long contention cease!
Geese are swans, and swans are
geese.
Let them have it how they will!
Thou art tired; best be still!
They out-talk'd thee, hissed
thee, tore thee.
Better men fared thus before
thee;
Fired their ringing shot and
pass'd,
Holly charged—and broke at
last.
Charge once more, then, and be
dumb!
Let the victors, when they come,
When the feds of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall!"

her in Dinard, though they called her, behind her back, the Old Trout. And lots of people followed her, and were persuaded to her way of thinking, because there are always people without any ideas whatever who will follow anybody who has any ideas at all, even if they are the wrong ones.

Miss Banks had an elegant figure, beautiful clothes, rather a loud laugh, and if you happened to take a really careful look at her, sad eyes,

By DOROTHY BLACK

That was the beginning of it. Where the end would be, goodness alone knew.

"Before we know where we are we shall have a fine scandal," said Mrs. Vane. "I am going to talk to Mr. Snowe very seriously. I don't believe that young man ever really knows what is going on in his parish."

Kathleen took the note. She was glad to do it. The only romantic thing in her unromantic girlhood was Mr. Snowe. She admired him so much and had gone to church so regularly ever since he came as chaplain to St. Bartholomew's on the hill! For the rest, the ladies of Dinard were a little disappointed in

of Miss Banks, until Mrs. Vane enlightened him over the crumpets.

"Not a garden-span away, Orgies!" said Mrs. Vane. "You never saw such a scene as there was last night. People sitting there with their arms round each other's necks..."

"How do you know?"

"Kathleen looked over the wall."

"You told me to, mother!"

Mr. Snowe laughed outright.

"I fear you and I will never see eye to eye," said Mrs. Vane pompously.

Mr. Snowe did not look as if he had ever had any great hopes on that subject to shatter.

"I should have thought it your duty

Complete
Short
Story

Illustrated
by
WYNNE W.
DAVIES

(3)

Suddenly the door opened
upon its wooden hinges and
there was Yung-en still in his bright
blue wedding robe.

No Other GODS

A charming
story of Chinese
Life, by the Author of
"The Good Earth."



"I HATE to let Ru-lan go like this," said little Mrs. Stanley to her husband. "I don't believe she knows anything at all; she's not fit to be married."

Little Mrs. Stanley had just come in from the garden and her arms were full of roses, the swift-blooming, vivid roses of a Chinese May. William Stanley looked at her, smiling, his heart caught in his throat at her loveliness. He and Mollie had been married five years, but he never grew used to her. He saw her every day—luckily, his work at the mission was to run the schools and not be an itinerant evangelist. If he had to go off on long preaching tours, as Dr. Martin did, and be weeks away from Mollie, he could not have borne it.

Sometimes in the night he woke up feeling troubled and shivering, fearful lest he and Mollie might have to be separated. Suppose one of the children were to fall ill and have to be taken home to England like the Burgess child, and Mrs. Burgess away for nearly two years; or suppose—

He would put out his hand to touch

Mollie's round little body, lying deeply and healthfully asleep beside him. He would not wake her, but somehow she always woke. And somehow he always told her his fears, then waited to hear her laugh her sweet, contented laugh. "Oh, William, if I had to go home you'd come too. We'd find other work. You suppose I'd let you stay here by yourself?" He was asleep before he knew it, then.

Now he looked up at her from his desk, adoring her. She dimpled and put her hand on his cheek and pretended to pout. "You haven't heard a thing I've been saying. You never listened to me."

He caught her hand and held it to his lips, a little firm hand, scratched with rose thorns. "It's because I can't keep from looking at you. What's going to happen to me if I keep loving you more all the time?" He drew her to him and leaned his face against her breast. Under his cheek he could feel the steady pounding of her heart. "True heart—true heart," he murmured to the rhythm of her heart. She bent over his dark head, pressing it gently against her.

They both forgot the girl Ru-lan. They were swept back into the summer morning five years before in the little old churchyard behind

the grey stone church where Mollie's father had preached for so many years, and where William had come to help for a month, during the holidays. She and her mother had sent her father off for the trip to Palestine he had looked forward to for a lifetime. What destiny, that on the summer when they did not all go away together, William had been sent to this parish—just before he was to sail as a missionary to China! The first moment she saw his tall young figure mounting the steps of the pulpit she knew him and loved him. And he, when he looked over the congregation, he saw her and thereafter her only.

And then in just a few weeks, that July morning after church, when she was running home to the vicarage by the short cut through the church-

There was a small sound, and they jumped apart. The older missionaries always said, "The Chinese are not used to demonstration between the sexes." Mrs. Burgess had taken Mollie aside very soon, and said, "Try not to take your—Mr. Stanley's—hand in front of the Chinese, dear. It is—they would consider it indelicate." So she and William had tried very hard to learn to wait until they were alone.

Now they looked guiltily towards the door. There she stood, Ru-lan, the girl little Mrs. Stanley had come in to see William about, the poor, stupid girl. She was standing there in the doorway, dressed in a clean blue cotton coat and trousers, with a blue-and-white print handkerchief tied full of the books she never could learn. Her father had come to take

The girl sat down obediently, in silence. The smile had gone from her face now, and she sat staring quietly at these two, observing all they did.

Mollie looked at her and was discouraged. She had often in the schoolroom faced that dense placidity.

"William, what shall we do?" she asked, turning to him. "She's seventeen and she's been here ever since we came, and I don't believe she will ever learn much. She's been through all the classes—Bible and arithmetic and hygiene—and she reads a few hundred characters, but that's all you can say. She just isn't fit for marriage, such a good, faithful, kind, stupid girl. You know she came up for baptism twice, and she can't remember enough to answer Dr. Martin's questions, however hard I coach her. I'm sometimes afraid she's still heathen."

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By PEARL BUCK

yard, he came striding after her, still with his surplice on. He had, he said later, meant only to ask her to go for a walk with him, perhaps, in the evening. But when she turned and looked at him, under the deep shadows of the old elms and hidden by the lilacs along the path, he had taken her into his arms and enfolded her. There was no question asked and no answer given: simply meeting.

Whenever they came together it was the same thing, the same deep union again—like this.

her home to be married, and she was ready to go.

"Come in, Ru-lan," Mollie said. She smiled, her heart full of compassion. The girl's round, placid face responded at once with a childlike pleasure. Above the large, full cheeks her black eyes shone faintly.

Mollie Stanley put down the roses on the desk, and went over and took the girl's plump hand. "I'm sorry you must go," she said in Chinese. "But your father will not consent to your staying longer. Sit down, child, and let me talk with you a little."



WYNNE W.
DAVIES

An Editorial

SEPTEMBER 4, 1937.

SPRING IN THE SOUTH



IT has been said that Australia has no spring. A base slander—and a choice blunder. True, we have no crude pantomime effects of splitting ice and thawing snow and dead trees coming to life.

But, of course, we have a spring—a deliciously subtle spring. She does not come galumphing over the hills in fancy dress, scattering aniline dyes and floral effects across a startled landscape.

SHE comes in the night, unseen. She looks up at the skies and the stars are suddenly changed from steel to gold. The trees sigh as she passes, and know the long assault of the bitter winds is over. Where her feet have touched the grass, the dawn finds not hard frost but glittering dew.

The fogs that have laid long siege to coast and valley strike their grey tents and flee.

As for you and me, we learn of the lady's arrival when, hiding around the corner, she tickles our cheeks with a soft warm breeze that seems to smell of wildflowers.

IT is a great thing to be aware of spring. For a time, our pioneer ancestors didn't believe she was here at all. They misunderstood this strange land and chopped down its evergreen trees.

Now we feel differently. We plant trees, native and alien, instead of chopping them down.

WE are very fortunate, compared to northern peoples, for the pageant of nature is closer to us all, even in the cities. Sun pours into all our streets, the bush comes right up into our suburbs; we can go to the country easily and cheaply.

More and more we are taking advantage of this, teaching our children to recognise the seasons, to love the works of nature.

Like the legendary giant who was born of the earth, we must go back to nature to renew our strength.

We must let spring into our houses and into our hearts.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Dreams of Conquest

"ITALY," said Mussolini, "can dominate the world."

It does us all good to hear a remark like that. It reminds us how far a large section of humanity has slipped back from the stage of civilisation to which Western Europe lit the way.

Thousands of years before Christ chiefs cried to their warriors: "We can dominate the World!" They set out to do so, and achieved nothing but the spilling of oceans of blood. The only nations which have really dominated the world have been those which have built up their civilisation, their industry, commerce, culture and international bonds.

It is still possible, however, for an arrogant war-lord to drench the earth in blood before he perishes. It happened with Tamerlane, with Alexander, with Napoleon.

And their conquests melted before their bodies were cold.

Eating to Orders

BRITAIN drank fifty million gallons of milk last month—the most ever drunk in a month. And all because of publicity.

The more we reflect on the astonishing results achieved by continuous bombardment of the gaseous mind with ideas, the more obvious it becomes that in the future propaganda will be used to build an entirely new type of human being.

If bigger men are needed propaganda will tell them to eat more of this, that, or the other. (Additional wages will be necessary, of course.) If bright girls are desired, they will be told what to do about it. What commerce has discovered, science will turn over to statesmanship.

Precedence at a Fire

ON a Japanese ship now in

Australian waters fire orders, printed in Japanese and English, announce that first-class women and children will be saved first, then first-class men, then second-class women and children, then second-class men, then the crew.

It will be heartening to the stout old conservatives among us to know that somewhere in the world there are still people who understand the meaning of class distinction. Yes by god, sir. And then, of course, that sort of regulation makes more people travel first-class, which pays the company.

LYRIC OF LIFE

KINDERGARTEN

These are to-morrow's people. To-day they know
So little of the way their lives must go,
What destinies are theirs, what joys, what pain,
They learn to labor, now with hands and brain,
That when the morrow's promise shall arrive
Theirs be the will and fortitude to strive
Each for his chosen and ambitious part,
And for ideals long nurtured in his heart.
These are to-morrow's people. For us to say
What thoughts of right and wrong shall guide their way.
—PHYLLIS DUNCAN-BROWN.

Brains or Brawn

DR. CYRIL NORWOOD, president of St. John's College, Oxford, and a delegate to the New Education Fellowship Conference, said in Melbourne that Australian youths are physically two years ahead of English youths of the same age, and two years behind them in mental development.

There appears to be more mental arithmetic than logic behind that remark.

Oxford University, which takes a more leisurely survey of these things, discovered some time ago that Australian Rhodes Scholars had won in scholastic honors and athletics of the first class 38 per cent as against 15 per cent for Canada and 4 per cent for South Africa.

This rates Australia highly among the Dominions, but apparently Dr. Norwood's young Englishmen are a race of supermen.



WOMEN HAVE even invaded the ranks of the wrestlers. In a recent contest in San Francisco, Miss Clara Mortenson, champion lady wrestler of America, became infuriated at "collecting" a black eye and (as shown in the photograph) picked up her opponent, Miss Rita Martinez, to give her a body slam.

Wrestling and the Church

A LONDON clergyman told his congregation the other day that after the service on Sunday evenings "all-in" wrestling matches would be held, the proceeds to go to church charities.

This is muscular Christianity with a vengeance. The clergyman explained that it was one way of "wrestling with sin." If people wanted amusement after church, then the Church should supply it, and apply the profits to charity. A little startling, perhaps, but a common-sense attitude at any rate.

B.P.'s Ideal

THE great congress of the world-wide Boy Scout Movement in Holland has declared itself against any introduction of militarism or political influence into scouting.

Parents the world over will welcome this assurance, for such a movement has tremendous power over the imagination and outlook of growing boys.

The Scout movement as it was conceived by Lord Baden-Powell, and as it is carried out by those leaders who understand his spirit, makes boys into men fit to defend their country if need be, but it influences them towards peace and international brotherhood.

Heart of Australia as Tourist Magnet

Having explored all the beauty-spots in coastlines and hills nearer home, many Australian tourists during this winter turned their thoughts and steps to Central Australia.

THE result is that Central Australia has had a record number of visitors, all of whom are so enthusiastic that they are talking about it as one of the beauty spots of the world, and seasoned travellers compare it with the much-boasted South Africa.

Many Australians and some overseas tourists have visited Central Australia this winter, some of them travelling from Adelaide right through to Darwin, and returning either by boat or down the east of Australia by car or rail.

Until a few years ago the centre of Australia was thought of as an ugly duckling among holiday resorts—as merely the haunt of gold prospectors and an occasional scientific expedition.

Then realising its possibilities as a tourist attraction, some of the travel agencies organised odd trips which have, in a few years, developed into a regular winter feature running every few weeks during the winter months.

Vice-Regal Parties

AUSTRALIANS have been slow in recognising the attractions hidden in the heart of the continent—it took them more than 100 years to realise their commercial value from a tourist point of view—but now visitors to Central Australia are spreading the praises of this great open stretch of country.

Several of Australia's Governors have helped to broadcast the fame of Central Australia abroad, too, by their keen interest in it.

Lady Gowrie, Lord and Lady Somers, and Sir Winston Dugan have all toured the interior of Australia, and are probably to be thanked for much of the interest of English visitors.

Central Australia's claim to be ranked with the foremost show spots of the world is not empty. In the winter touring season its climate is perfect—exhilarating air with lovely days and cold nights.

Majestic mountain ranges, peaceful lagoons and peculiar rock formations are among the attractions.

Big Game

BIG game takes the form of schools of kangaroos, while flocks of wild birds cluster round the waterholes every night.

Further north, the crocodiles and buffaloes offer keen sport with thrills akin to those of lion hunting.

Mrs. A. C. Bond, of Adelaide, who has motored across Australia many times since her first trip ten years ago, is enthusiastic about the heart of the continent.

She once camped at Alice Springs for three months, but says there is no need for inconvenience these days, as there is good hotel accommodation at the end of each day's run on the trip from Alice Springs to Darwin.

Alice Springs (which attracted a large number of Victorians this winter) has a dance hall built like a tropical residence, and even regular talkie shows.

One of the prettiest spots is Palm Valley—an unexpected fern glade with freshwater springs, which is sixteen miles from Hermannsburg.

The spot was once seriously considered as the site for a sanatorium but was rejected because of the distance which would have to be travelled by patients. With the increased traffic it is possible that this idea will be brought out of cold storage for further consideration.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By WEP



WASTING TIME in the ARCTIC WASTES



L. W. Lower felt rather "up the pole" when he reached the Pole, so enthusiastic was the reception given him by the Polar Mayor at the Municipal Igloo.

Explorer Lower Finds North Pole Like Any Other Pole

Not that you're interested, but I must tell you about my Russian flight to the North Pole.

Personally, I'm sick of the place. Nothing to see but a pole. All right for adventurous and blase people who are sick of other poles.

Still I must tell you! I simply must!!

AMONG those present on my last Russian expedition were Captain Skoffski, Koffski, Vitchisvitch, and Movemoff.

I was graphologist. You know what a graphologist is? Good! That let's me out.

We found the Pole. It just looked like a pole to us. So we came home.

BUT. In that terse, not to say laconic, sentence lies a world of meaning. Beneath the surface is a story of heroism and fortitude which you'd hardly believe.

And you'd be almost right.

By Australia's Foremost Humorist

L. W. LOWER

name flashes its message in the sky. With pink and flaming yellow. (If I don't get a purple certificate for this there's something wrong).

See you majestic iceberg! With what pompous majesty it serenely sails! Born on the tide which bears the fate of men. . . (That's not bad. Or is it?) Anyhow, let's have a go.

On ice-floe walrus doth make speech with seal:

And swordfish doth with snout impale
The dolphin which, with melancholy wail,

Turns south to Rio Grande, braving the gale.

I don't like that last bit much. I can do better than that when properly goaded.

I could do even worse, but I've got to go home now. As a matter of fact, I'll have to do much better than that when I get home.

When, as I said before, I get home— But I don't think I'll go home. And even if I do I'll go out into the garden and eat polar bears.

On our last expedition the dogs (or muckluks, as the Eskimos call them) broke loose and ate all the stores. We were (to use one of the Eskimo words, and I hope you'll pardon me for what may seem a vulgar display of erudition) stonkered.

There we were, crowded in our hut trying to make the best of things. Playing on the harpoon and keeping our spirits up by putting water in the stuff.

A blizzard sprang up, but though snowed in and in perilous circumstances we sang songs while gathered about the old college radiator, and the bears and walruses—or walri—howled and bawled outside.

"I'm sittin' and knittin' a mitten
"To save me hands gittin'
"Frost-bitten—"
I forget the rest.

Never Again!

I SHALL not go on any more Arctic expeditions. Last time I came home covered with seals, and I was so frostbitten that when I put my feet in the ice-chest to warm them the thing burst into flames. And we are still paying 5/- per week on the ice-chest!

Of course, we'd be doing that in any case, but it just shows you.

In some ways, I'm glad to be back. And yet, if you were to ask me, I might ponder.

Out in the snowy wastelands one comes face to face with one's soul. A horrible sight.

You can't argue with your soul in a desolate waste. And I can't do anything with this typewriter. Curse the thing!

Casting a Pall

WHAT would you do in a white, flat, cold place where no bird sings and no beast moves and slumberous slabs of snow roll down and just flatten you? Where great slabs of ice crack open and leave you stranded all alone in a still world with not a soul around. And the deep gloom of the arctic night casts a pall. . .

We'd better snap out of this. It's bad for you.

How jolly to romp through the sparkling, crisp fairy snow! To hear the jolly laughter of the little Eskimo children ringing through the cold, clean air.

See! Yonder is a hungry bear! How white he seems! Let us all bolt like blazes.

Of course you would spoil it. But note: The aureolear whatis-



Yes!
It's a soothing sip

It is a great comfort, really, for all people who get this awful BRONCHITIS and are subject also to those periodical WINTER COUGHS with troubled breathing and asthmatical WHEEZING—**Bonnington's Irish Moss** is so soothing, it has splendid demulcent qualities—a mere sip placates; gives instant ease to an irritated respiratory tract.



IMITATIONS:
Look carefully to see the name, Bonnington's.
Price, 1/9 & 3/4.



For Coughs and Colds
Bonnington's
IRISH MOSS

How can you get a Lovely Complexion

YOU can have that clear, unblemished skin—that outer beauty which comes from inner health—if you remember to take Bile Beans regularly each night.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they tone up the system and daily eliminate impurities from the blood-stream. This purified and enriched blood feeds the skin tissues, removes all blemishes and unevenness, and gives what every woman desires—a matchless complexion.

So if you want to be admired for your lovely clear complexion start taking Bile Beans to-night.



"Taking Bile Beans nightly has made all the difference to my appearance. My skin is now a healthy colour, my complexion is blemish-free, my eyes are bright and I get up on a morning feeling rejuvenated."—Mrs. F. S. Britton.

"I am a hundred per cent. better in health since taking Bile Beans, and my skin is again fresh and clear. I would not miss my nightly Bile Beans for anything."—Miss E. Hinds.

BILE BEANS

SOLD EVERYWHERE



"Sweeping... the pores of my skin get choked with dust..."

"Cooking over a hot stove reddens my face... dries my skin..."

"... Running a house doesn't leave much time for beauty care..."

BUT

THANK GOODNESS THERE'S ALWAYS

PEARS'

"TONIC ACTION"

TO KEEP MY SKIN CLEAR

...SMOOTH... YOUTHFULLY LOVELY!

What a joy to your skin is Pears' tonic action! So stimulating to lazy cells and tissues... waking them up to glowing health and beauty! Mild, mellow Pears'! Each cake undergoes months of careful maturing—the process which gives to Pears' that rich transparency—the outward sign of its incomparable purity!

Pears

Original TRANSPARENT SOAP

Economical... because it lasts far longer!

A. & H. PEARS LIMITED

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MERRY & BRIGHT FREE FROM ILLS

Take Beecham's Pills and you will be quick to realise there is nothing so quick, certain and sure for headaches, liverishness and indigestion. A single dose relieves—a course will overcome constipation and leave you brighter, younger-looking, and more energetic.

What's the secret?

BEECHAM'S PILLS

"Worth a Guinea a Box"

No Other GODS

Continued from Page 8

"No, I know," answered William. "It's no good her staying here. If she showed any promise at all I'd try to persuade her father to let her finish. But I haven't the heart to let him think she ever could finish. Perhaps she'd better go on and be married."

"William Stanley!" his wife cried out at him. "And have a lot of children?"

They both looked troubled at Ru-lan, who, meeting their eyes, instantly broke into her great beaming smile, not understanding a word of their English. They were baffled by her smile.

"Do you know whom you are going to marry, Ru-lan?" asked Mollie gently in Chinese.

The girl shook her head. "It's a landowner's son," she answered simply. "My father is a landowner, too. The son of another village landlord, it is."

Mollie Stanley sighed. She went and sat down on a chair next to her and took her hand again.

"Try to remember," she said, "some of the things you have been taught. Remember about keeping things clean, and remember how dangerous the flies and mosquitoes are, especially to little children. And how little children should not be given cucumbers and green melons to eat. And remember all the things we have tried to teach about being clean and good."

"Yes, teacher," the girl replied. She was looking closely at Mollie Stanley's wedding ring. Now she asked suddenly: "Did the other teacher give you the ring?"

Mollie dropped the hand she was holding and turned to her husband.

"Oh, dear!" she said.

"Don't worry, dear," said William instantly. "I can't bear that look in your eyes. You mustn't, mustn't try to bear all the troubles of everyone else. We've done the best we can for this child. Now she must go home. Come!"—he stood and took up the roses—"here are your roses, darling. Run along now. I'll see that Ru-lan gets away. Where is her father? In the school hall? I'll go, then."

"No, William, I can't go so lightly. Tell her—tell him we'll come to see her some time, anyway." She turned to the girl and changed her tongue quickly; "Ru-lan, we shall come to see you some time; I'm coming to see if you remember everything. You must try hard. Do not let yourself be like all the others who have never come to mission school."

"No, teacher," the girl said. She was staring at William's hand as it rested unconsciously on Mollie's shoulder, and he took it abruptly away.

Crossing the school lawn in front of Ru-lan, Mr. Stanley thought to himself that she was really a very tiresome girl. It was not only that she was so stupid, it was also that one could not be sure of what she was thinking. He would have said, for instance, that she was stolid and unfeeling, yet just now when she was about to follow him out of his study she had made one of her great broad smiles that seemed to enwrap him and Mollie, and she had taken Mollie's hand and held it, and had said with simple, utter gratitude: "You have both taught me. Together you have both taught me."

HE remembered now how often they would find her staring at them in her silent, persevering way. That time at supper, for instance, when he had sat holding Mollie's hand as he ate—they always sat side by side—and Ru-lan had come in with a note from one of the teachers. She always contrived, now that he thought of it, to be the one to carry notes. He'd always supposed it was because she was such a faithful sort of person that they had sent her. But perhaps it was because she wanted to come. There she stood, staring at them with that silent, beaming look—slightly feeble-minded, undoubtedly.

He sighed. Well, it was sad when years went into teaching someone like that, someone who could never learn, when there were so many who could and had no chance. But she had been there when he and Mollie came, and her father had come twice a year with her fees, and so she had stayed. There were not many fathers who paid full fees for a girl child.

He entered the hall, and there the father was, a plain, brown-faced countryman in a blue cotton gown cut a little too long and too broad for

him, but of good, stout, home-woven stuff. He was not a poor man, it was evident from his bearing. He rose politely as the white man entered.

"Sit down, please, Mr. Yang. Do not be polite," said William, seating himself too.

The girl stood a little to one side, waiting.

"This girl," said the father, nodding his head towards her—"I might have left her with you to become a teacher for you, out of gratitude for all your efforts; but she was early betrothed to the son of a friend whom I do not care to offend, and now the family demand the marriage. Otherwise I would give her to you to help you in your school."

"I thank you, certainly," said William. He wondered uncomfortably if in honesty he should tell the father that they could never have used Ru-lan as a teacher because she was too stupid. He thrust an apologetic thought towards God—it was so difficult to be honest if it hurt someone else, and Ru-lan's father was so proud of her.

Mr. Yang was saying: "She has had, you will remember, sir, eight years of schooling. It is not every man's son who has such a wife. But I have treated her as though she were to be my own daughter-in-law and to remain in my family. I value my friend as myself."

"It is very honorable of you," murmured William. At least he would not tell lies and say he was sorry that Ru-lan must go.

After a bit the father rose briskly, dusting cake crumbs from his lap. "There—it is pleasant to sit drinking your tea and eating your cakes, but I have miles of country road to put beneath my beast's feet before night comes. Say good-bye and give your gratitude to your teacher, Ru-lan."

"I thank you, teacher," murmured the girl. "I thank you for all I have learned."

They bowed to him together, father and daughter, and William bowed, waiting at the door while they turned and bowed again.

IN the village of Long Peace the people were well content. They had just finished three days of great feasting entirely at the Elder Liu's expense, since he was marrying his eldest son to Ru-lan, the daughter of his brother-in-law Yang in the village of The Fighting Cocks.

Everybody had eaten. First, the tables were set for Mr. Liu's friends among the gentry, and the common people had waited their time, patiently and decently. Then the tables were set again and again, with pork and with fish, broiled with sugar and wine and vinegar; with beef and pork, ground and stewed with cabbage and greens; with noodles and with sweet rice.

In fact, nothing had been left undone, and everyone had drunk all the wine he could and had eaten far more than he should, and mothers had prudently tied into large blue-and-white handkerchiefs such tibits as they could not eat or force their children to eat at table. Servants had been well tipped, gifts had been given, and fireworks exploded in immense volleys.

The bride, moreover, had been exhibited and commented upon, and everybody liked the Elder Liu and Mr. Yang none the less because, after all, she seemed to be nothing extraordinary.

There had been a great deal of curiosity in seeing her, for everybody knew Mr. Yang had sent his eldest daughter to a foreign school for eight years, and anything might have happened. She might even have changed the color of her eyes and hair, or the white women might have taught her how to bleach her skin, since it is well known the white people know magic. But she was nothing at all out of the common. She was, in fact, a little more common than otherwise, a large, plump girl with plump round cheeks and small mild eyes.

In addition, her feet were large. Country wives nudged one another and whispered, "Look at her feet—big feet!"

Please turn to Page 16

All characters in the serial and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

NEW PLASMIC

America's Most Talked Of Skin Preparation



Actual Photo. Mrs. Marie Brent. Mrs. Marie Brent. Head N. Bay, cation of New Age 50. Taken July 1936. August 15, 1936.

Absolutely removes almost instantaneously all WRINKLES, LINES, BLEMISHES of the Skin, Pimples, etc., developed by Old Age or Other Causes.

NEW PLASMIC ACTS LIKE MAGIC

The Very First Treatment produces Unbelievable Results. Restores permanently to old or middle age the skin and complexion of youth. Speedy, Certain and Permanent for Open Pores and Blackheads.

OLD FACES MADE YOUNG

YOUNG FACES KEPT YOUNG

BLEMISHED SKINS MADE PERFECT

THE LATEST AND MOST GENUINE DISCOVERY. TRY IT—YOU WILL BE AMAZED.

Call for FREE DEMONSTRATION or large Tube sufficient for twelve treatments posted free to any address for 5/-.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Ladies unable to call for a FREE DEMONSTRATION can have a TRIAL TUBE posted to them (with full directions) for postal note of 1/- and two penny stamp.

JOHN AFRAT, Pacific House,

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Also obtainable at many leading Chemists.

LENTHERIC

FOR LIPSTICKS



3/4 — REFILLS 2/6

LIPSTICKS

BY LENTHERIC

FACE POWDER - COLOGNES - PERFUMES

ROUGES - NAIL POLISHES L1

Twelve Distinct Herbs

Proven for 70 years

Mother Seigel's Syrup is a Natural Corrective for Disordered Stomachs.

Irritability, Sleeplessness, Nerve Troubles, Biliousness, Sick Headaches, Acidity, Flatulence, Constipation and Loss of Appetite and energy are symptoms of a Sluggish Liver and Disordered Stomach.

Tone up the Liver — restore the Stomach to its normal healthy condition — with a regular course of Mother Seigel's Syrup and all your troubles will quickly vanish. Mother Seigel's Syrup has been an unequalled corrective for Stomach and Liver Disorders for more than 70 years. Countless thousands rely solely on this world famous remedy. Sold in Trial Size, 1/9; Economy Size, 3/-. It is the special combination of extracts—found only in Mother Seigel's Syrup—which gives them their supreme medicinal value.

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."

MOPSY, the cheery redhead.



"Listen, Mr. Referee, if we win this match you're on a fiver, but if we lose, you're on a stretcher."



PETER: You're so dumb! You're only a half step away from an idiot.
MOPSY: Can I help it if I walk so slow?



HUSBAND: I saw the new maid kissing the milkman this morning.
WIFE: Good gracious. Wasting time on him when we owe the grocer eight pounds ten!



TEACHER: What did Eve do when she saw the serpent in the Garden of Eden?
TOMMY: She swallowed her Adam's apple.

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"DADDY, why is it that a nautical mile is nearly a seventh longer than a mile on land?"
"Hm—mm—er—er—that's simple enough. Things swell in water."

FOOTBALL TRAINER: Now remember that football develops individuality, initiative and leadership. Now get on the field and do exactly as I tell you.

"ARE your relations with your wife friendly?"
"Yes, while I'm keeping them."

HE: I suppose, since we have quarrelled, I can expect you to go home to your mother?
SHE: Nothing so old-fashioned, I am going to the most expensive hotel in town and you are going to pay the bill.

BARBER: How would you like your hair cut, sir?
Chauffeur: Oh, a little off the bonnet, and some from behind the mudguards.

SALESMAN: What kind of car do you want, madam? Four, six, or eight cylinders?
Dear Old Lady: Could I have just one to begin with?

TEDDY: Dad, what is culture?
Dad: Culture, my son, is what some people have before you know them.

"I LIKE to see women knitting."
"How's that?"
"Because it gives them something to think about while they are talking."

FLU & COLDS



with "DOUBLE D" Eucalyptus Extract

Smash Flu-Colds the day that they begin. The moment you feel Flu-Colds germs attacking, commence with the Double "D" Eucalyptus 3-way Treatment. It's quick, effective, and certain.

- 1 TAKE three drops of Double "D" on sugar.
- 2 RUB chest and back thoroughly with Double "D."
- 3 INHALE 15 drops of Double "D" in hot water when retiring.

This Take-Rub-Inhale Treatment will smash Flu and Colds in record time, but you must use the genuine Double "D" Eucalyptus—it is the purest and strongest Eucalyptus sold in Australia.

sd. ENORMOUS SALES. 1/2.

THE PURE STRONG EUCALYPTUS WITH THE SWEET FRESH SMELL



Whether on pleasure or business you travel more comfortably when you travel interstate by sea. You will enjoy the freedom of spacious decks and big restful lounges—the delightful cuisine—the unobtrusive service of the ship's staff. Sea travel is also the most economical because the fare includes meals, accommodation and service.

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(Offices at Newcastle and all States)



CHEMIST tells how to SAVE MONEY

by making your own family remedy for quickly curing chest and throat ailments.

The use of this recipe gives you the equal of eight bottles of the best cough and 'flu remedies for the cost of one—its goodness is proved by the fact that it has been

the favourite family remedy for chest and throat ailments in the majority of Australian homes for over twenty years—

USE THIS RECIPE — IT WILL SAVE YOU MONEY!

In a jug make a syrup composed of:

- 4 tablespoonfuls of Sugar,
- 3 tablespoonfuls of Treacle or Honey,
- 1 large breakfastcupful of warm water.

When the syrup is COLD (not before) pour it into a large clean bottle, and add ONE bottle of concentrated HEENZO (obtainable any chemist or store). Your family cough and 'flu remedy is then ready for the immediate use of all members of your family.

HOW TO USE HEENZO FOR—

COUGHS

Take HEENZO every few hours until cured.

COLDS

Same treatment as coughs—11 takes at the first sign, cold will quickly vanish.

HEENZO IS ABSOLUTELY PURE—therefore will not upset the digestion of infants or adults.

CROUP

Four doses of HEENZO daily, and during periods of coughing.

BRONCHITIS

Take eight and morning and during periods of coughing.

INFLUENZA

Go straight to bed—Take half teaspoonful of concentrated HEENZO in wineglass of hot water every three hours. Ease cough with made-up HEENZO.

SORE THROATS

Gargle with HEENZO for immediate relief.

WHOOPIING COUGH

Call Doctor urgently for injections—Ease the cough with made-up HEENZO.

CATARH

Inhalo steam from two drops of concentrated HEENZO in cup of boiling water.

HEENZO

COSTS 2/- — SAVES £'s

"HEENZO should be used in every Home and Office"

Doctor Tells How to Double Hair Growth!

DR. CHARLES LYNDON writes: "To-day I have twice as much hair as when I commenced the Crystolis Rapid treatment. I therefore know its great value from personal experience."

The essential of this scalp specialist's discovery has also been endorsed by Dr. Jackson and Dr. McMurtry, College of Physicians, Columbia University, as the only product they know of to grow hair.

Crystolis Rapid—by virtue of its amazing penetrative power—a scientific property of its extremely low surface tension—in swiftly absorbed deep down into the hair roots. Here it dissolves and expels all hidden foreign matter—and stimulates the papillae (hair-growing organs) with the very elements they need to revive their natural hair-growing functions.

Dandruff is not—as many imagine—simply the white scaly flakes that fill the hair. It is a germ—hidden in the hair roots—and these white flakes are but a symptom. The insidious germ plugs up the pores—smothers the hair roots—then comes badness. It is the peculiar action of Crystolis Rapid in cleansing the scalp of these plugs that is the secret of its remarkable effectiveness. Many have reported new



Valid Dry Scalp Getting Bald Dandruff

hair growth at a rate of an inch in 14 days.

So highly endorsed by world-famous scientists—it is positively guaranteed to produce actual—visible—results or money promptly refunded.

If you would have a thick head of hair, with the glossy lustre that bespeaks good health—a GLEAN scalp—ask your chemist for

CRYSTOLIS

RAPID

Recognised by the Pharmaceutical Profession as the World's most Effective Scalp Treatment and Hair Restorative



Dandruff plugs clogging pores of scalp, causing weakened and delayed growth of hair.

Clean, healthy pores—free from dandruff plugs—permit normal growth of thick, healthy hair.

No Other GODS

Continued from Page 14

"YES, but the foreigners do not allow their pupils to bind their feet!"

"Ah, indeed! How lucky that the Elder Yang betrothed her in babyhood, and to his best friend's son!"

Young men glanced at the bride and made jokes concerning the width of her nose and the size of her mouth, and went home in high good humor because they need not be envious of the Elder Liu's son. So everyone was happy. They went home by moonlight the night of the third day, full of cheerful vilifying talk.

In the house of the Elder Liu, in the court belonging to his eldest son, Ru-lan sat upon the edge of the large nuptial bed, hung with pictures of babies and pomegranates and mandarin ducks and every lucky sign for marriage, and waited for her husband.

She had enjoyed everything so much, so much that she often forgot to keep her eyes downward as she should. But this did not greatly trouble her. She had remembered enough, she thought comfortably; and to-night they had given her a good dinner. The more tedious part of the wedding was over. She had now come to the part which was her own affair.

This was the time, she knew, when maidens should feel shy and uncomfortable and even afraid. She knew because even as a very small girl in the women's courts of her father's house she had squatted on her heels listening as all the little girls did to the women's talk.

Ru-lan thought now that it was natural they should be afraid of

wife, tenderness and affection have their rightful place. So now she was not afraid. She waited peacefully for Yung-en sitting upon the bed, her hands folded in her red satin lap.

Suddenly the door opened upon its wooden hinges. And there he was, still in his bright blue wedding robes.

She did not speak, nor did he look at her at once. He came in and sat down beside the table and began to crack watermelon seeds. She rose and poured a cup of tea for him. He nodded, and she sat down again.

She was not impatient; he could not go on cracking watermelon seeds all night. Outside the door she heard a loud yawn and soon a muffled snore. Her serving woman was asleep. Now everyone slept except the bride and bridegroom.

She waited, smiling a little, watching him. At last she caught his eyes, stealing towards her. She answered, frankly, smiling her beam of a smile. He stared at her and coughed, and after a second of surprise he grew very red and made haste to return to his watermelon seeds. She suddenly perceived that he was afraid of her.

"And why are you afraid of me?" she asked, making her voice soft as she had heard the Stanley teacher's voice soft.

He hung his head and picked industriously at a shell.

"I am so ignorant," he said at last in a low voice. "You have been away to a foreign school, and I have always lived in this village. You will laugh at me."

She watched him. Now how would the Stanley teacher speak if the man Stanley had spoken like this?

Once the man Stanley had put his troubled head down upon the woman's shoulder and had wept as a little boy weeps, and she had not laughed. She had taken him into her arms and murmured to him as a mother murmurs to a suffering child, and soon he was quieted again.

Ru-lan had not understood the woman Stanley's words, but the sounds she understood, and the way she understood. It had made the man Stanley feel strong again and cease his weeping.

SHE looked demurely down at her hands and spoke now in a small, plaintive voice.

"I have to confess to you," she said, "although I was so long at the school I have remained ignorant. You cannot be so ignorant as I. I do believe there are a thousand things you know I do not know. There I remained for eight years about behind walls, for my brain is too stupid to learn from books. So I am very ignorant. I have everything to learn from you."

"Did you not learn to read?" he demanded.

"Only a very little," she replied.

"Did you read to the end of the Four Books?" he asked again.

"Alas, I never read any of the Four Books," she answered.

"Then what did you do in all that time at the school?" he inquired, astonished.

"I sat on benches in schoolrooms," she replied humbly, "and there were those who talked to me. But I could not understand them, being stupid from birth. They told me of gods and of magic, and of small insects that cause disease if eaten—but then, who eats insects? At least we do not. So I learned nothing."

"Nothing at all?" he asked severely.

"Nothing at all," she answered sadly.

He was silent, but now he looked at her quite easily and he had stopped cracking watermelon seeds. She could see the thyness leaving him as he thought over what she had told him.

"I learned only one thing," she said after a long time. Now she leaned forward and looked at him, and he looked at her.

"What is that one thing?" he asked. "There was a white woman who was my teacher," she said, "and she was married to a white man, and they were very lucky for one after the other they had two strong, dark-eyed sons, and this when the other children of white people all have blue or green eyes; so they were favored. I learned from them something."

"What was the thing you learned?" he asked. "Certainly two dark-eyed sons are very lucky."

Please turn to Page 18

Handmaiden of charm

The famous Charmosan face powder is the handmaiden of charm. It is of the sweet ethereal quality of youth. It is not in issue of thousands of homes this very moment recapturing and putting back into spilt plain skin the very things that many women thought had gone for ever.

Famous Charmosan face powder from Paris

Shays on and on hour after hour—no worry there. Adored by the younger set, loved by the "not so young." All shades and tints. Big double size box 2/6. Sold everywhere, including N.Z. Give your face its "good-night" massage with Charmosan Gold Cream every night. Removes "makeup," dirt, etc., from skin and pores in way soap and water can never do. This cream goes right into pores and out again, cleanses beautifully, and leaves skin supple and smooth. This regular nightly massage assists greatly in keeping the skin free from wrinkles, crows feet, pimples, blackheads, and open pores. It also tones up skin and muscles and prevents sagging flesh. Double jars 2/6. Tubes 1/6. Sold everywhere, including New Zealand.

CHEMIST GIVES HIS OPINION

I'M LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO CLEAR UP THESE ANNOYING SPOTS ON MY FACE.



Ordinary toilet soap cleanses the surface skin but misses dust and germs settled deep down in the pores. But the specially medicated Rexona lather cleanses and purifies below the surface too. It treats skin faults where they first begin. For stubborn skin disorders, cleanse with Rexona Soap and apply soothing Rexona Ointment, the Rapid Healer.

"Skin clear and lovely..."

writes Miss Mildred Robertson, of Geelong, Vic., Tasmania:

"I was ashamed of my skin and I tried many things to clear it, all of which were useless. Then I tried Rexona Soap and Ointment and imagine my delight when after only three days my skin was clear and really lovely."

Rexona

Soap, 9d. Tablet. Ointment, 1/6 Tin. 5/12.30 (City and Suburbs)

Keep free from colds



Breathe Vapex regularly and avoid the misery of "one cold after another." A drop of Vapex on your handkerchief and pillow provides 24-hour protection. The germicidal vapour, breathed frequently during the day, penetrates every recess of nose and throat—clears the head—relieves congestion—kills the germs and so stops the trouble at its source.

Of all Chemists
MADE IN ENGLAND BY
THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.
and sold throughout the world

Fascinating Dolls . . .

DOLLS are a never-failing source of delight and fascination to little women—and grown-up women. A world without dolls would indeed be a dreary world. These pictures and rhymes give a glimpse of what goes on behind the scenes at one of Australia's leading doll factories, where over 1000 dolls a week are made.



Dolls are childhood's greatest joy,
Dearer far than any toy,
Dolls that blink their eyes
and talk,
Dolls that almost seem to walk.

Here's a doll—a precious
prize
To delight some girlie's
eyes.

And now let's see where
dolls are made,
And view the lovely spring
parade.



Birth rates fall, statistics say,
It worries statesmen every day,
But here's a nursery fully stacked
With babies waiting to be packed.

Silk and florals, dainty laces,
Stitched to add to dolly's graces,
Loving hands make light of toil
Which clumsy ones would surely spoil.



Baby Betty in her splendor
Thanks the handmaids who attend her.
But oh! her dark brown eyes are saying,
Why tarry, when we could be playing?

Here are dolls for one and all,
Waiting for the nurse to call,
For nurse will put them in their dresses,
Brush and comb their curly tresses.

Dainty in her frills and laces,
This dolly's ripe to try her paces,
She looks with hope at all young mothers,
And trusts they'll choose her from the others.



"Garrick makes smoking a pure pleasure"

The Garrick Filter Tip, scientifically designed to safeguard sensitive throats, brings you the unparalleled pleasure of good tobacco at its best—filtered . . . cool and sweet and pure.

**GARRICK
FILTER TIP**

Virginia Cigarettes

10 for 9d. . . . 20 for 1/6 . . . also handy pocket flat 50's and round airtight 50's.

You can depend on BOVRIL

A cup of Bovril pulls you together even while you are drinking it. You feel strength flowing into your body. Bovril is more than a stimulant. The wear and tear of modern life takes its daily toll of your strength and this must be renewed with equal regularity. Life is at its best when you are feeling fit. Take Bovril daily.

**Bovril prevents that
sinking feeling**



No Other GODS

"I LEARNED."

she said, considering, choosing some one thing among all she had learned, "that it is lucky when a man and his wife speak together freely and always with kind voices, as though they were friends speaking easily together and not as they do in our houses, where it seems shameful so to speak."

"Do you mean speak together anywhere?"

"Yes, I mean that."

He gazed at her steadily.

"What then?"

"And then it is lucky if the husband helps the wife if there is a thing to be done, such as to carry a basket or a bundle, if there is not a servant near."

"What does the wife do?" he asked, astonished.

"She also wishes to carry the things, and so they try to help each other."

"And who wins?" he asked.

"They share the thing," she replied.

She waited a little, thinking, remembering.

Once she had seen the man Stanley lift his wife over a pool of mud in the road, and carry her through and set her down on the other side, when they thought no one saw them. But before he set her down he had held her hard and placed his cheek against hers, and then they had gone on hand in hand until they saw her. She had wanted to say, "Do not drop your hands apart. I know how it is your pleasure to walk." But she had not spoken.

"What else have you learned?" Yung-en asked.

"It is lucky," she said slowly, "for a man and his wife to clasp their hands together sometimes. It is not shameful." He coughed and looked away, and she went on quickly: "There are many things not shameful that we have thought shameful—they are lucky between man and wife. But I cannot speak them; they are things to be done rather than to be spoken."

He looked down and did not answer. He did not answer for a long time. Then he said a little gruffly: "Then do them. Do what you have learned."

SHE rose slowly and went over to him. She knelt down on the floor before him, as often she had seen the woman Stanley do. But she could not go on, although she knew quite well what came next. Next was to put her head down upon his knees and clasp her arms about his waist. But she could not do it; now it was she who was shy. It had looked so easy when the woman Stanley did it.

"I cannot do it all at once," she faltered. "A little every day. But, perhaps—At least take my hands."

He sat quite still, then lifted her hands in his own. Something rushed between them through their hands, and suddenly her heart began to pound. Did the woman Stanley's heart pound like this also? What was the matter with her?

"What then did you learn?" he asked.

She could not answer. She drew their hands together and put her head down upon their knotted hands. She should have asked the woman Stanley about this pounding heart.

"Lift up your head," he said. Why, how gentle his voice was, as gentle as the man Stanley's voice was! "Lift up your head that I may really see you."

She lifted her head, and he looked at her. And then he went on speaking in that same gentle voice:

"And did you learn it was lucky for a man to like very well the woman chosen for him?"

He had taken her hands again. He was smiling as he gazed at her, as happily as the man Stanley gazed at the woman who knelt to him.

The man Stanley had also asked something of the woman in that strange tongue of theirs, and she had answered. Oh, what was the answer to the gentle question? There must be an answer; she should have learned the answer. Then it came to her. It came to her, not from her brain, which was so slow and stupid and never quick to speak, but came from her pounding heart:

"Yes, it is a lucky thing, I know, and the luck is perfect if the woman likes also very well the man to whom she is given."

She felt his cheek against hers, even as she had learned.

Continued from Page 16

If Ru-lan had been able to write, she would long ago have written to her teacher Stanley to ask her why, when she had said she would come to see her, she had not yet come, although it had been now nearly five years since Ru-lan had left the school.

In the five years she had grown heavier, as what woman would not who had given birth to three large, strong sons and now a small, pretty daughter—so pretty that the child's father went against all nature and loved her twice as well, apparently, as even he loved his sons.

But then, there was, of course, no man on the earth's surface like Yung-en. The man Stanley was never better to his wife than Yung-en was to Ru-lan. Bit by bit, through the five years, she had told him what she had seen those two white ones do—how they looked at each other, how they spoke—and, with the telling, new comprehension had come to them of what those looks and words meant.

She was now sure that when those two spoke to each other in that strong, soft fashion, they said in their own tongue what came welling up from her heart and Yung-en's. It was wonderful to think how alike were hearts. She knew this because it was so soon instinct to move freely with Yung-en, walking beside him freely, moving towards him freely when they were alone.

RU-LAN pondered a good deal on her own case. It did not occur to her, for instance, to share the anxiety of the other women lest their husbands take concubines. Did she not know Yung-en's heart? That was what she had learned—how to know his heart. They talked together sometimes about it, and how their life was different from those about them; and Yung-en said gratefully always:

"If the man and woman Stanley should ever come to see us, there would not be enough I could do to thank them for what you learned from them. If you had not seen and learned, my life would not have been above any other man's. As it is, you have contented me so that all the other women in the world might die and I should not know it."

She smiled, knowing she had never been beautiful and now was less so than ever, if one should measure her by a beautiful woman. But she feared none of them.

So when, suddenly, one August morning a letter came from the school, she could hardly wait for Yung-en to come home to read it. She had long since given up any pretence at reading. The characters she had once known had quite slipped out of her memory. If some woman asked her in curiosity sometimes what a character on a bit of paper meant, she laughed comfortably and said:

"If once I knew, that once is long ago. I have so little use for letters these days."

She put the letter by until she heard Yung-en come, and then she went to him and waited while he opened it, her hand upon his arm. After these five years it was more than ever necessary to her to put her hand upon his arm, and he moved towards her when he felt her touch, understanding.

"It is a letter from the man Stanley," he said, after murmuring the letters aloud awhile. "They wish to open a chapel here in our village and preach their religion, and there will also be a school. He is coming, and with him the woman Stanley."

"Of course, they would not be separated," she said gently.

"No," he said, folding the letter. He was planning rapidly. "We shall have them here in our own house. There is the south room upon the old peony terrace, where I have my few books and where I never go. Prepare it with the best bed and with the black-wood furniture my father gave us from the south. And I shall invite guests—all my friends. I do not care to invite guests for the religion, but it is a way to repay these two, if I show myself a friend. Now I can thank them for all they taught you."

"Yes," she said, clapping her hands as her own daughter might. "And we can show them our sons—"

"And we can send our daughter to their school!" he cried, smiling.

They sat down together in simple pleasure, holding each other's hands, laughing a little.

Please turn to Page 40

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Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here. Pen names are not used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.



LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

Try your hand now at writing a letter in answer to one of those already given on this page, or on some new topic. Our address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

MATERIAL VIEWPOINT

OUTSIDE movies or novels, the average woman is rarely called upon to make a choice between marriage and a career.

She enters the commercial or professional world with the idea of earning her living in the most capable manner, and the necessity for this is an accepted fact in her family circle. She may have aspirations elsewhere, but they are usually swamped by the need to keep up with the daily round and lack of opportunity. Few women attain the dignity of executive positions, much less a real career.

In due course, when love and a suitable male come along, she marries.

In short, a woman just carries on endeavoring to make a success of whatever life offers. Why speak of choice?

£1 for this letter to Edith Fairbrother, 39 Merivale St., Sth. Brisbane, Qld.

WHAT ALLOWANCE?

MUCH has been said about what allowance a husband should make to his wife. But what is the general opinion about the young people's allowance to their mother? Some parents take nothing from their daughters, and very little from their sons. But I think both should give one-third of their wages as board and lodging. Such an arrangement teaches thrift, and will help them later on when they have homes of their own.

Mrs. T. D. Lister, Binalong Street, Young, N.S.W.

SINGLE GIRL'S SAY

SINCE the inception of The Australian Women's Weekly I have been a constant reader of the "So They Say" page, and have followed with interest the letters that have appeared.

One thing that has struck me forcibly is that the majority of letters contributed are from married women. Is it because single girls adopt a lethargic attitude to problems and topical events and find it "too much trouble" to express themselves on paper?

Miss M. A. Harding, 11 Suttie Rd., Bellevue Hill, Sydney.

BEACH BEAUTY

NOW that the surfing season is about to commence, the Mother Grinds of the community will begin their campaign against the healthy and happy people who will inhabit the beaches clad in scanty attire.

The situation should be reversed, and instead of people decrying the leg-and-back show on our beaches they should be glad that those limbs are strong and healthy, and, therefore, worth showing.

Among so many of us the tendency is to place disease on a kind of pedestal and worship accordingly. People boast of their ailments, their indigestion, and the length of their term in hospital. This, to my mind, is degrading.

There is too much coddling of invalidism and not enough glorification of Australian health and beauty.

Joan McLennan, 161 Darley Road, Randwick, N.S.W.

MOTHER ON EXAMS.

I HAVE been greatly interested in the various views of delegates to the New Education Congress, and would like to hear opinions of mothers on this subject.

I am strongly opposed to the examination system. I suffered terribly at school. My class work was above the average, but at examinations I was helpless from nervousness and could only sit and watch the others writing. Results should be taken from the year's class work.

Regina Copeman, Avon Dam, N.S.W.

New Angle on Homework Question

I DON'T agree with Mrs. Burgess (14/8/37) that homework should not be written work.

In many cases it is necessary to give written work to ensure that any work is done at all, for there are very few children who are conscientious enough to work if there is no way in which the teacher can check it.

But homework should never be made burdensome. A little well done is worth pages of careless work.

Mrs. W. S. Arthur, 4 Maitland Avenue, Kew E4, Vic.

Written Work Best

I CANNOT see why written work should be any more objectionable than any other form of homework. In addition, it has the advantage of giving the teacher something to show for the work done on the previous night.

One has to admit that homework is necessary, if children are to learn anything at all in their school days. And it keeps them out of mischief at night, and teaches them to apply themselves to any work in hand, thus preparing them for their later life.

Mrs. Thomas, Kelvin Grove Road, Kelvin Grove, Brisbane.

Homework Unnecessary

NO, Mrs. Burgess. I say, ban homework altogether. Certainly, reading over the class lessons at night would not be amiss, but wouldn't the children's time be better spent going to bed early?

Children have enough mental labor in their school hours. They should be able to relax at home. It is not fair to overtax their brains with too much homework.

P. Weber, 103 Arthur St., Rosehill, N.S.W.

Prepare for Adult Life

HOMEWORK should be considered as to its effect on the morale of children generally.

It should be arranged so as to develop their powers of investigation and so train them to become independent students.

Thus, when they enter business or a profession, they will have learned the art of self-discipline, and how to marshal facts for their own use.

Miss Constance Child, 7 Rae Street, Randwick, N.S.W.

New Suggestion

WHERE is the necessity for so much written work to be done at home by children? From observation it seems to be mere reiteration of what has been learnt that day in class.

For example, my son, aged fourteen, comes home to pore nightly for hours over examples illustrating geometrical theorems, essays, sentences illustrating certain grammatical points.

Why not set the children daily a



"PORING" nightly over problems.

certain amount of work to be learnt or written by next day? If they cannot learn it in a certain time in class-room, then let them finish it at night.

Mrs. J. Cooper, Best St., Davenport, Tas.

The Only Way

IF homework was confined to reading in advance of a lesson, how many children would do it?

Those really interested in their class work would do so, but it is the children who are not very interested who need homework to keep them up to class standard. Accordingly the only way appears to be written homework.

Miss C. Prince, 311 Malvern Road, East Malvern SE6, Melbourne.

Does "Home" Girl Jump at First Proposal?

THERE is a lot of truth in M. Eagle's remarks when she says girls with careers marry later, but more happily, than their stay-at-home sisters (14/8/37).

A girl with a career, enjoying her independence, feeling herself a separate and self-supporting entity, will not sacrifice her independence lightly.

Further, she enjoys her life in the hub of affairs, meeting new and interesting people, whom she knows she will never meet once she marries and settles down.

Often, I am afraid, it is her fear of remaining on the shelf, lonely, when her attractions have faded, that makes her take the matrimonial step.

Miss W. Moreland, Braemar Rd., Mt. Lawley, W.A.

Speaking from Experience

HAVING been at business for many years, then stayed at home for five years (I am recently married), I disagree with M. Eagle, who says that a home girl "accepts the first proposal lest she should be left on the shelf."

In many cases it is the other way round; many business girls are working from sheer necessity, and snap at the chance of escaping their daily "drudgery."

On the other hand, a stay-at-home girl of a well-ordered home finds

How Do You "Budget" Your Housework?

WE have had readers' suggestions for a housekeeping money budget. Why not now a housework one? There are many of us who would welcome suggestions as to how to get over our work quicker, and so have more leisure hours.

This applies especially to those of us who live in country districts, and have to use fuel stoves, with all the work they entail.

G. Wholohan, Momena, Wallacra, N.S.W.

ample time to have days and afternoons and evenings for tennis, golf and bridge. Moreover, she has the consciousness of having a good home and good time without having to bustle for it.

She is, therefore, in no hurry to marry.

Mrs. Maud Chandler, 45 Connell Pt. Rd., Hurstville, N.S.W.

"Home" Girl Scores

MISS M. EAGLE states that the home girl, becoming tired of the monotony of housework and social functions, is ready to accept her first proposal of marriage, just to escape.

Well, I ask you! Just what does a home girl escape from when she marries?

Surely marriage is one continual round of housework interspersed with social functions.

As for the "horrid" marriage, well I think the business girl who is so keen on weighing pros and cons, in a coldly detached way will be passed by for her more friendly "home girl sister," and therefore she will not be called upon to make any decision.

As for the "late" marriage, if reasons were collected, it would most likely be found that the high cost of living and uncertainty of work would be the most common reasons for delay.

Miss Esma Morrow, 66 Adelaide Rd., Gawler South, S.A.

Husband Angle

M. EAGLE is right when she says girls who have had a career marry more happily than "home" girls. A husband who realises that his wife could have tended for herself without him is inclined to respect her more. He never has it brought home to him that he was married largely for the home he could provide.

M. O'Connor, Ladbroke Street, Burnie, Tas.

Why Must Women Discuss Their Operations?

WHILE I heartily agree with G. M. Sproule (14/8/37) that conversations about operations are extremely boring, I think that these women deserve a little sympathy.

The majority of them have lived dull and uninteresting lives, and when they have found themselves suddenly the centre of interest to doctors, nurses, and neighbors, they natu-



MAKES them happy.

rally wish to prolong their importance. And if it makes them happy, why deny them the pleasure?

Mrs. Alisa Knight, Fitzroy St., Gulgong, N.S.W.

Needing Sympathy

PERHAPS G. M. Sproule has not been "through the mill," and that accounts for her not quite understanding women, telling each other of their various illnesses.

I object to hearing people talking in this way to complete strangers, but I do think great consolation is derived by being able to relate one's ailments to a fellow friend, particularly a woman.

Mrs. P. Bone, Kiata, via Nhill, Vic.

Prefers Men's Company

AT most afternoon parties given by women, operations certainly do seem the chief topic of conversation. Not only are all details given, but the story always ends with "the doctor never had a case before quite as bad as mine."

Is it any wonder that women admit frankly they enjoy far more an evening where the opposite sex is invited?

Mrs. J. G. Richardson, Maitland St., Narrabri, N.S.W.

IGNORANT YOUTH

IN the majority of Australian youth, the craving for knowledge seems to be extinct.

The greater percentage of young men and women display an appalling ignorance of world affairs, and elementary geography, English, and history. When, however, questions regarding the film stars are asked, the answers are swiftly given.

If our young people continue to remain illiterate, Australia can never become a world power. It is impossible for a nation to advance when it is composed of ignorant people who show no desire to learn or to enter into world movements.

S. G. P. Lees, 6 Central Avenue, Ivanhoe N21, Vic.

JUVENILE CRIME

JUVENILE law-breaking has taken a savage upward spurt. We read in the newspapers of housebreaking and petty larceny by youthful delinquents. It is the vogue among magistrates to blame the films and the spread of pernicious literature among the young.

How about planning the blame right where it belongs—with the child's parents, who have no idea how to guide their children mentally. Half the naughtiness in children is bred of a desire to express themselves in a world where they seem to be nonentities.

Treat your child as an intelligent human being and the normal youngster will respond with gratitude and love.

Miss R. Davis, 67 Macleay Street, Potts Point, N.S.W.

GOOD HEALTH FIRST

WHILE our Governments bewail the malnutrition among children, they are compensating primary producers for the losses incurred in exporting food which our people are too poor to buy.

Not one scrap of fruit or dairy produce should leave Australia until every child is receiving sufficient for its needs.

To purchase the priceless blessing of good health for our younger generations is surely better than to spend money on export bounties, hospitals, and dental clinics.

E. M. More, Yenda, N.S.W.



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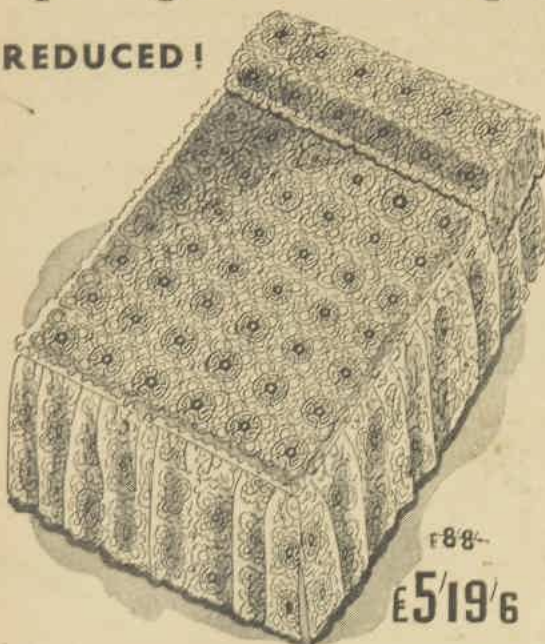
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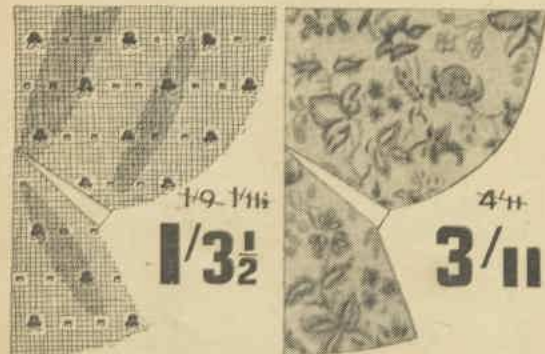


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Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

A Pioneer Woman Doctor Looks Back Human Drama in the Life of a Surgeon

Were Dr. Rosalie Slaughter Morton's biography, "A Woman Surgeon," merely professional reminiscences, it would be interesting.

It is, however, a great deal more than that—it's a moving and beautiful transcription from life.

JUST as Dr. Axel Munthe seems to have dramatised everything of importance in life in his immortal "San Michele," so, too, does Dr. Morton give us a magnificent canvas.

Born in the years when the world was set aglow with the work of Florence Nightingale, Rosalie Slaughter, American girl of good family, had to fight hard to get permission from her family to become a doctor.

Although her parents were wealthy she never asked them for a penny above her own allowance while training.

"My thin coat was not warm enough for the harsh winters where I studied. To remedy this I wore a jacket of newspapers with holes cut out for my arms. When the heels of my over-shoes were through, I cut them off, transforming the shoes into sandals."

When eventually Dr. Morton graduated, life was very difficult indeed for a woman doctor.

Besides the opposition of female doctors, the patients mistrusted her. They resented the fact that she was so young.

Determined to overcome this, Dr. Morton put herself a Quaker bonnet and a wig of curls for her hair had been cut short during an illness.

"My next patient was a genial Irish-woman."

"In order to listen to her heart I untied my bonnet strings at the bedside, and my curls came off with it. The Irishwoman was a lady. She never mentioned my wig."

Marriage followed, and on the death of her husband she decided to go abroad.

In Germany she came up against strong opposition from the men students, who resented her youth and her brand-new American degrees.

However, the professors were amusing. One of them told her that he was a fluent linguist. He was excellent with English, but unfortunately none of the Englishmen he had met pronounced it well enough for him to understand them.

Met Mark Twain

DR. MORTON did not remain a medical recluse in the capitals of Europe. In Vienna she met Mark Twain, then gathering material for his famous "Innocents Abroad."

In fact, Dr. Morton sought out the literary celebrity of the hour wherever she went.

In Russia she visited Tolstoy and talked with him for hours about his works.

"The door swung open. Here was the great Tolstoy. At seventy he carried himself with ease and wore the leather belted blouse of the peasant." He showed her the austere little study in which he worked, and he spoke feelingly of the depressed Russians.

In parting, Tolstoy said to her: "You have dedicated your life to service. That way is the only true happiness."

While "collecting" celebrities she visited Norway and interviewed Ibsen.

"Why did you call to see me at six o'clock?" the great man said. To which the doctor replied: "My father is usually at his best at that hour, and as I was told you were a little difficult with admirers I decided to call at the right time."

Then came India and the bubonic plague. This is a truly magnificent part of the book. The fighting of plague in India is not a beautiful thing, but the doctors and nurses brought to it a humanitarianism which eventually won the day.

Next came the war and Dr. Morton's work in Serbia. She has nothing but praise for the aged King Peter and his son, Alexander, who succeeded him and was later assassinated in France.

Of Alexander she says: "Scarcely 24 at the time of the war, he knew

his soldiers as no other ruler knew them."

Dr. Morton visited Australia for the Pan-Pacific Science Congress.

Her arrival in Sydney was not exactly as expected. "As our ship approached Sydney I pressed against the prow railing of the ship, eager to catch a glimpse of the most famous harbor in the world. At the stern of the ship a tall young man was lounging in a deck chair. His hat was over his eyes as he drowsed in the sun, and a book lay open on his lap."

"Thinking he might be ill or very unhappy, I indiscreetly asked if anything was the matter. He gruffly mumbled, 'No.'"

"Do come with me," I urged. "This harbor is so inspiring you will forget that there is anything ugly or disappointing in the world."

Loved Our Books

"LET me alone," growled the man.

"I don't want to see it. I'm from Sydney."

Dr. Morton pays a glowing tribute to Australian women doctors whom she says are equal to the best in the world. During her stay in Australia Dr. Morton was a guest at Government House.

Wonderment that the world knew so little of Australia was one of Dr. Morton's reactions to her trip.

"By my New York friends I often captured the charm of Australia, through the books given to me by Mr. George Robertson, famous publisher. History, folk tales, poems, grave and gay, novels, essays and fairy stories. These have kept my mind and heart vibrant towards the romance and achievement of Australia. It makes me wonder why the unreasonable restriction of copyright laws robs Americans of so much valuable literature."

"A Woman Surgeon," Rosalie Slaughter Morton. (Hale.)

LUNG TROUBLE

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"I am progressing wonderfully. I have no spasm, and the cough is much better thanks to your treatment, and I am also putting on weight. The Doctor gave me a few months to live, but all that is changed now. I am able to sleep at night, my voice is stronger. I am straight instead of bent over. I have a great appetite, and am much brighter—and, best of all, I have a feeling of getting better. Membrus has done all that."

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"I think your treatment is wonderful. Before starting on it I could not sleep at night. Within a week I could lie down and sleep, and the amount of mucus that came away surprised me. It is wonderful to be rid of that dreadful disease."

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"I wish to say how pleased I am, after only 3 days treatment. The cough is much better, and I am able to go to bed without the fear of being awakened through the night."

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"Six months' treatment of Membrus has completely cured me of Chronic Catarrh with Infected Antrum. It was so bad that I had to give up my work, and I must have tried everything on the market as well as having operations, but none did me any good."

MEMBROSUS—A DRY INHALATION... the only really logical way of treating lung, Catarrh, and Chest Complaints. Many thousands of sufferers using it have reported wonderful relief, followed by complete restoration of health—AFTER ALL ELSE HAD FAILED.

Call or send 2d stamp addressed envelope giving particulars of your complaint to—

Sole Distributors for Australia

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C/- Irvine Pty. Ltd., No. 1 St. James Building, 127 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W. (Phone: MABIG).

MAKE THIS TEST AT OUR EXPENSE



Blotchy complexion, dull eyes, pimples, sick headache... are just some of the many symptoms of constipation. Sufferers from constipation can secure prompt, certain and safe relief without cost by filling in and mailing the coupon from this announcement.

A free sample of the medically approved NYAL FIGSEN, the most natural and effective laxative will be forwarded. NYAL FIGSEN is a laxative which completely replaces all harsh aperients and promotes regular

natural bowel action with its consequent elimination of health-destroying poisons. NYAL FIGSEN causes no griping, does not create a habit, has no unpleasant after-effects, is pleasant to take and is equally effective for young and old alike.

In all cases of constipation in children or adults NYAL FIGSEN acts surely, though gently, without over-acting.

Your nearest chemist sells and recommends Nyal Figsen. It costs only 1/3 per tin.

FREE SAMPLE

For this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Figsen to the Nyal Company, 413 H. Glebe Road, Sydney, N.S.W.

Name

Address

W.W. 4/9/37

NYAL FIGSEN

Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Worthy magician of great powers, and

LOTHAR: His faithful Nubian servant, have gone to the South Pole in search of

MOLLY BRUNSWICK: Missing airwoman. At the Pole they come upon a thick wall of steam, and walking through find themselves in a strange tropical world, peopled by prehistoric animals. Mandrake quickly realises they are living in the past—that this is a world

of a million years ago. Led through the jungle by a Neanderthal man they come upon a village and see Molly in headlong flight pursued by a prehistoric man. They rescue her, and she tells them her story. After passing through the steam wall, her plane fell into the swamp. She made a fire, and had taken off her clothes to dry them, when she saw a strange man burst through the forest pursued by a hyaenodon. Instinctively she fled into the water. NOW READ ON.



"I STARTED TO SWIM OUT FARTHER, WHEN SUDDENLY, A GIGANTIC TURTLE CAME OUT OF THE DEPTHS, HEADED TOWARD ME!"



"IT WAS AT LEAST FIFTEEN FEET LONG, VICIOUS LOOKING! I NOW KNEW ENOUGH ABOUT THIS LAND TO REALIZE THAT IT WAS A PREHISTORIC ARCHELON, ANGERED BY MY THEFT OF ITS EGGS!"



"THERE I WAS, IN BOTTOMLESS WATER WITH A PREHISTORIC MONSTER SWIMMING AT ME AND A PREHISTORIC CAVE-MAN WAITING FOR ME ON THE SHORE!"



SO THE HUGE TURTLE, THE ARCHELON, WAS SWIMMING TOWARD YOU. AND THE CAVE-MAN WAS WAITING FOR YOU ON SHORE. WHAT DID YOU DO?

I DECIDED THE TURTLE WOULD BE SAFER THAN THE CAVE-MAN, MANDRAKE.

THE TURTLE, IN SPITE OF HER SIZE, OR MAYBE BECAUSE OF IT, WASN'T A FAST SWIMMER, AND I WAS MANAGING TO GET AWAY, WHEN SUDDENLY—



"A GIGANTIC MONSTROSITY POPPED OUT OF THE WATER AHEAD OF ME. A CROSS BETWEEN A LIZARD AND A SEA-SERPENT—THIRTY FEET IN LENGTH, WITH TEETH A FOOT LONG! A MOSASAURUS!"



"BUT I DON'T THINK IT EVEN SAW ME! I WOULDN'T MAKE ONE GULP FOR THAT HUGE MOUTH. IT PLUNGED OUT OF THE WATER, ALMOST OVER ME, STRAIGHT FOR THE HUGE TURTLE THAT WAS BEHIND ME!"



"CAVE-MAN OR NO CAVE-MAN, I HEADED FOR SHORE. I HAD HAD ENOUGH SWIMMING THAT DAY. THE WATER WAS PROBABLY FULL OF NIGHTMARES LIKE THAT!"



"AND WHEN I FINALLY REACHED SHORE, THERE WAS MR. NEANDERTHAL, THE CAVE-MAN! I WAS IN A FINE PREHISTORIC PICKLE!"



CAVE-MEN ARE ALL ALIKE. THEY ALL LIKE TO PLAY CHASING GAMES!

IN THIS GAME, AS USUAL, I WAS "IT"! AFTER ALL THAT SWIMMING, I WAS WORN OUT AND READY TO CALL IT QUITS, WHEN SUDDENLY—



"THERE WAS A PISTOL SHOT! I'D LEFT MY GUN TOO CLOSE TO THE FIRE AND THE HEAT EXPLODED THE CARTRIDGE IN THE CHAMBER!"



"THE EXPLOSION FRIGHTENED THE WITS OUT OF MY LITTLE CAVE-MAN PLAYMATE AND HE RAN FOR ALL HE WAS WORTH!"



"I FOUND THAT THE CAVE-MAN, OUT OF CURIOSITY PROBABLY, HAD TORN MY CLOTHES TO SHREDS. SO I STRAPPED ON MY GUN AND WALKED UNTIL I FOUND THIS VILLAGE."



THEY WERE SUSPICIOUS AT FIRST, BUT BECAME SOMEWHAT FRIENDLY. THEY DIDN'T BOTHER ME MUCH, EXCEPT WHEN I TRIED TO ENTER A CAVE THEY CALL THE TERRIBLE PLACE.



I GATHER THAT IT CONTAINS SOME STRANGE, HORRIBLE ANIMAL. THEY CALL IT THE TERRIBLE THING AND WORSHIP IT.



HMM--WITH DINOSAURS AS COMMON AS RABBITS AROUND HERE, IT MUST BE TERRIBLE TO IMPRESS THEM! I'M GOING OUT TO FIND LOTHAR.



LOTHAR'S HAT! BUT WHERE'S LOTHAR?



TO BE CONTINUED

- DOES NOT DEPRESS THE HEART NOR UPSET THE STOMACH**

Instantly when you And for a gargle, Genuine BAYER Aspirin Tablets dissolve so completely they leave no irritating particles. Sold everywhere in tins of 12 and bottles of 24 & 100. Be sure to get "BAYER"—Bayer means Better.



Add to your jewels a lovely ring in New Zealand
Paul Stone and be assured of something distinctive
and beautiful for all occasions. This brilliant stone
with its wealth of deep, flashing colours will at-
tract attention everywhere and command the ad-
miration of all. Offered in all sizes at a price which
is only a fraction of its value. 5/- Post Free.
Send postal note now to Tasman Trading Co.,
P.O. Box 1547, Wellington, New Zealand.



—Air Mail photo.

"Really, it beggars description!" hissed Mrs. Vane. At that moment the brick she was standing on gave way, and she fell into the celery bed. When, with much puffing and

A black and white illustration of two boxers in a boxing ring. The boxer on the left is in a defensive stance, wearing dark trunks and boxing gloves. The boxer on the right is in an offensive stance, wearing light-colored trunks and boxing gloves, and is throwing a punch towards the other boxer. The background is simple, with some indistinct shapes suggesting a crowd or arena setting.

scientifically
prepared in an

You do not need to risk any money in putting Cystex to the test. Simply ask Cystex from your chemist under this written guarantee. It must stop your pain, make you feel younger and stronger and full of life and vitality and satisfy in every way, or you simply return the empty package and your money is refunded in full. You are the sole judge as to your satisfaction. Within 48 hours you will begin to notice a tremendous improvement, but under no circumstances do you want to wait the full 5-day supply and then return the amazing things that this new twin-tablet treatment can do for you. Get Cystex from your chemist today. The guarantee protects you.



FLORAL SLUB

Summer spectator frock.

An adorable little sports style, with a tailored neckline and two handy pockets in the skirt. In green, maize, natural, pink. There are hosts at various prices. 32-38ins. **18/6**

"Cotton Frock Shop"—2nd floor.



"Old world" bag

Lovely style—reminiscent of Louis XIVth reign in France. A strong wooden frame, beautifully made, sets off the design. Moire-lined. **17/6**

Handbags:—Ground Floor.

FARMER'S

3/11 silk scarf at half

Farmer's makes a scoop purchase of half price scarves. They're British, printed silk "Windsors" that you can knot many different ways. A miracle value at **1/11**



• Max Factor beauty preparations will melt away the traces of Winter and help you capture the radiance of Spring. There are some brand new ones in stock.

"Cosmetics", Ground Floor.



Finest of perambulators with a highly polished lacquer finish. Well-sprung and upholstered. Matching colours. Maroon, navy, cream and fawn.

89/6

STURDY PRAMS

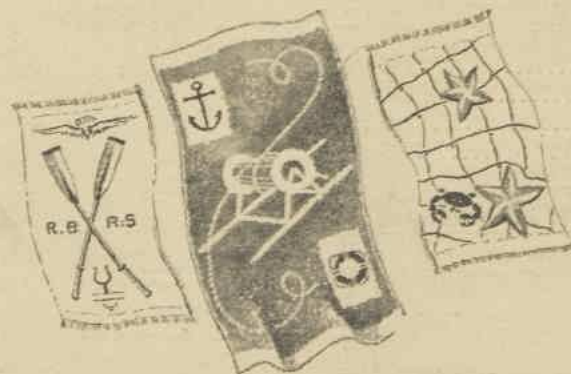
Strongly made, softly padded
... ready for His Majesty's spring outings!

Farmer's takes a pride in prams and pushers. Farmer's sees that they're tough... built to stand hard wear. They're padded inside to save tiny limbs from damage. They're surprisingly inexpensive—you'd guess their prices to be pounds higher. Fourth Floor. Lay-by?



"Kiddy-Walker" Pushers. It also teaches baby to walk. The price is as low as **59/6**

• Why not put one on Lay-by for later? Only 1/- in every 5/- deposit.



Lively towel trio

Three spanking-new designs featured in these big, thirsty beach towels. The "Reel Towel" at 5/11, the "Shark Net" at 3/11, and the "Rowing Club" towel at 4/6. And you can have them monogrammed free.

Towels on the First Floor.

(Right) "Buntie". White buck or brown, navy calf. In halves, 2 to 7. **17/9**

(Below) "Coolan" oxford. White buck or navy, black kid. **23/9**



(Left) "Roberta". White buck or brown calf. Half sizes 2 to 7. Price **17/9**

(Below) "Windsor". White buck with blue, brown pebble-grain calf. At **14/9**



PERFORATED BUCKSKIN

Profusely perforated white buckskin will be summer's favourite shoe fashion. Deep punchings. Dozens of designs for town or sport (including two-tones), every one air-cooled. The prices run from 14/9 to 39/6.

Stocks for Mail Orders. Lay-by!



Half, 2 to 2



The One Perfect Companion for Your Children!

Teach them to know & love good Music!

Toward the faint horizon of their children's future, all parents must look with mingled awe and expectation. What bright adventure awaits your young voyager? Parents cannot live their children's lives for them, but they can arm them for their golden future. Marcus Clark's reconditioned instruments will bring to you and your children many years of companionship.

Expertly Reconditioned Pianos

★ SCHEIDMEYER & SOEHNE £45
Extended iron frame, and Ebonised Case.

★ STRAD £48
Extended iron frame, Burr Walnut Case, mellow tone and responsive touch.

★ RICH. LIPP & SOEHNE £52
Walnut Case and delightful tone and touch, will suit most exacting musician.

★ VICTOR (Academy Model) £55
Magnificent instrument, practically new. Music Teachers please note!

DEPOSIT FROM 30/- AND 4/6 WEEKLY

Reconditioned Player Pianos

All these Players have the latest improvements, including transposer metal tubing, FREE—12 Rolls of your own selection, and bench to match.

★ STRAD £85

★ MOZART £90

★ BEETHOVEN £95

★ WINTER £105

DEPOSIT FROM £3 AND 6/9 WEEKLY

SEND THIS COUPON FOR FULL PARTICULARS

MARCUS CLARK & CO., LTD.

Please post me, without any obligation, full particulars of

NAME

ADDRESS

W.W. 4/4/37.

MARCUS CLARK'S

PARADES, CLARK AND CO., LTD., "THE BIG STORE," CENTRAL SQUARE, SYDNEY

HIDE your GREY HAIRS with Imedia, as I did!

There are countless shades that can be obtained with Imedia, and every shade is perfectly natural, absolutely undetectable. Ask your hairdresser.

To become a Platinum Blonde, ask for the Oreal-Blanc process. To restore hair that is out of condition, ask for an Oleocap Vitamin oil bath.



IMEDIA

In boxes for home use... one treatment 5/6, three, 15/-... at chemists, hairdressers, and department stores. If unobtainable locally, apply to Craig and Aitken, Pty. Ltd., 654 George St., Sydney.



BETTY'S 'Racey' NARRATIVES

The Spring Ensemble Went West At Warwick

By BETTY GEE

That gay deceiver Mala is costing us all a lot of money.

Mr. Alan E. Cooper paid £7350 for him, and on Saturday I lost £5 on him at Warwick Farm.

That's £7355 he has cost us to date. To make it worse, this lavish outlay has left me without the price of a spring ensemble.

WE'LL finish up giving him away before the spring goes much further if he doesn't mend his ways, always coming home like a straying husband, just too late to win a race.

Six seconds and a third for only one win. That's his record in Australia. More seconds than a clock.

I broke the rule about hurdle races, and hurried to the course in time for the race over the brush, because of a special tip for Silky Oak, but from the stable of Neil McKenna.

But, lo and behold, when I get there he's scratched, and I can't make it out until I learn there's been a dispute about the jockey, Walsh. He's wanted for Silky Oak and also for Equable. It would have been very funny to see him trying to ride tandem on both, wouldn't it? I wish he had. It would have saved the £1 I put on Equable when Silky Oak didn't start. He ran last.

A Luxury Price

My course tip for the Campbelltown was Moonray, and away I went for 10/ straight out at 16 to 1. What a luxury price! And 10/ on the tote. But of course I had £2 on the Head Waiter's tip, Theolios.

What terrible things happen in racing! Theolios is only a young racehorse, you know, 3 years to be precise, so they simply treated him like a child, cuffed his ears, pushed him this way and that, and finally trampled on him. He finished last.

Moonray, he just failed to shine through the clouds of a chequered race, and was beaten a short head. The tote paid £2/11 though.

Miss Pat Quinan whispered of Caesar to me for the Hobartville. She had it from the Colin Stephens, and I reasoned it out that if the chairman of the Australian Jockey Club can't win the big race of the day, who can?

So, firmly pulling down my brimless, I went in with my head down for £2/5 to 1, and before you could open a zip he was even money.

And before you could open two zips he'd caught and beaten the leader, Brazanti, and went on to win it like the Monarch he is.

My tip for Giltown in the Farm Novice came straight from the owner, Mrs. Pat Osborne.

Well, I must confess that while rival jockeys showed plenty of respect to the chairman's horse, Caesar, in his race, they were a little callous of the passage vouchsafed a horse raced by a committee man's wife.

I need not dwell on the ordeal Giltown went through. Suffice it to say that when they let him out he went like a shot from a gun, but it was

too late to get nearer than third. Bristol already had been crowned the winner.

I pounced upon Mr. Walter Kelly like a cut-purse in the dark when he offered to take 10 to 9 on Mala in the Warwick Stakes.

I really thought he merely wanted to make a gratuitous present of easy money to me because I looked so sweet. So I dipped into the recesses for the £5 house-keeping, and put it on at the rate of £5 to £4/10/ on.

But ah me! The folly of laying odds on. And the wisdom of these shrewd bookies.

Mala wasn't merely beaten. He was demoralised, frustrated, swamped beneath the burden of cash.

Of course, Fireman was the special tip in my narrative last week for the Spring Handicap, and rather unwisely I hastened in for £4 to £1, only to see his price drift to 6's in another 10 minutes.

"But," says I, "I'll turn the joke on the bookies." So I took another £6 to 1, and Fireman led all the way, and I'm sure he won by a head.



The much-boomed Mala, says Betty, has recorded more seconds than a clock.

but the days of chivalry have long departed, and the judge gave it a dead-heat with Silver Standard.

We all thought Speardale was a certainty for the last race, the Glenelg Handicap, including Capt. R. R. Smart, the owner and trainer.

But there's some higher power which watches over the doings of racehorses and says when any particular animal has won enough. Without notifying me in any way, it ordained that Speardale should NOT win this one, and win it he didn't.

He finished right out of it, and Herarde won it at 10 to 1, and raised a cheer from the bookies.

Home By Train

Well, I left them to it, and wended my way sadly to the train. No taxis from the Farm. Too far for a losing day. And the trip gives you plenty of time to ruminate painfully on the fallacious belief that you can beat the books with odds on pots.

But as the weekend wears on you get over these things.

Even by now I'm looking forward to Canterbury races next Saturday, for instance.

The Head Waiter's tip for there is Sarcherie for the Canterbury Stakes, and he says she'll be a real outsider. I hope she is, but I hope she wins, too, which is more important.

Jean Harve comes up from Clarendon way, where the fat huns grow. She's from Eiver Walker's stable, and the yokels down there say they've never seen anything faster on four legs.

It has been brought to my notice by a girl in the Tea Shoppe that Falstaff is popping out of his skin with condition, just like a pomegranate.

Well, all I can say is that I hope he's right for the plucking on Saturday, because that's where I'm hoping to get the rest of my spring ensemble. It's got to be an expensive one to make up for my losses.



Mrs. Ethel C. Sharp

Is now back in Sydney after an enjoyable holiday in the North and Port Moresby; and will be pleased to see any one of her clients.

The

New Age Creation

TAILOR MADE TO MEASURE FOUNDATION GARMENTS

4th Floor, Dymock's "Block," 428 George St. (near Farmers) SYDNEY, MA4874.

And at Brisbane, Toowoomba, Townsville, Mackay, and Bundaberg.



NOT A SCRATCH ON THIS THREE-YEAR-OLD SINK! IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN CLEANED WITH VIM



The cleaner that POLISHES as it CLEANS

TO BOYS & GIRLS GIVEN

WRIST WATCHES

Cameras, Ma-Ma Dolls, Fountain Pens and many other valuable prizes, also cash commission,

for selling small parcel of tested garden seeds. Send for parcel and big illustrated catalogue of presents. SEND NO MONEY NOW, only name and address. Write to-day.

JOHN B. MURRAY, (16 years at this address), 661V George Street, Sydney.

COULDN'T STAND TERRIBLE PAIN

"I suffered terrible pain with rheumatism, to turn or stand on my feet made me scream," writes Mrs. M. Whiting, Warialda Railway, N.E.W. "Thank goodness for R.U.R. I was a hospital case, but I am feeling a lot better since I started on it." R.U.R. Rheumatic Remedy is sold with money back guarantee certificate by all Branches of W. H. Boul, Pattinson & Co., all Chemists, and Morand and Cato's Stores. Ask for FREE booklet.***

Intimate Jottings

by Caroline.

Did You Know—

That John Forsayth, of Vaucluse, has already given his fiancée, Iris Connolly, two lovely rings? One is composed of three super diamonds set in platinum, and the second is an eternity ring set with the same stones.

That Madge and Cyril Ritchard serve a very special cocktail to friends at their Savile Row flat called the "Ritchard-Rouser"?

Sampled Bore Baths

AFTER four months' absence from town, Mrs. Louis Emery, the entertaining visitor from U.S.A., who is making a long stay in Sydney, has returned from Moree.

She has been sampling the famous bore baths in the vicinity, and although I have not yet heard what effect they have had on a spot of rheumatism which troubled her, I do know that she thoroughly enjoyed her visit. Mrs. Emery spent a great deal of time on stations round about the district, and found everyone most hospitable.

Mrs. De Burgh Persse motored from Queensland to Sydney with her son Bertan last week. She wanted to bid her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Tuxford Howe, farewell, before their return to India.

Hospitable Consul

M. NOSKOWSKI, Consul-General for Poland, and his charming wife have had the busiest winter entertaining celebrities from Poland. First of all there was Bronislaw Huberman and Jacob Gimpel, and now Arthur Rubinstein. A reception has been given for each musician and last Thursday was the chosen day for the Rubinstein reception at the Carlton Hotel.

For good measure in the entertainment line the Noskowskis also entertained Mrs. Janina Underwood when she was given a Polish decoration, and also had a reception for the national day of Poland.

Young Buds

HERE'S news of some young buds of Hope-wood House. Barbara Grant, the eldest of the Hugh Grant family of Bandaburrina, Collarenebri, has gone off to Kosciusko for some snow revelling, and with her is Pam Lloyd, and her young brother Brian.

Pam's father, who is managing director of the Commonwealth Oil Refineries Company, and his wife are returning to England next month, and they want the family to see Australia in as many moods as possible before the sailing date.

Highlights

IN between lectures and such-like solemnities the delegates to the Medical Conference in Adelaide and their respective wives are having the jolliest times.

These are some of the highlights I have heard about . . . Mrs. Rupert Downes, of Melbourne, is voted one of the loveliest women . . . The floral decorations are so extensive at the entertainments that each function has the appearance of a floral fete . . . As host and hostess Sir Harry and Lady Newland were extremely charming.

Dr. and Mrs. Edgar Stephen, Dr. and Mrs. Ben Edye, Dr. Brown Craig and his son, Dr. and Mrs. Huff Johnson, and Professor Harvey Sutton were just a few of the Sydney visitors.

Season on Riviera

LATEST news from Enid Manning comes from Cannes, where she is making the Hotel Martinez a stepping-off place for the delights of the Riviera season. She enthuses about a delightful night club she had just visited, which has a glass floor surrounded by tall palms and a sliding roof.

Another fashionable rendezvous was at Eden Rock, where the restaurant is built in the side of a rock. Enid is coming home for a short visit to her parents at the end of the year.

For Brighter Sydney

WITH ideas for a brighter Sydney much in our minds, how about this for a cheery suggestion from Queensland?

The newest restaurant in Brisbane, much frequented during the recent Exhibition Week festivities, is "The California," which has secured a staff of waiters whose versatility is just too amazing.

In between serving oysters and soup, any one of them is apt to stride over to the piano and play a few ditties, and other waiters play the violin and do entertaining stunts by the dozen.

Among the holiday-makers on board the *Otranto*, bound for Noumea, are Mr. and Mrs. Howard Weber, of Randwick, whose marriage took place on August 21 at St. Jude's Church. Mrs. Weber was formerly Avis Parsons.



About Town

YOUNG things about town have been glad of the arrival in their midst of Francis Anderson, whose station is in the Bathurst district, and who has a hearty manner of entertaining. I saw him among a merry throng at Romano's early in the week.

Another country lad who is sure of an enthusiastic welcome in Sydney is John Thompson, of Merriwa, who is at present staying with the Fred Moses' at Killara.

Three friends from Newcastle, Mrs. Robert Pittar, Marjorie Reid, and Mrs. Gordon Lees, all left at the week-end for a cruise to Noumea. While in Sydney they had a flat at Hampton Court.

Expected Home

AFTER more than two years in England and on the Continent, Mrs. George Gillespie, of Turrumurra, and her daughters, Margaret and Nancy, are expected home at the end of this week.

While in London, Nancy spent most of her time on one or other of the numerous ice-skating rinks, and I hear she is now very proficient indeed.

Greatest of Ease

NONE of the glamor had worn off the ice skating carnival at its second session on Thursday. The rink was packed and among the throng who sailed round with the greatest of ease was Dennis Allen.

Little Angela Francis, the Dick Francis' chick, was one of the attractive little blue fairies in the ballet, and is a splendid skater, and Mrs. Herbert Douglas looked very attractive in the Kings and Queens ballet.

Large Roll-up

THERE was a large roll-up of members of the Country Women's Association at the reception given by Lady Hudd at her Adelaide home to welcome Mrs. Hubert Fairfax to the south.

As well as city members fifty country branches were represented at the party. Mrs. Fairfax and Miss Fairfax were also entertained at the president's reception of B.M.A. delegates in Adelaide.

Short and Sweet

HELEN SIMPSON reminded members of the Forum Club when she was their guest at luncheon last week that the designation of the club meant, to the Romans, a place to make speeches. Members, she said, had applied a new meaning to the word "Forum," and to them it meant "a place to make friends." As a guest she craved the application of the latter interpretation, and left it at that.

Among those present were Lady Storey, Miss Storey, Mrs. Cyril Shepherd, Miss Rose Merivale, Miss Brooks, and Miss Shadforth Hooper.

Have You Seen—

The chic gloves of net with primulas attached brought back from London by Mrs. R. G. Casey, our Federal Treasurer's wife?



MRS. T. P. LYONS, who made a stay of five months at Canberra during the absence abroad of the Prime Minister and Dame Enid Lyons. Mrs. Lyons has now returned to her home, Westella, Hobart.

Gay Spring Styles
for Joyous Youth

GRACE BROS

Infantile Paralysis Treatment

Continued from Page 3

THE fateful first jump of this so hopeful monkey science, to man, was taken by Charles Armstrong, in the epidemic that broke out in Alabama, Tennessee and Mississippi in the 1936 summer.

With that popping-up-here-and-there-and-everywhere suddenness that is the most baffling trait of the paralytic marauder, 154 children had been stricken in two States before Armstrong could get down there.

Armstrong could tell parents and doctors this:

That—overwhelmingly — epidemic experts believe the trail this death takes is from the nose of one human being to the next one.

There is grim evidence, too, that it is only inside people's nerves and nerve cells that this paralytic microbe can live, grow, multiply. Exactly as in monkeys.

Public Worry

ARMSTRONG begged that the doctors apply this new, hoped-for preventive, even though it seemed so simple. All there was to it was to get the solution of picric acid — alum now ready in the drug stores; spray it, with three or four good puffs from an atomiser, every other day for three sprayings, and then once a week during threat of epidemic danger, into the noses of Alabama's embattled citizens— young and old, big and little, rich and poor.

Finally, Armstrong asked the physicians to keep most careful records. And, especially, would they hurry to report to him any poisonous action that might show up in certain people who might be supersusceptible to this ordinarily harmless picric solution?

Alas, now—it was disconcerting and appalling—the hoped-for test by the physicians got out of hand completely.

Citizens began to mutter that they could do this just as well themselves. So now they, the people, flocked to the pharmacies, bought gallons of the yellow fluid, purchased, literally, hundreds of thousands of atomisers.

In certain poor communities one atomiser was actually used in common by dozens of families, passing the atomiser from the nose of one child to another!

Thousands of mothers got their only information of the precise technique of spraying from what they read in newspapers, or from what they heard from Mrs. Jones, the neighbor lady. And now, frantic, worried, they proceeded to shoot picric spray up their own and their babies' nostrils any old way—

So, to sum it up, the experiment became communal. It was now a truly mass experiment, by the largely uninstructed masses, upon the masses. Now here, unique in medical history, was a grotesque experiment of the people, by the people, for the people. In the whole annals of mankind's death fight, what could have been more fantastic, yes, more hopeless and absurd?

AND yet, in spite of the confoundingly chaotic amateurishness of this mass fight, it cannot be said to have ended in failure.

Out of one sample of nearly 5000 people, it is true that about 1600 had some annoyance: headaches, or nausea, or irritated noses, or they said it gave them colds, and one said the spray made him feverish, and another that it made him nervous, while still another claimed the preventive made him feel bad all over.

Lumping all the cases, well and badly sprayed, together, this mass self-protection, chaotically, inexpertly, hit-or-miss as it was done, seems to have cut down the attack rate of the paralyzing terror by one-third, at least.

WHILE Armstrong was doing all this, other researchers found a preventive more powerful than picric acid and alum.

It is so mild that experts will go on record to say that, in the strength it will be used, it can't be seriously harmful.

The death-defying power of this chemical is outlandish when you realise how old, how ordinary, how common-as-mud, you might say, that chemical is, in nature.

Continued on Page 27



Above:

D081—MISSIE'S SMART BOLEERO FROCK IN FLORAL PLAT CREPE. Bodice has front inset with printed collar and ties. Back of bodice is smartly finished with full gathered yoke. Skirt is well fitting and has full box pleat at back and front. Shades: Sage and Rose. Sizes: 43, 45in. S.S.W. Fitting. SPECIAL VALUE 11/6

At Right:

D082—GIRL'S SMART BOLEERO FROCK IN FLORAL PLAT CREPE. Just the thing to twirl. Bodice has puff sleeve and Peter Pan collar with bow. Skirt is well made with knife pleats and finished at waist with neat little buckles. Shades: Sage, Rose, Lemon. Sizes: 33, 34, 35in. SPECIAL VALUE 9/11

D093

D093—Girls' Attractive TUB FROCK IN BRITISH CAMBRIC. Neatly made with front yoke, Peter Pan collar and Cuffs in contrasting Shades. Colours: Sage, Red, Lemon, Green. Sizes: 24, 27, 30in. SPECIAL VALUE 2/11

Top Centre:

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INFANTILE PARALYSIS—How Tests Were Proved

Continued from Page 26

THE metal from which it is formed is in our drinking water, in cereals, milk, eggs, meats and oysters. It exists in weighable amounts in our bodies. It has been used for many years as an eyewash. In doses fifty times stronger than needed to guard against the maiming terror, it's been used as an emetic, to make youngsters with upset stomachs vomit.

It is plain zinc sulphate, 1 per cent. solution. It is true that this mild drug has never been used on children as a nose spray, and careful tests are now under way to determine whether it might cause discomfort, slight irritation or harm to the insides of children's noses.

The tests to which Schultz and Gebhardt, two other experts, have put this simple old-fashioned solution have been, to an unheard-of degree, drastic.

Five or six times, on five or six days in succession, with a power spray they shoot this harmless solution into the noses of monkeys.

Then, for four weeks in succession, five days a week for each of those four weeks, they pour great doses of infantile-paralytic virus into those monkeys' noses. While they cut their protective sprays of zinc sulphate down to one weekly—

This terrific inoculation paralyses and kills 100 per cent. of monkeys who've not been given the zinc spray. It fails to infect a single monkey who has been sprayed.

Against this awful test at least one out of four monkeys, sprayed with picric-alum solution, will go limp, become paralysed and die.

One of the great practical objections to the picric-alum spray was this one: the children had to be sprayed several times the first week the epidemic threatened. And once a week, at least, thereafter. So Armstrong thought, from his monkey science in the laboratory.

Practical Help

NOW searchers Schultz and Gebhardt answered this with a startling experiment. Five days in succession they sprayed a bevy of monkeys with their weak zinc-sulphate solution.

Then they let them be, to play and chatter in their cages for a whole month. Then, day after day, they poured deadly doses of hot infantile-paralytic virus into their noses—inside which the nerves of smell had been coated, galvanised over by that weak zinc solution a month before.

The monkeys were, all of them, perfectly protected.

You see the practical help this long protection will be to our health men. From the moment the unseen virus sneaks into a child's nerves of smell, until it suddenly sickens, paralyses that child—this length of time is not exactly known.

It may be ten days. And instances as long as twenty-nine days, from the dangerous contact, are known.

But now, what is to prevent the children of a community from being given this simple zinc protection before the epidemic threatens?

Would it be worth while for our communities to demand their health men try this? It is a challenge to the foresight of all of us.

Is one month the limit of the weak zinc solution's power to guard? Schultz and Gebhardt haven't found that limit.

NOBODY knows where infantile paralysis may hit next. You only can be sure that somewhere an epidemic, mild or terrible, will threaten.

Let's say, then, that the news of this new preventive does not reach the mass of our people, or even the majority of our health men. What will be the chance of the zinc preventive to guard our babies, children, if it's used after an epidemic has exploded?

One of the most sinister traits of this paralytic danger is the will-o'-the-wisp suddenness of its coming and going.

The child's nerves of smell have got to be galvanised before the unseen death attacks them. No preventive, no matter how powerful, is of avail once the virus has sneaked in.

If the zinc solution is used, how many treatments will be needed? Into one cohort of monkeys our California searchers sprayed the life-giving zinc solution just once. Then left them absolutely untreated for one month. Then, five days in succession they flooded their noses with the paralytic death.

But all of them stayed healthy. Will one treatment actually be enough for children? It is too soon to say. But Schultz and Gebhardt, very recently, have sprayed fourteen monkeys, once a day, only three days in succession.

Then one month later they deluged these animals with a paralytic virus that killed nine out of ten unsprayed monkeys.

But all the fourteen three-times-sprayed beasts were perfectly guarded. There is now every reason to hope that our men against death have a weapon at their command as harmless as it is powerful to guard our children, if.

Must Be Certain

If only we, the people, will demand, will see to it that the preventive is properly and thoroughly applied.

If this blockade against the paralytic death is really to be the answer to our mothers' prayers, then every community must give its doctors and health men the chance to use this weapon with absolute thoroughness, with every help of science.

The most important discovery, in the Alabama epidemic last summer, was not that the picric-alum preventive may have cut down the possible cases by one-third. Nor that our people will enthusiastically try a proposed preventive. No.

The great lesson was how not to use this hoped-for blockade against the maiming death.

For the people should not trust themselves to apply it. Tests that have been made, on ways to cover the insides of children's noses thoroughly, at the University of Michigan, have proved that Armstrong's spray could not have been completely protective, as it was used, last summer.

Of course, it's clear that if a spray doesn't completely cover, coat, galvanise all the delicate endings of the nerves of smell—then death can still sneak in.

Not to do the job completely would be exactly as silly as if—in a conflagration—you'd try to guard your threatened house from catching fire by wetting down one-half of its roof with water.

Armstrong learned that mothers tended to be gentler and gentler, applying less and less spray to their babies. But that's not all that was the trouble. From the experiments it's now plain that when children are sprayed by a hand atomiser while they're sitting upright, or standing, the spray does not cover all the endangered area high up inside their noses.

It's possible that, in most children, the spray may get up there properly, if they're sprayed lying on their backs, with their heads hanging backward over the edge of the table.

But even that's not sure-fire, maybe, with a hand atomiser. Maybe a power spray will be needed.

Maybe—in some children—the preventive will have to be poured in. As Armstrong first poured it into his monkeys.

Many children have obstructions in their noses. Obstructions that would not keep out the insidious maiming death, but would block the new blockade of this death.

The answer's plain now. The preventive must be applied by expert doctors.

Test—Then Apply

WORK now in progress on the final way of using this powerful blockade against death should be finished in time to show our doctors and death fighters how to apply the preventive next summer.

By that time they will know whether the zinc sulphate, so death-blockading and so harmless for monkeys, will be completely without danger to children.

What then remains for us, as citizens, to do? We must see to it that our health departments—rural, city, State and, yes, national—have the wherewithal to organise brigades of doctors, nurses, before the maiming death begins to stalk.

Picric acid-alum, and zinc sulphate, whichever one will be found more suitable to use—these death-guarding chemicals are absolutely cheap. But the organisation and training of death-fighting nurses and doctors—that, alas, takes money.

But what's more economical: To spend money now to block this death as there is a chance to do? Or afterwards to spend many times that amount to bury our strangled babies, or to try to treat their terrible paralysis, and to maintain them—as many of them will be—pitiful recruits for our present tragic army of three hundred thousand cripples?

BACKACHE RHEUMATISM

The DANGER SIGNS of Dire Kidney, Bladder and Uric Acid Trouble

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Kidney, Bladder, Uric Acid and Urinary Disorders can quickly age you by 10 years or more. To end them means rejuvenation—new vigour—new comfort—new peace at night—new happiness each day. At about 40 years of age, kidney, bladder and urinary troubles start most men, and women on the downhill road to premature "old-age." DO YOU KNOW THE "WHYS AND WHEREFORES" OF THIS TERRIBLE MATTER? MILLIONS of shut-shuts in your kidneys, put there to rid you of Acids, Poisons, and Germs, must be kept in order—all the time. These vital filters can fail—if they do, miseries result. If everyone knew the urgency of keeping the kidneys well, there would be no neglect of the early signs of Kidney Disorder. The antiseptic action of Harrison's Pills ends harmful Kidney Germs, kills Poisons and Acids, swiftly promoting health of all the vital forces!

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Doris Nolan,
Universal Star
in "As Good
as Married."

ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHIC ENLARGEMENTS



This hair was taken from a living head some weeks after being waved and curled by the Eugene method. See the soft, natural appearance of the curl, notice how full of life and "spring" it is. Genuine Eugene waves and curls **LAST MUCH LONGER**. Waving with genuine Eugene sachets **CANNOT** injure your hair.



This hair was taken from a living head some weeks after being waved by a cheap method, using harsh chemicals and without the protection of sachets. See how the curl—at first so neat—has developed into "frizz". Also, the hair comes out when combed—thus proving that "bargain-price" waves **DESTROY** the hair.

The damaging effect of an inferior permanent wave is not noticeable immediately — except by an enlarged photograph. It is some time before you can see the havoc caused by harsh chemicals and fierce heat applied *directly* to your hair. It is some time before you realise the reason for Eugene Sachets . . . to *protect*, as well as to beautify, your hair.

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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN
President Astrological Research Society

The Harsh Side of an Easy-going People

A small percentage of Virgoan people (those born between August 24 and September 23) are easy going until their ambitions are aroused, but the average person belonging to this sign of the zodiac is industrious and fond of activity.

As a result, it will usually be found that they climb to heights in the business or professional world.

MANY Virgoans do not look as strong as they really are. But they seem to have a reserve of strength and energy upon which they can call in times of need.

It is this reserve which probably accounts for the fact that Virgoans seldom look their age.

These August-September folk are not easily contented with the poor things of life. They like the best and are willing to work hard to improve their lot.

They are quietly but persistently ambitious. They seldom take risks or rush around in useless circles. They set a goal and then seem to take their time building a solid foundation upon which to rest their successes as they achieve them.

At the same time they are seldom combative. Their common sense tells them that fights and competition are costly. They prefer co-operation and arbitration, and only after these have failed will the average Virgoan show any serious fighting spirit.

Once started on the warpath, however, Virgoans can prove themselves such capable fighters that it is difficult to beat them. Their keen mentality soon finds the loopholes in the opposition's plans. They are born strategists and organisers.

What is more, they are walking encyclopaedias, seeming to know a lot about almost everything. If they haven't the information in their heads, they probably have it at hand. They love collecting clippings, data, and statistics, and usually have methodical filing systems which are the envy of their associates.

When it comes to a fight, therefore, the opposition generally finds out that the Virgoan has known all about his intentions for nearly as long as he has known them himself. And once the natural and inborn kindness and reserve of the Virgoan have been placed aside, the tactics (and tongue) of these people are things to be feared.

Enjoy Being Ill

THOSE who seriously oppose or offend Virgoan people will be well advised to remember that there is a hard side to these kindly people, and a ruthless element in their clever mental machinery. They can usually think well ahead of the other fellow and plan and organise while the opposition is still floundering around.

Health plays a very important part in their lives. The trouble is that they really enjoy being ill themselves and contacting other people whose health is imperfect. They like to know all the symptoms of complaints, and seem able to take a detached view of their own ailments, even while they are afflicted with them.

If only these people will leave drugs and patent medicines alone and put their faith in fresh air, a good diet consisting mainly of fresh fruits and vegetables, and an optimism which denies any ailments until there is genuine cause for worry, they can be some of the most healthy of all.

They are natural dietitians and healers, well fitted to cure others as well as themselves, but bounded always by the sense of fear and imagination.



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without my knowing"—writes a mother. Keep baby regular during teething and at other times by using Steedman's Powders—they keep baby's bloodstream cool. Give this gentle aperient to children up to 14 years of age.

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By Air Mail from Our London Office.

FIRST of the Persian women to take advantage of their new-found freedom under the revolutionary regime of Iran's modern-minded Shah is beautiful twenty-eight-year-old Mile. Khanoun-Agha Emam-Zadeh.

She has discarded the veil for the doctor's gown.

When she set out to taste the new freedom, Mile. Emam-Zadeh says she made a clean sweep with tradition. She threw away the black veil with which all Persian women covered their faces, and discarded her picturesque Persian dress. She says she has no intention of ever going back to them.

Her ready adoption of Western ideas brought Mile. Emam-Zadeh to the notice of the Shah, and now that she has passed her medical finals and has returned to Iran, he has placed a clinic and research laboratory at her disposal so that she may specialise in studying the treatment of leprosy, which is one of the scourges of her native land.

THOUGH they will refute the accusation, most Virgoans imagine many of their ailments. But they are capable of imagining them so realistically that they can tell you all the symptoms down to the smallest detail.

The Daily Diary

TRY to use this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Routine work. September 2 and 3 fair.

Taurus (April 21 to May 21): You should realise some of your desires this week if you go after them steadily enough. Be sure to ask favors, make changes, and seek improvements while the stars aid you, especially on September 4, 5, and 6.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): This is not the time for you to be over-confident. Take life easily and try to dodge trouble. Be especially guarded on September 4, 5, and 6.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Quite fair for you on August 31 and September 1.

LEO (July 24 to August 24): Just fair on September 2 and 3.

VIRGO (August 25 to September 23): Be ambitious and confident on September 4, 5, and 6. Start new ventures, ask favors, and make changes (then, for your chances for success are good. Word hard.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 24): September 4 (after dusk), and 5, just fair.

SCORPIO (October 25 to November 23): Quite fair for you on August 31 and September 1. Seek minor advancements then.

SAGITTARIUS (November 24 to December 22): Leave risks to other people. You must live very cautiously if you wish to avoid delays, setbacks, and annoyances. Be very guarded on September 4, 5, and 6.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Live cautiously on August 31 and September 1, but try to turn your ambitions into achievement on September 4, 5, and 6. The stars favor new enterprises with changes and help from other people. Work hard.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 18): September 4 (night), and 5, just fair.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Do not attempt the impossible this week. Your plans may suffer disruption through opposition, losses, or partings, so that caution is strongly advised, particularly on September 4, 5, and 6.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained therein.—Editor, A.W.W.

Shirley Ann Richards says "It's Fun to Keep Fit on a SPEEDWELL"



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The Favourite Station

RUBINSTEIN TALKS of Music Without HEART

"Sooner Die Than Play Some Sonatas," Says Famous Pianist

Arthur Rubinstein, famous Polish pianist, now touring Australia for the Broadcasting Commission, is slim, of medium height, with a high, receding forehead surmounting a rather pale, sensitive face.

He uses his hands freely to point his well-chosen words.

HE wears the thin red ribbon of the "Legion of Honour" in his coat.

He is a man of wide culture, with a charm that has won him a large circle of illustrious friends.

Many famous names punctuate his unaffected conversation—Debussy, Ravel, Dukas, De Falla, Stravinski, and last but by no means least, the late George Gerahwin, of Tin Pan Alley, New York City.

Rubinstein arrived in Sydney by aeroplane from Amsterdam last week to tour the Commonwealth under engagement to the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

"Gerahwin," repeated Rubinstein. "I knew him when he was a boy. In fact, it was I who was responsible to some extent for his success."

"He used to visit my wife and myself in our flat in New York. When he played his shapely tunes on the piano he would make us mad with enjoyment."

"But all the time he would grumble that he couldn't get them published or performed. The people preferred Irving Berlin and Jerome Kern."

"I told him, 'Go up on the platform

Quick Travel Tempo for Pianist

"MY trip out was too exciting to be really comfortable," said Rubinstein, when he arrived in Sydney by plane last week.

"I flew across the Andes from Chile to Buenos Aires. Then by boat and train to Paris."

"Two days only in Paris, and then on to Amsterdam, and from there to Sydney by plane. No; I would not call it comfortable."

and play them on the piano yourself. You will be irresistible."

"He took my advice and got himself a job with Paul Whiteman."

"From that moment his success was assured. Everyone now knows his 'Rhapsody in Blue.' He was a charming boy. It was a great pity that he died so young."

I asked Rubinstein: "But what do you think of his music—seriously?"

His eyes twinkled, he made an eloquent gesture with his hands and remained silent.

The Finest Work

TO my query, "What do you consider the finest work you have heard in recent years?" Rubinstein answered without hesitation, "Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk," by Shostakowitch.

"It is one of the most direct expressions of human feeling to which I have ever listened. It is on the same lines as 'Tristan,' but goes further."

He smiled. "You see, there is no King Mark to behave like a fat banker. Shostakowitch has a demoniacal gift for sarcasm."

This opera has had a most curious history.

At the time it was written Shostakowitch was perhaps the most popular composer in the Soviet.

After the first performance, which was attended by Stalin, the "Man of Steel" sent for Shostakowitch and, it is whispered, so far forgot himself as to slap the composer's face.

There have been many interesting speculations about the reason for Stalin's surprising action.

For over two years Shostakowitch was in disgrace. It is only quite recently that he has been re-established in favor.

"Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk" was to be performed last season in New York.

There are only two scores of the work in existence. One is the property of the Soviet. Nobody knows where the other has got to.

So the New York production has had to be postponed until it turns up.

Music Without Heart

"WHAT do you think of Hindemith?" Rubinstein was asked.

"I have just got his three new piano sonatas," he answered.

"I would sooner die than play them. The workmanship is wonderful. But they are all brain and no heart."

Rubinstein made the rather surprising statement that he has never yet met a great French pianist with a good memory.



Rubinstein, who is here to give broadcast concerts.

"At some time or other they all stand up in the middle of a piece and say, 'Excuse me a minute. I must go and get the music.'"

Rubinstein was not at all happy at the prospect of playing the Rachmaninoff C Minor Concerto at his orchestral concert.

"I played it with Schneevogt in Helsinki," he said.

"It was a big success. But it is not a great work."

"I would much rather play Brahms' Second Concerto."

"Then why don't you?"

Rubinstein thought for a moment. "I think you might say quite definitely that I will," he said.—J.R.

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CARPETS, LINOLEUM, soft FURNISHINGS



Impressive in design, with handsome figured Walnut Veneers, this new Dining-room Suite is remarkable value at the special reduction for this week. 4ft. 6in. Sideboard, with mirror back, has three cupboard shelves, and two drawers (one divided and hinged); 3ft. Rectangular Table has box legs, and four Chairs have lift-out, upholstered seats and back shaped for comfort. Do not miss at the Introductory Cash Price (Or on Easy Terms)

Usual Retail Value £22/17/6 Reduced Cash Price £15/19/6

British
FELT BASE SQUARES
Size 9ft. x 12ft. 6in. 9ft. x 9ft. 12ft. 6in. x 12ft. 6in. 12ft. x 12ft.
Special Price 19/6 23/6 28/6 33/6
BRITISH INLAID
LINOLEUM
TWO YARDS WIDE
Genuine Cork Linoleum
TWO YARDS WIDE
5/3, 5/11, 7/6 yd.
Imitation Linoleum
TWO YARDS WIDE
2/11, 4/3, 4/11 yd.

HALL CARPET BARGAINS

WILTON			AXMINSTER		
Width.	Usual Price	Per Yard	Width.	Usual Price	Per Yard
27 1/2 in.	8/11	New 6/9	22 1/2 in.	11/6	New 10/6
27 in.	9/11	New 7/9	27 in.	12/6	New 11/6
36 in.	13/6	New 10/6	36 in.	19/6	New 16/6



Every young lady desires a beautiful Trousseau Chest. Here is a charming design with contrasting Walnut Veneers. Fully fitted with three long sliding trays, etc. It is superlative value at This Week's Cash Price. (Or on Easy Terms)

Usual Retail Value £25/17/6 Reduced Cash Price 73/6



CARPETS
at SPECIAL PRICES

AXMINSTER SQUARES

Usdy.	9ft. x 12ft. 6in.	9ft. x 9ft.	12ft. 6in. x 12ft. 6in.	12ft. x 12ft.	12ft. 6in. x 10ft. 6in.	12ft. 6in. x 10ft.
Now	£4/10/-	£5/10/-	£6/3/-	£7/5/-	£10/15/-	£12/19/6

Usdy.	9ft. x 12ft. 6in.	9ft. x 9ft.	12ft. 6in. x 12ft. 6in.	12ft. x 12ft.	12ft. 6in. x 10ft. 6in.	12ft. 6in. x 10ft.
Now	£7/10/-	£8/10/-	£9/10/-	£11/10/-	£13/19/6	£16/18/-

Easy Terms for Carpets from 5/- Deposit, 2/- Weekly

This is a specially attractive Breakfast Room Cabinet at a reduced price. It has bowed leadlight doors on crockery cupboard, large ventilated provision cupboard, bread cupboard, drawers, and solid shelves. This week you can obtain at the Special Cash Price (Or on Easy Terms)



Usual Retail Value £25/17/6 Reduced Cash Price 82/6

249 CLARENCE ST.
ONE DOOR FROM
MARKET STREET
SYDNEY

PHONE BR 2365. 6 LINES

The "CHATSWORTH" Cutlery Cabinet



Polished Oak Case.
Contains 42 pieces of
Baker's Old English De-
sign Spoons and Forks,
and Stainless Steel Table
& Dessert Knives.

£7/7/-

SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

OPEN FRIDAY NIGHT

W. JNO. BAKER LTD. 3 Hunter St., Sydney.

HARRY DEARTH Takes Over Morning SESSION

2GB Change Alters His Life

Radio has all sorts of surprises for radio folk. Take the case of Harry Dearth, who, for many years now, has been on the night announcing staff of 2GB.

Recently he was called upon to assume command of 2GB's early morning session. That meant a revolution in the house of Dearth.

WHEREAS once Harry went to bed in the early hours of the morning, after the

station closed at 11.30, he must now be up in the early hours.

"That's not my only trouble," says Harry sadly. "You see, the neighbors were getting used to my arriving home in my car round about midnight, just as they were going to sleep, and now I've got to reconcile them to my setting out from home at 5.30, before they're awake, and neighbors don't

Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier

WEDNESDAY, September 1:
11.45 a.m., "London Call-
ing;" 3.45 p.m., "The Fashion
Parade."

THURSDAY, September 2:
11.45 a.m., "Things That Hap-
pen;" 2.45 p.m., "The Movie
World."

FRIDAY, September 3: 11.45
a.m., "So They Say;" 2.45 p.m.,
"Musical Cocktail."

SATURDAY, September 4:
8.15 p.m., "The Music Box;"
9.30 p.m., "Melodies of Jerome
Kern"

SUNDAY, September 5: 4.30
p.m., "Celebrity Singers' Recital
—Galli Curci;" 6.10 p.m.,
Feature Musical Programme.

MONDAY, September 6: 11.45
a.m., "People in the Limelight;"
2.45 p.m., "Review of The Aus-
tralian Women's Weekly."

TUESDAY, September 7:
11.45 a.m., "Overseas News;"
2.45 p.m., "Swing Time."



MR. HARRY DEARTH

like having their regular habits dis-
turbed.

"Then, recently, my wife had an
offer to return to stage work. We
talked it over and decided it was a
good idea, since I was never home at
night. I didn't know then I soon
would be."

Before her marriage Mrs. Dearth
was well known on the stage as Mona
Potts. She it was who took over the
part in "Bitter Sweet" vacated by
Mona Barrie when she left for Holly-
wood.

"The result," continues Harry
Dearth, "is that I am now a grass-
widower at nights, and what with re-
hearsals in the afternoon, my wife
and I seem to meet only between
twelve midnight and 3.30 a.m."

"The housework is our biggest prob-
lem. You see, when I used to be on
night duty my wife used to be at home,
but since the Revolution we haven't
had time to develop a new system."

"I must confess that I hate washing
up, and as for cooking I'm an expert
on billy tea and damper, but I can't
very well light a camp fire in the back
yard. The result is—well, you can
imagine the result."

Then Harry went on to talk of
the effects of getting up with the sun.

"I must say, I like it. It seems to
change your outlook. Why, believe me
or not, these spring mornings have
made me quite poetical. For the first
time in my life I have written verse."

"Of course," he continued, "getting
up with the dawn isn't new to me.
It's like old times. No, I didn't say
the good old times."

"I first came to Australia to go on
the land. I think it was my father
who gave me the idea. He had toured
Australia and thought it was a land
of opportunity for youth. Anyway, I
went on the land and learnt what get-
ting up early means."

"Those times, by the way, gave me
an idea for my session. What sound
is more distinctly Australian and early
morningish than the crack of stock-
whips? So, as soon as I was told that
I was to be the early morning man,
I sent out for a real Australian
stockwhip and practised the old art
hearsals in the afternoon. Now I round up
my listeners with the crack of the whip.
I'm getting quite expert again."

Parents Can Park Babies While They Travel

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in
England. By Air Mail.

The faintly disagreeable air with which many
hotels greet baby guests is familiar to all travelling
parents, while the "we-don't-take-babies" motto of the
modern boarding-house is a source of constant worry.

Barrow Hedges, a babies' hotel in Banstead, Surrey, is,
therefore, a welcome reversal of this general ban on babies.

HERE infants are wel-
comed, but their parents,
though they may come to
visit as often as they please,
may not spend a night within
its gates.

"Our babies' hotel is not run on
school lines," said Miss Skelton, one
of the proprietors. "We take babies
of any age up to seven years and we
try to make life for them as nearly
what it would be in their own homes
—if those homes were run on Truby
King lines."

"As in any other hotel, our young
guests can stay with us anything from
a day to two years. The majority
of our youngsters have parents in hos-
pital or on world tours."

"We sometimes have the children of
overseas visitors to England. Such
parents find that a toddler or baby is
much happier in his own hotel, with
other children to play with, than stay-
ing with them in a boarding-house."

"Occasionally we take little invalids,
but this is definitely not a nursing
home."

The hotel has large, airy rooms, and
is plainly but comfortably furnished

with attractive nursery pictures on
the walls.

Each baby has his own cot and
chest of drawers, and each toddler has
his own gaily-painted bed with a
matching cupboard.

FOR winter warmth the mild central
heating is supplemented with
huge fires cased round with high nur-
sery guards.

The dining-room is equipped with
long low tables and tiny chairs, and
the meals are served on brightly-
colored children's china.

The menu is varied and nourishing.
Meals for toddlers consist of break-
fast at 8.30—porridge or flaked wheat
with sometimes bacon, or eggs, or
bread and butter and honey to follow;
a two-course dinner at 1 o'clock; tea
at 4.30 of bread and butter, cakes
and biscuits, and warm milk and bi-
suits at bedtime.

"All this costs the parents from £1
to 30/- a week for each child," said
Miss Skelton, "while for babies in
arms we charge £1 a week unless
special nursing is necessary."

"The only trouble we have," con-
fessed Miss Skelton, "is that when the
parents come for them, the children
never want to leave us."

The World's Finest soap value!

SUNLIGHT SOAP

£1000 REWARD

Sunlight Soap lasts so much longer because Sunlight suds do the work so much more quickly and thoroughly—and that means less soap is used. Sunlight users save money every washday by getting this true economy!

ORDINARY SOAP SUNLIGHT SOAP

LABOUR COMFORT

PURE AND GENUINE

SAVES MONEY

..and useful Free Gifts too!

White BATH TOWEL
White Admiralty Bath Towel
with red border, 23 x 46 in.
36 SUNLIGHT WRAPPER TOPS.

Coloured BATH TOWEL
Thickly woven Bath Towel in
gay modern designs, 23 x 46 in.
36 SUNLIGHT WRAPPER TOPS.

Embroidered PILLOW CASE
31½ x 21 in. Best pillow cotton,
embroidered and hemstitched.
27 SUNLIGHT WRAPPER TOPS.

Pure Linen GLASSCLOTH
Real Irish Linen, 23 x 32 inches
18 SUNLIGHT WRAPPER TOPS.

How to get your Free Gift

Cut off the required number of wrapper-tops, the strips
bearing the words "Sunlight Soap" (three in each
carton). Take these to:—
LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT,
147 YORK STREET (Town Hall end),
SYDNEY.

If you cannot call or send someone
for your gift cut out this form, fill
in the particulars and enclose with
wrapper-tops addressed to:—
"SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT,"
LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED,
BOX 4310 YY, G.P.O.,
SYDNEY.



DO NOT ENCLOSE A LETTER BUT FILL IN THIS FORM

From

Enclosed Wrapper-tops Sunlight Soap,
☐ Pillow Case. ☐ White Admiralty Bath Towel
☐ Coloured Bath Towel. ☐ Glasscloth.
(Put a cross against gift required)



Sports Trousseau for Tennis Bride

Dorothy Round, famous English tennis star, will be married this week. For her going-away trousseau she has selected the sportswear shown at left. See full descriptions below.

DOROTHY ROUND Chooses Going-Away TROUSSEAU

Selects Practical Sportswear for Honeymoon Trip

By Air Mail from Our London Office

When Dorothy Round marries Dr. Douglas Little at Dudley, Worcestershire, on September 2, she will have a wedding cake made in three tiers, each tier decorated in icing sugar with tennis nets, tennis balls and tennis racquets.

They are going to Scotland for their honeymoon, so her trousseau, which she has chosen at Jaeger's, is practical and consists mostly of sports clothes.

Here is a description of her frocks, shown above.



THE NEW DREYER PIANO

definitely the finest Piano value obtainable in Australia.

It is an instrument as technically perfect, so delightful in tone quality, that it has won admiration everywhere.

Excitement is of intrinsic value. Winkworth's Warehouse Price, £250/10/-.

EASY TERMS FROM
6/3 WEEKLY

Dreyer Classic Model, Full 88-note Keyboard, extended iron frame. Winkworth's Warehouse Price, £275/10/-.

WINKWORTH'S
PAY FREIGHT

You can secure a generous allowance on your old piano as part payment on a New Dreyer.

Phone B4628 for valuation or catalogue.

WINKWORTH'S
51 YORK STREET
Near Lottery Office—SYDNEY.

1. One of her outfits is in golden tweed, a skirt and tunic-length coat. The skirt is cut in four sections. The coat has no collar; instead, the revers finish in a high point at the neck. Other details: no lining, five buttons.

2. Trimming to this suit comes on the blouse, a woollen shirt of the same color, with a stitched basque and long bishop sleeves.

3. She has decided to play golf in a trousers suit. She likes the new idea of tweed trousers, and has chosen a green-blue-grey mixture. Zip

fastenings at the side are hidden under flat flap pockets.

A woven shirt goes with the trousers, made of green and white check, with a larger broken check vest and collar, five buttons and long sleeves.

4. A second shirt is made of beige alpaca wool, striped with nigger-brown and dark coral, and tying with wool at the back.

5. The jacket for cold-weather golfing tones in with the trousers, is half wool, half suede. Suede makes the whole front (with two patch pockets) and a back yoke; the rest of the back is hand-knitted in thick nobby wool to give plenty of freedom. It is sleeveless, collarless, zips down the front.

6. Her going-away suit is made of indigo-blue tweed. The skirt of the suit is cut quite straight, with two slits and a slight wrapover each side in front. Tailored jacket is made with squirrel revers and a roll pocket, and fastens with three buttons.

7. With this suit Dorothy Round will wear an indigo-blue georgette blouse yoked at the back, plainly cut with a Peter Pan collar.

Join This Travel Tour to Europe

GREAT interest has been occasioned by the special concession escorted tour of Europe, offered by The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau. Those contemplating a visit abroad should get in touch early, as boat accommodation must be secured without delay.

The date of sailing is February 23, 1938, and the boat the 24,000-ton Orient liner Orion. Including exchange, £210 provides all fares and a wonderful inclusive tour of forty days on the Continent, a fortnight in London, and visits to eight European

countries, as well as trips at Colombo and Calcutta.

Readers interested should write immediately or call on The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau, St. James Building, Elizabeth St., Sydney.

THE DRINKING HABIT BANISHED

A woman who cured her husband writes: "I shall always be grateful for the wonderful happiness EUCRASY has brought to my home after the misery of drink."

It can be given SECRETELY or taken VOLUNTARILY. Not costly. Call or write for a FREE SAMPLE. Booklet and Testimonials. Established 41 years.

Dept. B, EUCRASY CO.
297 ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY.

Save £4
on a new

AFTER
SALE
SPECIAL!

Bebarfald BlueBird SEWING MACHINE



Each machine is absolutely complete and the handsome cabinets are strongly constructed to last a lifetime. In addition, the first 10 purchasers of one of these machines will receive a copy of the wonderful 1916 page publication, "The New Standard Cookery Book," worth £2/2/-. Call or post coupon now.

Only 3/6
WEEKLY

A low deposit obtains immediate delivery of this wonderful machine. The balance can be paid in convenient weekly instalments of 3/6. A liberal allowance on your old machine, which will be accepted as part payment. Usually

More features
than other machines



LIFETIME GUARANTEED

Any part wearing out or breaking during the purchaser's lifetime is replaced absolutely free.



STRONGLY CONSTRUCTED

HANDSOME CABINET. Carefully made from specially seasoned timber—also lifetime guaranteed. May be used as a Bureau writing desk when required.



PROFESSIONAL ATTACHMENTS

which are very simple to use—also supplied free with the Bebarfald BlueBird. Special instruction books supplied and personal instruction in customer's own homes.

£22/18/6

This
Week

£18/18/-

Probably the lowest priced reliable sewing machine in Sydney. A genuine reduction. Copy of the book, "How to Judge a Sewing Machine," free to first 20 inquirers. Post coupon now.

QUICK! Write Now and Save Pounds!



Bebarfalds

Opp. Town Hall, George St., Sydney

Please send me full particulars of the Bebarfald BlueBird Sewing Machine you are selling for £18/18/-. I would also like a copy of the free book "How to Judge a Sewing Machine."

NAME

ADDRESS

..... WWS/18/

DON'T BE DISAPPOINTED THIS YEAR. BOOK YOUR HOLIDAYS

LEAVING DEC. 18 AND DEC. 24 (LATE P.M.).

A Wonderful Christmas Special

21 DAYS ... 2672 Miles by Sea

Plus nearly a week in Adelaide, visiting Melbourne and the fascinating S.A. Gulf Ports.

EVERYTHING PAID FIRST CLASS £19/10/-
EARLY APPLICATION ESSENTIAL.

Christmas Vacation SPECIAL CRUISE DAY DREAM ISLAND

BARRIER REEF

LEAVING DECEMBER 21

EVERYTHING PAID FOR £16/11/-
(FORTNIGHT'S HOLIDAY)

3 WEEKS—£20/15/-
(First Class on boats).

£22/1/6 & £26/7/6 respectively

Summer Holidays now being booked for

TASMANIA

EVERYTHING PAID FOR

£15/17/6

First Class Boat

Full accommodation,

wonderful trips.

Early application should be made for tours as accommodation will be limited.

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

ST. JAMES BLDG., ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY. Phone, MA4496.

Watch out for the greatest enemy TO A LOVELY FIGURE

NOT many women realise it, but doctors will tell you that constipation takes the lovely lines from your figure, and steals away your beauty—quicker than anything! You can't see constipation doing its deadly work—but while it's there it's hurrying middle-age along—before its natural time!

Constipation is Beauty-Killer "Number One"

Costly beauty treatments are wasted if your system is not regular. And the tragedy is that many women are constipated for years without realising that this vicious enemy is undermining their beauty. Stop fighting middle age. Fight constipation.

Constantly Taking Harsh Medicine is Dangerous

Pills and drugs have a very necessary place in medicine—but they should not be used continually except under strict medical supervision. How do you expect your system to function normally, if you are constantly shocking it with harsh purges? Intestinal muscles can't stand it. They weaken and go slack. Your condition becomes aggravated. You become "always head-achy"—and the crows' feet creep into your face. You become tired. Your body sags. Body tissues lose their firmness and shape. Once more we warn you—CONSTIPATION.

The Sensible Treatment of Constipation

Most of the food we eat is lacking in "bulk." What is "bulk"? It's that element in food with which Nature intended to keep you regular.

Your doctor will tell you that there is little or no "bulk" to be had in white bread, milk, cheese, meat, fish, eggs and potatoes. Straight away you say—"What am I supposed to do—live on a 'back to nature' diet of lettuce leaves and bananas?" No. There's no need for that.

Scientists have proved that the best type of "bulk" is provided by bran—and bran is now prepared by Kellogg's in the form of a nut sweet breakfast cereal. All-Bran is not a medicine. It is a simple, natural food. Here is no harsh purging hitting the delicate intestines with explosive force.

How Kellogg's All-Bran Passes Through Your System

All-Bran forms a soft moist mass which thoroughly absorbs waste matter and gently sponges the intestinal walls. Keep healthy with this natural food! Don't risk wrecking your health with harsh medicines! You can't drug your way back to health. The one sensible treatment of constipation is to get "bulk" back into your diet.



KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN, provides you with concentrated "bulk" in a tempting nut-sweet breakfast cereal. Start your breakfast with two tablespoonsful with milk and sugar. In a week you should be regular. Otherwise it will be advisable to see your doctor immediately. All grocers sell Kellogg's All-Bran.

No Other GODS

Continued from Page 18

"EVERYTHING is lucky in our life."

"Everything," she echoed fervently.

So it was that on a certain morning in August, nearly at the end of summer, Ru-lan welcomed these two. There they were at the door, standing together, a little thinner than she remembered them, a little grey in their hair.

"You are tired!" she cried, her heart rushing out to them. "Come in, rest and eat. Oh, how welcome you are!"

Yung-en gave up his work when they came and stayed at home, running hither and thither, himself carrying trays of sweetmeats and keeping plates full, and pouring tea, and going to see what quilts were rolled upon the bed and if the mosquito-net was properly drawn.

"I can never do enough for them," he whispered to Ru-lan a half-score times in passing.

Well, there it was. The woman Stanley and the man Stanley stayed only two days, and into the two days Yung-en and Ru-lan heaped all that they had—all the years of their happy, happy life together, all their luck in their sons and the little girl. Ru-lan had meant to dress the chil-

waving to them, crying to them to go slowly, to return quickly. And then when Yung-en shouted after them, "Our daughter shall be your first girl pupil!" her heart overflowed towards them, and she cried after them. "Yes, teach her, for you taught me so much!" That was all she had time to say. But she did not worry; they would understand.

She went back into her house with Yung-en. His hand sought hers comfortably, and they sauntered across the courtyard, well content.

Rocking down the road, in their rickety mission car, Mollie leaned back against William, grateful to be alone with him again. Now, as always, when she sat beside William she began to feel a sort of warm, deep peace welling up in her. They were going home, they were together. They were going back to the children. She crept more closely to him, and he put his arm about her. He drove very expertly one-armed now.

"Sweetheart!" he whispered. "It was wonderful of you to leave the children and come with me. I shouldn't have blamed you, you know, if you hadn't."

"I can't be away from you, William."

"No, I know." They fell into intimate, peaceful silence.

Over the Chinese landscape twilight was beginning to fall, creeping up in small mists from the ponds and the canals, darkening over the hills from the sky. From the thatched roofs the blue smoke of fires kindled for the evening meal rose straightly into the still air. How strange, how different the scene was from the rough hills of her own home country, from the sharp, angular English towns! And yet how little strange, how little different! These were homes, too, and these were people, living together with their families. And here was her home; wherever William was, was her home. She was deeply content.



ROSALIND RUSSELL wears this tunic-type gown of sun-gold taffeta. The neckline of twisted fabric is of particular interest. The skirt features a deep slit in front.

dren in their best, but then it was so hot that she let it go. It was better that they should be comfortable. Besides, they were so beautiful and so healthy, it must be a pleasure for anyone to see their little brown bodies bare to the waist.

She had meant, too, to clean the house till it shone, to wipe the dust from the legs and from the gilt crevices of the family gods. But the summer days passed so quickly until the guests came, and once they were come there was no time for anything except urging them to eat, to talk, to rest themselves, to enjoy the huge feast and the lanterns hung to welcome them, to see the fireworks Yung-en bought and bade the servants fire for their amusement.

Ru-lan had planned to try to tell the dear teacher Stanley a little about her own life and how much she owed them. She had planned to say at least that she had been very happy. But there was no time for anything. They were busy about the new school, planning, working hard, as they always did.

But they were still happy. Ru-lan knew that. They still paused, as they used to pause, to look at each other deeply. When they went away, so soon, so far too soon, she loved them more than ever. She stood beside Yung-en at the gate

she thought of Ru-lan.

"William!" she said. "What did you really think of Ru-lan?"

"Well," asked William, twinkling at her a little, "what did you think?"

"It was just as I was afraid it would be," she answered dolefully. Mollie stared mournfully over the valleys tawny with ripening rice.

"No," she said, "the house was dusty and not very clean, and the children were eating just anything. I saw that little tiny girl chewing on a cucumber skin."

"So did I," he said briefly.

"And Ru-lan—she's just an amiable cow. She just sits and smiles and smiles. She doesn't read, she doesn't seem to do anything in the village, she's just an ordinary woman, after all those years away. I don't believe she does one thing different in her home, for all the hours I tried to teach her."

"Mollie, did you see those idols?" William asked gravely.

"Yes," said Mollie reluctantly.

They rolled along in silence for a moment, remembering the row of gilt figures with the candles before them.

Mollie thought over the two crowded days, days full of too much food and too much noise and many children, and curious neighbors coming in to see the newcomers. But Ru-lan had not seemed to mind. She had sat tranquil in the midst of the confusion, smiling and smiling. And everybody had seemed fond of her. Her children ran to her often, the neighbors called to her cheerfully, and Yung-en—

She was struck now, remembering Yung-en.

"William!" she said suddenly, looking up at him.

"Yes, darling!" He turned and smiled down at her. There she was by him looking not a day older—

"There was one thing about Ru-lan. Her husband really seemed to like her."

"I believe he does," he said slowly.

"Yes. I don't know exactly why; she certainly doesn't remember anything we ever taught her!"

(Copyright.)

STOP HIS DRINKING

"I could not let my son wreck his life," one mother writes, "so I secretly gave him 'DRINKO' with amazing results. He is a new man and off the drink." Get free advice on this great treatment. For over 30 years. Write or call HOME WELFARE FLY, Dept. W.W., 335 George Street, Sydney, and London 21, George Rd., Elizabeth St., Melbourne.

Sonny's COLD IS GONE TODAY



thanks to the 3-MINUTE
VAPORUB MASSAGE

FIRST, rub Vicks VapoRub briskly on the throat and chest.

NEXT, rub VapoRub briskly on the back, between and below the shoulder-blades.

THEN—to strengthen and lengthen its famous double-action—spread VapoRub thick on the chest, and cover with warm flannel.

No Waiting—Acts Instantly

The brisk massage starts VapoRub working through the skin like an old-fashioned poultice. Even before you finish rubbing, the chest and back feel warm and comfortable.

At the same time, warmed by the body, VapoRub releases its powerful medicated vapours. These are breathed in for hours, 18 times a minute, direct to the irritated air-passages of nose, throat and chest.

Long-Lasting Double Action

Working in these two direct ways at once, VapoRub soothes irritation, loosens phlegm, relieves coughing, breaks up congestion. And, with the air-passages clear, breathing becomes easy again.

Relaxed and comfortable, the patient soon drops off to restful sleep. Meanwhile, VapoRub keeps on working for hours—breaks up most colds by morning.

VICKS
VAPORUB



You have no idea how refreshing a bath can be until you've bathed with Wright's Coal Tar Soap. Wright's health-giving antiseptic lather cleanses pores thoroughly, and destroys infection, while its special oils gently stimulate and 'tone' the skin. Because it helps your skin to do its work perfectly, you feel fresh and buoyant all day after a bath with Wright's. It is the toilet soap that doctors themselves use more than any other. And the only toilet soap that's gained the Blue Seal of Merit, highest award of the Institute of Hygiene.

WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar Soap

Real Life Stories

WOMAN'S STORY of Drama at SEA

I AM a captain's wife, and for more than fifteen years I travelled with my husband in the old "windjammers."

One of my most terrifying experiences occurred on a trip from Newcastle to Puget Sound, North America.

Our barque had been a White Star liner, but at the time of which I write she was well past her prime.

She had been leaking ever since we left Newcastle, and when off the coast of New Zealand we ran into a terrible storm which did considerable damage.

The crew had been complaining bitterly about the vessel being a "coffin ship," and when it was found that the storm had made the leak worse, they refused to pump any longer.

They told my husband that unless he would sail to the nearest New Zealand port they would take to the lifeboats and let the vessel sink.

As this was mutiny, my husband had to take desperate measures. He called myself and our two little children on deck, hoisted the flag upside down, tied the wheel, and produced two pistols from his overcoat pockets.

He told the crew that he would shoot to kill any man who came near the lifeboats or the poop on which we were standing, and that if they refused to work, we would all drown together.

After a couple of very anxious hours, the men handed up a "round robin," promising to work the ship to America, if my husband would not take any action against them, and would allow them to leave the vessel at the first port we came to.

My husband agreed to these terms, mainly because he had been bluffing. The pistols—relics of the days when the vessel had carried convicts—were unloaded, and there were no bullets or powder on board!

51/1/- to Mrs. L. A. Rodd, 178 Windsor St., Paddington, N.S.W.

Jumped in Time

ONE sunny afternoon a friend and I started out for an enjoyable walk along the river bank. Little did we guess that our walk would very nearly end in tragedy.

We had not gone a very long distance before we came to a story gully over which a large log stretched.

I suggested that I walk across it, but my friend advised me not to, as he thought the log wasn't very secure. I laughed at him, and said I would show him it was quite safe.

Everything went all right until I was nearly half way across, and then my friend's words proved correct, for the log started to slip.

I stood there horrified for a second, and then, my knees shaking, I ran back as fast as I dared along the log. Would I get to the bank before the log went rolling to the bottom?

When I got nearly to the bank my friend, who was leaning over the gully, said: "Give me your hands, quick!" I caught his hands just in the nick of time, for as I did so the log slipped from under my feet.

With a quick tug, my friend pulled me up beside him on the bank. As we stood there looking down at the log crashing down below us, I realised how near to death I had been.

5/- to Miss A. Seiver, 216 John St., Maryborough, Qld.

Raced the Train

WHAT I am going to narrate happened quite a long time ago, but I don't think I will ever forget it.

My girl friend and I were very fond of hiking and would sometimes take our sketch-books and, if any tree or scenery appealed to us, we would sit down and make a rough drawing of it.

This day we fancied hiking and on our way saw an old tunnel. We knew passenger trains went a different route so decided we would walk through the tunnel. We had gone a fair distance through, just walking leisurely, when to our surprise we heard a train whistle. Then it dawned on us that this tunnel was used for freight trains.

We looked at each other and, with the one thought in our minds—to reach the other end—"tore" for our very lives.

Stumbling, panting, on we flew. I



He told the crew that he would shoot to kill.

had won races at Sunday School picnics, but that pace was easily eclipsed by the speed in this race.

We reached the opening just as the train started through the tunnel at the other end. Outside and safe, we dropped down from exhaustion as the train passed us. The driver gave us a grin. I wonder what he thought.

I lost my hat in the tunnel, but I did not go back and search for it. I'd had enough of walking through tunnels.

5/- to D. A. Neale, 5 Pembroke St., Kensington Park, S.A.

WHO IS THE 9TH GIRL?



and why is she sought after?

● We all know at least one girl whose charm is never dimmed by "time" and who is always poised, serene and self-controlled—bright-eyed, vivacious and kind—worthy and clever to boot.

● Yes! It is easy to tell that "mystery" woman who has learned to control the headache so often suffered at carpalgia. Myzone!

● There used to be anything which you could do about it. But for years, already forty-four thousand have found that Myzone's marvelous new space all over pain! And even when most severe, or persistent, two tablets with a drop of hot ice cream of water brings complete relief in 7 minutes!

● Specialists say this is the only safe relief. Get a box of Myzone today. It's every chemist. Try it on your very next headache!



Saga of Adventures

WHEN I was six years old my people were trekking from Glenora station, in North West Queensland, to a little gold-mining town of Woolgar.

We were travelling by foot in hand, the elder ones of the family taking turns on horseback. It was a blazing summer, and drought prevailed.

Our first night stop was at Nara station, where the smell of dead flying foxes made it impossible to sleep, so we left at early as possible the next day.

After a weary day we camped in open country and had the experience of chasing and killing a black snake which had bitten one of the men.

After days travelling in the boiling sun we reached Gladwood station, where the men had to build sand-troughs for water for the cattle.

I left the station house to go to the men, and took the wrong turn, where the road forked, and was lost in the bush with a blazing sun above and long, dry grass that reached over my head.

I was barefooted, and the ground blistered my feet. After wandering for hours I saw a rider pass, and called, but he did not hear.

Towards evening I was misted. A search party started at once, headed by a black, who used to be with the police. He found my tracks.

On the way one horse fell in a hole and had to be shot. Meanwhile, I was too tired to move any more, so sat under a tree.

When I heard a cooee, I thought it was blacks (who were in numbers in the north at that time), so I ran. But the head of the search party saw me, rode after me, and caught me.

5/- to Mrs. G. E. Thomas, Junction Road Store, Junction Road, Clayfield, Qld.

Car Over Mountain

MY husband and I were going over the Dorrigo Mountains in our car recently, when a tyre blew out. We felt the quick sideways lurch of the car, then it plunged over one of the worst mountains in Australia.

I shall never forget it. We turned over and over, finally coming to rest about fifty feet down the side against a small stump. I was half unconscious. My husband quickly dragged me out of the car. He was only just in time; the movement must have started it rolling again.

I was horrified to see it roll down to a deafening crash hundreds of feet below.

I looked up into my husband's face with tears of joy and thankfulness. He had saved my life.

5/- to Mrs. Ruby Lenton, 37 Gore St., Fitzroy, Melbourne.

How to Possess A LOVELY NEW SKIN AMAZING EASY NEW WAY 1,000 FREE TRIAL OFFERS



DERMOLIN—the remarkable new skin treatment—brings undreamed beauty to thousands of women. It smooths out wrinkles, cleans up dull, sallow and oily skin and removes pimples, blackheads and blotches. To introduce it to this country, 1,000 lucky Australians are offered trial treatments—FREE!

When M. de Sebail announced this faring new beauty treatment, specialists acclaimed Dermolin as the century's greatest advance in scientific skin care. It rejuvenates the skin and complexion by rebuilding it from within. Your outer skin is composed of dead cells cast off by the inner, active, living skin. It is on this active skin which M. de Sebail's treatment works.

WHY YOUR SKIN AGES
The living cells of the inner skin die and become unhealthy due to insufficient glandular nourishment. The outer skin becomes clogged and unable to cast off dead and decaying cells. Pimples, blotches, wrinkles and blemishes quickly multiply. Cosmetics, while temporarily veiling these blemishes, cannot help the real cause, which is glandular under-nourishment.

BEAUTY COMES QUICKLY.
Once Dermolin increases the activity of the underlying tissues, skin feels softer, peels off, and sallow and oily skin gives way to youthful health, large pores and wrinkles smooth out—pimples and blemishes fade away. A new skin, clean and soft-smooth, gives your complexion sparkling lustre.

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I want to benefit by your offer. Enclosed is 5/- in stamps for postage and postage. Please post at once—without obligation—a FREE trial of Dermolin and a FREE copy of the book, "The Charm of a Beautiful Skin."

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Address _____

I WONDER WHICH OF
YOU CHILDREN TOOK
MY PACKET OF
JUICY FRUIT?



—and everybody will be chewing Wright's new Juicy Fruit Chewing Gum. Rich, ripe, fresh juicy fruits give it that luscious flavour that all women and children especially will love.

A229

"I beg your pardon," said Miss Banks. Kathleen said: "What are you doing with that photograph?" "What's that got to do with you?" Kathleen's voice broke. She said: "Don't you know that is my father?" "Your father!" Miss Banks' grey eyes had a drowned look. She sat down on the bed, and put her hands to her head. "Vane—why, of course—and he spoke about his little girl. Your father. But he isn't—here! In Dinard!" she looked about her in a panic.

"He's dead."

"Dead! He's dead." She said it in a whisper. "Oh, Dennis, Dennis!"

She took the photograph from the mantelpiece and held it against her heart. "Dead!" she whispered.

Kathleen stood, stiff and self-righteous, watching her. But pre-

GO THY WAY

sently she felt an odd softening inside. She remembered her mother's reception of the news. She remembered long years of bitter recrimination and wrangling. His wife had been sorry for one thing only—that his life savings had been so much less than she expected.

All in a moment Kathleen Vane was glad that somebody had loved the lonely man she herself had known so vaguely, who had come and gone throughout her childhood. She put out a hand and touched Miss Banks' shoulder.

"He was very unhappy at home," she whispered.

Miss Banks hugged her silently.

"Don't notice me. I shall pull myself together in a minute. So you're his little girl. Sit by me and

let me have a look at you. His little girl! Yes, I can see it now. Same look about the eyes. He was—the finest man I ever came across. I loved him so much. I hope you don't mind."

Kathleen whispered unsteadily: "I'm glad."

"You mustn't mention a word of it to your mother. Not a word of it. Promise me that, dear? You must promise me! I thought once I wanted to hurt everybody as much as ever I could. But I don't seem to want to after all. There's enough mess in this world, without me adding to it. His little girl! Just fancy!"

She played with Kathleen's fingers, put out a timid hand and touched her hair, bright with youth.

Continued from Page 22

Then Kathleen denied all her up-bringing and threw her arms round Miss Banks' neck, and said:

"I'm a mean, spying little beast. You're a dozen times better than any of us. Self-righteous!" said Kathleen, and could not go on, stymied by an enormous sob.

The season was over. The sun-blinds were all packed up and taken away. Chairs on the Casino terrace were huddled together, locked in a deadly embrace in clumps of six, against the winds of winter. The Americans and summer visitors had most of them departed.

In the Villa Rosa the pink curtains were also coming down. Melisande Banks was going, and it looked as if they were in for a long, quiet winter.

Mr. Snowe had done his best to try to dissuade her about her money, but Melisande Banks was obstinate. She gave all that remained of it to the children's hospital; she sometimes knitted things for her, since he had once been on the Board.

"But what shall you do?" he said. "Get a job. Work. Take over somebody's kids. They like me, and I like them. I was a silly ever to think of doing anything else. Nothing like a whale of a job to make you forget your sorrows," said Melisande Banks.

Mr. Snowe stood with his hands in his pockets, looking down at her. She was a small, comfortable little body, and he a long, thin man. He said suddenly:

"Melisande, I know of the very job!"

Mrs. Machinka, whose husband had been a bishop, heard of it first, and hastened with the news to Mrs. Vane. Mrs. Vane said:

"I don't believe a word of it. Malicious gossip!"

"The only way to settle it," said Mrs. Machinka, "is to go and look."

They were buffeted by the wind as they made their way to the little church of St. Bartholomew perched on the hill. It was as if the heavens themselves thought the Old Trout's day was over, and tried to sweep her into the sea.

BUT in time they reached the vestry, and in time they got the required book. There was no denying it any further. A church register does not lie. Lionel Edward Snowe, it said, to Melisande Mary Banks. The witness, Mr. Davidson.

Then Mrs. Vane began to prophesy in a loud voice and said it wouldn't last a year. She'd ruin him and leave him. No more disastrous step could have been taken by a young

SONG CLASSICS

"Ave Maria"

Schubert.

Ave Maria!

Maiden mild,
Ah! listen to a maiden's prayer;
For thou canst hear amid the wild,

'Tis Thou, 'tis Thou canst save
amid despair,
We slumber safely till the morrow,

Thou' e'en by men outcast, re-
vill'd;
Oh Maiden, see a maiden's sor-

row,
Oh Mother, hear a suppliant
child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria!

Undeild.

The flinty couch whereon we're

sleeping

Shall seem with down or elder

pl'd.

If Thou above sweet watch art

keeping

The murky cavern's air so

heavy

Shall breathe of balm, if Thou

hast smil'd;

Maiden, hear a maiden's

pleading,

O Mother, hear a suppliant

child!

Ave Maria!

man in the church. Many other things she also said, and the dear ladies who stood for respectability and the Services and let themselves be led by her all agreed. They were not going to have the late Melisande Banks lauding it over them, as chaplain's wife. They would make that quite clear from the start.

When Melisande returned from her honeymoon the brassiness had faded from her hair, leaving it a quiet mouse-brown, and there wasn't any point on her face at all. If she noticed the attitude of Mrs. Vane and her fellows, she never showed it, but was friendly and gentle to everyone, slow to take offence, and swift to arrive if anybody was in trouble.

One by one even the Old Trout's followers succumbed to her honesty and her good nature. It was the end of the clique system in Dinard, and Mrs. Vane left the following season, to reign for a while in Konigswinter. When the Americans and the summer visitors, returning, heard of it they said:

"Thank goodness the Old Trout has departed."

Lionel Snowe would stop them with a raised hand, a twinkle in his eye.

"She was one of the best friends I ever had," he said.

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FUEL WASTAGE STOPPED BY NEW RINSO 2 minute boil method



HERE IT IS

1 Start your washing right. Make good, rich, warm Rinsos and soak the whites for half an hour, rubbing a little dry Rinsos on stains and marks.



2 Take it easy! Don't think of rubbing and scrubbing. Just bring the whites to the boil and boil them for 2 minutes in Rinsos.

3 All you'll have to do then is rinse and hang out a perfect wash!



Go out and enjoy yourself on washing-day. You'll have plenty of spare time when you change to the Rinsos 2-minute boil. You can be off to do some early shopping before your neighbours have started to hang out their clothes.

HUGE FUEL SAVING

Count the pennies you'll save with the Rinsos 2-minute boil method! Once your copper is boiling, it takes only 2 minutes, instead of 30 or 40, to get the clothes white—saving all that fuel on every copperful. You'll notice a big difference in your bill for gas, wood or electricity.



LUKEWARM RINSO SUDS — WONDERFUL FOR SILKS, COLOURS, WOOLLENS!

Give silks, woollens, colours and all dainty washing a few minutes' run through in lukewarm Rinsos suds. Don't rub. Rinsos draws out all the dirt safely.

However styles may alter—
however fabrics change,
Dame Fashion's shades are always found
in Dewhurst's "Sylko" range

100 YARDS
REELS
Size No. 40



Over 300
All Fast
Colors

DEWHURST'S SYLKO
(Silk Substitute) MACHINE TWIST (Mercerized)

SOLD BY LEADING DEPARTMENTAL STORES

*the strong, even and reliable
sewing thread*

What Women Are Doing

Helping Unemployed

MISS VIOLET MARKHAM, deputy chairman of the British Unemployment Assistance Board, has taken a practical interest for many years in the problems that arise from unemployment.

She is chairman of the Central Committee of Women's Training and Employment, an organisation which since its formation in 1914 has trained more than 80,000 women.

Record Service For Many Charities

A MELBOURNE woman with a wonderful record of service to the community is Mrs. S. Dennis, whose husband was three times Mayor of Northcote.



Mrs. S. Dennis
—Brothorn

During the war she organised the Northcote branch of the Red Cross Society, and in 1927 started a creche in that city. She was connected with the Children's Welfare Department in Northcote and Fairfield for twenty-five years, and has been the local correspondent for about twelve years. Each month she has between £400 and £500 to disburse. She has also been secretary of the Northcote Baby Health Centre since its inception about twenty-five years ago, president of the auxiliary for the Women's Hospital, life president of the Red Cross Auxiliary for the Royal Melbourne Hospital, ten years hon. secretary of the local branch of the Australian Women's National League, and an office-bearer in the Northcote Dorcas Society and the Ladies' Benevolent Society for thirty years.

Clever Young Queensland Violinist

MISS PEGGY JOSEPHSON, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Isidore Josephson and Mrs. Josephson, of Brisbane, is a clever young violinist. She is just seventeen years of age, and is already able to write behind her name L.R.S.M. (London), L.T.C.L., and A.T.C.L. She is the only violinist in Brisbane to gain the L.R.S.M. this year, and was also the only one last year to obtain the L.T.C.L. diploma. Peggy was educated at All Hallows' Convent, and began studying the violin at the age of ten.

She is also an accomplished pianist, and cannot decide which instrument she likes best. She found the technique of the violin easier than that of the piano. Her practising time averages five hours a day. She frequently broadcasts, and is interested in radio work.

Australian Author Writes Book for Juveniles

SOON we will see another book by Gertrude Hart, the well-known Australian author—this time a juvenile novel called "Chubby."



Gertrude Hart
—Marietta

Miss Hart, who has four books to her credit, had her first story published in a journal when she was fourteen. After this success the young author went on writing with renewed vigor, and soon English as well as Australian magazines were accepting her short stories. She made progress with longer stories, too, and did a good deal of verse writing. Some of these verses have been set to music.

Eventually she wrote her novel, "The Dream Girl." The American edition brought her a huge "familiarity," and for months after the book's publication she was kept busy dealing with her American correspondence. Apart from short stories and verse, Miss Hart has lately given the better part of her attention to serials.

To Lecture At Columbia

MISS M. V. GUTTERIDGE, former principal of the Training College of the Free Kindergarten Union of Victoria, has completed some months' study at the Columbia University and gained her M.A. degree.

At an early date, she will join the lecturing staff of the nursery school and kindergarten department of the Teachers' College attached to the University, where she will lecture for twelve months.

Is President of Army Nurses' Fund

AT the re-election of the officers for the S.A. Army Nurses' Fund, Mrs. J. G. Kelly was chosen as president for the second year in succession. Mrs. Kelly, who was one of the prime movers in the inauguration of the fund in 1915, has held every office at some stage of her connection with it.

The object of the fund is to help war nurses who are in need of any sort of assistance, and the calls on the fund have grown in recent years, as the war nurses were in a position to do more for themselves when younger. Mrs. Kelly was also connected with the Army Nurses' Club (of which she was superintendent) during its existence.

Hockey Players Make a Tour

MRS. W. GOLLIN, manager of the Far North Coast (N.S.W.) Women's Touring Hockey Team, lives at Tamworth, and is the president of the Association in her district. She formerly played in the team.

The Tamworth team has been represented at Country Week in Sydney for the last three years, but this time it was decided to organise a tour instead of participating in the annual competitions. Sydney, Armidale, Bathurst, Canberra, Newcastle, Wauchope, and Taree are among the places being visited during the tour.

Headed State List in Umpires' Examination

HEADING the list of South Australian candidates in the annual theoretical umpires' examination held recently by the All-Australian Women's Basketball Association, Miss Kathleen Malcolm gained 85 points, and so has earned the right to take the practical test for the All-Australian Umpires' badge.

Miss Malcolm is a member of the K.W.C.A. basketball team, and has been playing for that association for three years. Before that she played in the Adelaide Teachers' College A grade team. She is the first South Australian to qualify for the practical umpiring test for two years, and if successful will be the second badge holder in the State.

Up to date, Miss Lois Dawkins has been the only South Australian to pass the practical tests, and so gain her All-Australian Umpires' badge.

To Judge Highland Dancing in State Competitions

WHEN the annual South Australian Elsteddoff is held this week, for the first time in its history an Adelaide girl will be taking part in adjudicating dancing events. She is Miss Jean Jarvis, of Alberton, and she will judge the Highland dancing section.

Miss Jarvis started competitive Highland dancing when she was only seven, winning the first contest for which she entered. Since then she has won more than 100 medals in South Australian and interstate competitions, including the Highland dancing championships at Ballarat, Daylesford, and Mt. Gambier, and last year was awarded the Centenary Cup for Highland dancing at the Adelaide Centenary competitions. Miss Jarvis hopes to take part in the next Sydney Elsteddoff.

Songs Heard for the First Time

RUTH PORTRATES' voice has not been heard frequently enough in Brisbane since she returned from her trip abroad about two years ago.

She has been very busy lately rehearsing for her recital with Mr. Eric John for Wednesday of this week, and as it is her first recital since her return, she has decided to sing a group of Slovak folk songs that have not been heard before in Brisbane. Other songs she will sing will also be heard in Brisbane for the first time.



Miss Portrates
—Baratin

Studied Social Work in U.S.A.

MISS FRANCES PENNINGTON, Master of Arts of the Melbourne University, recently returned from the United States.

Before leaving here fourteen months ago she prepared a survey for the Victorian Society for the Care of Crippled Children, and went abroad with the object of getting a comprehensive grasp of American social work generally and to select methods most suitable for use here.

Miss Pennington won a fellowship offered by Smith College, Northampton. Then she went to Smith College Summer School at Northampton, at which professors from many Universities lecture to the students.

She next visited Boston Psychopathic Hospital to study psychiatric and sound treatment, and from there to the Dr. Frederick Allen Clinic in Philadelphia.

She also found time to attend an anthropologists' conference at Philadelphia, and was present at some sessions of the Pan-Pacific Conferences at Vancouver.

Honorary Organiser For Minda Home

MRS. F. C. LLOYD, who recently undertook the position of honorary organiser of Minda Home (the mental home at Brighton, S.A.), is also convening a Nursery Rhymes Competition in aid of Kuitpo, Colony—in which competition, by the way, she is the Queen of Hearts.

The position of organiser for Minda Home entails a great deal of work, and, in addition to this appointment, she has been made a member of the executive and general committees, and treasurer for the Tusmore branch.

While still coping ably with the Kuitpo competition, which promises to be an even greater success than anticipated, Mrs. Lloyd has been working in conjunction with Lady Bonython for the Minda Ball, arranged for this Friday.

New Zealander Weds in Sydney

MISS JOAN BULL, who, until a short time ago, was demonstrator in chemical research at Canterbury College, Christchurch, New Zealand, became Mrs. Stewart Fitzgerald a few hours after her arrival in Sydney last week.

Her husband, Dr. Stewart Fitzgerald, also a New Zealander, is attached to the Federal Council of Scientific and Industrial Research.

Harpichord Recital Broadcast from Home

GOING abroad with the intention of acquiring a harpichord similar to that which she has often heard in recordings, and returning to Melbourne a few months later with the desired instrument, Mancel Kirby is the first Australian to interest herself in what has become a definite musical revival on the other side of the world.



This enterprising Mancel Kirby, who is an accomplished pianist, has been responsible for introducing the first instrument of this kind (outside a museum) to her own country.

A recital from her house recently, when she played Bach's Italian Concerto and a number of lesser-known French compositions, was broadcast.

Not content with playing the harpichord while abroad, she learnt all there is to know about the inside workings of the instrument.

She brought back a supply of spare parts, and is able to make any repairs when necessary.

In private life, Mancel Kirby is Mrs. Reg Ellery.

Steadfast Worker for Good Causes

MRS. R. ROSS HEWTON, who was recently re-elected president of the Girl Guides' Association, Launceston (Tas.), and the women's committee of the Broadland House Church of England Girls' Grammar School, has worked hard for both organisations. She is particularly interested in all work that affects the welfare of women and children, and as she is an excellent speaker all such associations feel themselves fortunate when they number her on their executive committee.

Mrs. Hewton has worked for 40 years for the various bodies that claimed her sympathies. These include the Red Cross, Returned Soldiers' organisations, the Queen Victoria Hospital, Bush Nursing, the Blind, Deaf, and Dumb Appeal Committee, and General Hospital auxiliaries. She has been forced to relinquish her active work for several organisations, but the Girl Guides and Broadland House School remain to claim her keenest interest.

Coming Back After Overseas Engagements

MISS SYLVIA BERNITA, soprano, and Baron Patti, conductor, who recently toured Australia with the A.B.C., have many engagements before them. While Baron Patti has been engaged to conduct an Italian opera season in London next October, Miss Bernita is shortly to appear in a film consisting of excerpts from operas, which have been specially arranged for her voice.

She has also to fulfil opera and concert engagements in France and Italy before her return to Australia next year with an Italian Opera Company of which Baron Patti will be conductor.

Secretary Resigns After 35 Years' Service

MISS MARY SWAN, who has for 35 years been secretary to the Missionary Society of St. David's, Hobart, recently resigned her position, and has gone to Berriedale to live with her sisters, Dean Rivers, who is president of the society, arranged a most enjoyable tea party at the Imperial Hotel to farewell Miss Swan, and, on behalf of the women of the society, presented her with several delightful gifts.

Miss Swan has been succeeded by Mrs. G. Cripps.

Has Achieved a Lot in Her Short Life

MISS DORA KRUMMEL, of Brisbane, has won over forty certificates and four medals, besides many other prizes for elocution, violin, and pianoforte. In the 1934 Elsteddoff she was awarded the cup for the most versatile performer.

Miss Krummel was educated at the Brisbane Girls' Grammar School, and is now doing an Arts course at Queensland University.

She passed with honors all local examinations in elocution, in the Trinity College of Music, and in addition has secured the diplomas of A.T.C.L. and L.T.C.L. She was awarded the committee's medal for gaining highest marks in Queensland. She is also an Associate A.A.S.A. of the Australian Music Examinations Board.



Miss Krummel
—Harald Simmonds

ACUTE INDIGESTION RELIEVED

Indigestion, Gastritis, Dyspepsia, Flatulence are all rapidly relieved by that remarkably successful remedy—De Witt's Antacid Powder. Its success in the treatment of all stomach troubles is the result of its three-fold action.

For De Witt's Antacid Powder firstly neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

Secondly, the valuable Colloidal Kaolin protects the inflammation or ulcers in the stomach from the burning acids, but allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

Thirdly, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, thus taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder regulates the system so that you can digest your food without distress. There is no excess acidity and your pains vanish.

Of all Chemists and Storekeepers, price 2/6.

De WITT'S Antacid Powder

FEET THAT SOON ACHE & TIRE ARE IN NEED OF **Zam-Buk**

WHAT a wearying business this daily shopping can be—hurrying from place to place—standing about waiting to be served—walking hard pavements, and so on.

But you can have easy, comfortable feet and enjoy every moment of your shopping if you follow this nightly treatment. First bathe the feet in warm water. Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into the ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Corns are softened and easily removed, chilblains are healed, and joints, ankles, toes and feet are strengthened and made comfortable again. Buy a box of Zam-Buk to-day and get your feet ready for Spring. You'll get far more enjoyment out of your walking and other recreation.

1/6 or 2/6 a box. Of all chemists & stores

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night



"My corns were so painful it was a great trouble to get about. I used Zam-Buk nightly after first bathing the feet in warm water. This softened the corns, which were then easily removed."
—Mrs. M. A. Davies

"Having such a lot of trouble with my feet I had to stop in and rest them. Zam-Buk gave wonderful relief and made my feet better. Friends were astonished to see me about again."
—Mrs. G. Hutchings

BEHIND the HIGH WALL

Continued from Page 5

It was too bad that, of all the men who began coming round, Lydia should find in him a strange attraction. But that, we were to learn, was one of the inexplicable mysteries. We were too young then to understand.

Desmond Bleeker came to the house several times after the coming-out party. He always wore a purple cape, and there was a small red scar on his left cheek. There was no denying his charm, his physical perfection; for, being so young, there were as yet no marks of dissipation on his aquiline countenance, and in his byronic collar and with his usually rumpled hair, he presented an extraordinary appearance. He was tall, and moved like a panther, and his dark eyes glowed like two coals. A romantic young man, rather conscious of his attraction, he was just the type to make a girl's head swim dizzily; and I could see, when I chanced to meet him at tea-time, with Mrs. Armstruther or the French governess always present, that Lydia had eyes for no other youth in the room.

One memorable day he chanced to call when Mrs. Armstruther was not there. I had dropped in, following an established habit, and Charity was reading a book in the library. I thought it only decent, when I discovered Desmond present before me, to go and have some conversation with Charity. It was obvious to me that he had helped himself liberally to sherry, and there was a glow on his handsome face when he greeted me as I came in. If his purpose was to make me feel de trop at once, he certainly succeeded. I knew that generally he got what he set out to

get. It was not until later that we learned of a clever trick he had played that afternoon to be rid of Mrs. Armstruther. He had word sent to her, in some way, that a sister was ill, and she flew thither, so hurriedly that there was no chaperon for Lydia, except the French governess. And this governess he bribed to go on an unnecessary errand. It is small wonder that he did not like my sudden appearance that day. Perhaps he hypnotised me into going into the hall. I think he actually did put a spell on anyone he chose; for Charity said that somehow against her will she left him alone with Lydia.

"You can't really mean that," I said. "Oh, yes; it's very strange." She put aside her book, which was "Pride and Prejudice," and looked up at me with a queer expression. "I'm so glad you dropped in, John."

We could hear low voices in the drawing-room, and I could hardly understand Charity's sudden concern until, several minutes later, there was an undeniable sound, as though Lydia were gasping for breath. Then her voice came to us, naturally, once more, very low. Charity and I paid little attention, until we heard a click in the lock of the big outside door, and we knew that Peter Marlowe was coming in—very early for him. He evidently caught a glimpse of us in the library, and walked in with a smile. Then he glanced towards the drawing-room.

"Is Lydia there?"

he wanted to know.

We told him that she was. He got up, and walked across the hall. I do not know why, but we instinctively rose and followed him. The heavy carpet hushed our footsteps.

"What does this mean?" I heard Uncle Peter saying. And over his shoulder we saw Desmond Bleeker pressing Lydia to his heart in a violent embrace, and he was bending down, kissing her wildly, while she submitted to his caresses. Her lovely bright hair was as disarranged as his. They stood, as if locked, unable to move. The spring sunshine poured over them through the unbelievably tall french windows. Charity and I dared not move; but Uncle Peter, with a few swift steps, reached them and tore them apart. I have never seen an angrier look on any human being's face than I saw that moment on his.

When Desmond had wheeled about, it was only too evident that he had been drinking far more than he should. Disordered hair always gives an impression of debauchery, but Desmond's eyes held the look of a man almost insane. It was plain to me now that he had been drinking before he came here. The red scar on his cheek was very bright.

He looked vaguely at Uncle Peter, with a half-smile upon his lips. "I've been asking your daughter, Lydia, we mumbled, 'o marry me. Is there anything so terrible in that?" The smile became a grin.

I thought that Uncle Peter would wring his neck, when the full meaning of this announcement dawned upon his consciousness. He started towards the youth, and I could not help putting forth a restraining hand.

"Oh, don't," I cautioned. And Uncle Peter stood still. He stood still, and looked then at Lydia, who was shaking like a leaf, and to whose aid Charity had run.

"Is this true?" her father asked. Lydia, weeping, managed to get out a weak "Yes, it is true." We could just catch the words.

"I will talk to you, alone, then," Uncle Peter said. To Desmond Bleeker he addressed himself with that calm for which he was noted: "I must ask you to leave now. You are in no condition to explain your astonishing conduct."

And Desmond instantly bowed, with a remarkable semblance of sobriety, and left the house without a word. Au fond he was a gentleman; and, aware that he had made a fool of himself, the decent instincts of his forebears came to his rescue.

We four were left, enveloped in one of those silences that are worse than sounds. I recall that Uncle Peter signed to Lydia to go to her room; that Charity followed her, and that somehow I went away.

Of course, I have no knowledge of what was actually said in that up-

stairs room. Even Charity was barred from the interview between father and daughter. I only know that Desmond Bleeker did not come again to the mansion. He disappeared as if he had never existed. It was rumored that he had gone abroad to live, broken by some secret grief. Little leaked out about that afternoon's scene in the drawing-room; but Mrs. Armstruther had to know something, and the little that was divulged must have come from her lips.

From then on I saw a great change in Lydia. She became virtually a prisoner in her own house. She would not speak of Desmond Bleeker and I am sure that he never communicated with her, or she with him.

A certain amount of formal entertaining was kept up at the great house. "The girls," as they inevitably came to be called, were expected to do their part in the rigid social pattern of the town; and so, in addition to Uncle Peter's stiff dinners, occasionally there were small luncheons for ladies.

Only at bedtime was any lightness apparent in that growingly dismal mansion; and on such occasions some memory of what had transpired in the drawing-room must have come to Lydia, though she gave no sign.

About a year later I married and it was the custom of my young wife and myself to drop in at my cousins' whenever we were in the mood. As it happened they had known my bride all their lives, and were intimate friends, so there was none of that nervous initial attempt to "get along" together. Potential wooers came in, too, as always, and sometimes there were fragments of merry chatter; but it was never quite the same carefree room it once had been.

Peter Marlowe did not laugh. He wisely continued to purchase property, as he had always done, to the exclusion of other investments. The owning of property became an obsession with him. He lived only to increase his mounting fortune—and how it did increase as the years marched along.

I wondered if "the girls" suspected how rich they would become one day; how secure, for them, would be the mysterious future.

My wife and Lydia rode together frequently in the Park, or drove out in an open barouche, in fair weather, their little parasols held slantingly over their heads.

Lydia, as time went on, achieved the reputation of being as cold as ice; for though she received young men callers with a pleasant manner, there was little enthusiasm in her reception of them.

Please turn to Page 45



AT THE DANCE

SORRY DON, I'M JUST TOO TIRED TO DANCE—GO AND ASK SOMEBODY ELSE

BUT IT'S YOUR FAVOURITE WALTZ!

THAT GIRL WAS SO LIVELY LAST WINTER, NOW SHE'S ALMOST A WALLFLOWER

NEXT MORNING

I WISH I WEREN'T SO TIRED—I EVEN WAKE UP TIRED

I NEVER ENJOY A DANCE NOWADAYS

I THINK I'LL GO AND SEE A DOCTOR

IN THE DOCTOR'S CONSULTING ROOM

I WONDER IF YOU HAVE EVER REALISED THAT YOU USE UP ENERGY EVEN WHEN YOU SLEEP? IF THIS ENERGY ISN'T REPLACED DURING THE NIGHT, IT STANDS TO REASON YOU WILL ALWAYS WAKE UP TIRED—SUFFERING FROM "NIGHT-STARVATION." I FIND BY FAR THE BEST WAY TO CORRECT THIS CONDITION IS TO TAKE HORLICK'S AT BEDTIME

THAT NIGHT

6 MONTHS LATER

OH ANNE, HAVEN'T YOU JUST ONE DANCE LEFT FOR ME?

JUST ONE DON IF YOU'RE VERY GOOD!

So many people wake so tired in the morning that they can't enjoy life. If they only knew it, their real trouble is "Night-Starvation." The energy they burn up during sleep is not being replaced. This leaves them with no vitality to face the day. Horlick's taken at bed-time restores energy as it is used up—guards against "Night-Starvation." Horlick's has a fascinating flavour. It is economical, too, for no milk is needed—only water. Prices from 1/6—economy size, 2/9. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 1/-.

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THE LUXURY SOAP—NOW AMAZING VALUE FOR MONEY

BEHIND the HIGH WALL

Continued from Page 44

SHE seemed merely not to care any longer; but it was my wife who assured me that this was not altogether so. She had made a discovery, of which she told me one day, and it was so unusual that I begged her not to speak of it to anyone.

In their horseback rides Martha had begun to notice how interested Lydia became in a young groom named Reilly who had lately been added to the Marlowe regiment below-stairs. At first she scarcely thought of the matter; but one beautiful spring morning, when the buds were about to break and the sky was a wide expanse of blue above them, she noticed how Lydia insisted upon dashing ahead with Reilly on their gallops together, and apparently getting lost, purposely, in some hidden turn amid the Park's greenness. Also Lydia would sometimes pretend her horse had bolted to draw Reilly's attention to her.

This happened several times. Martha observed how Lydia flushed whenever Reilly came close to her; and how, with feminine tactics, she would ask him to adjust her stirrup, or to perform some other slight service for which there was obviously no need.

It was incredible that a young woman brought up as Lydia had been brought up should be attracted to one of Reilly's station; yet Martha realised, she told me afterwards, that, of course, such strange things had occurred since the beginning of time; since men had been men and women had been women. And when, after a week or so, she became certain that Lydia was growing a little too intimate with the groom, she began to look at Reilly, and to study his reactions.

There was no denying his physical assets. His figure was slim and athletic, his blue Irish eyes had a twinkle in them which would have hypnotised any girl. He had, also, such a dashing way with him.

One knew that there were steel-like muscles beneath the plum-colored jacket he wore. Yes, he was a fine young specimen of a man; but, being a groom, Martha had paid no attention to him, save the ordinary attention one pays to a servant. Now, observing him in earnest, she was sure that he was as interested in Lydia as she was in him; and this it was that made her fearful. She kept a vigilant eye on her friend for several days; then, feeling that danger lay ahead, she spoke to me.

I advised her to ride out with Lydia as often as she could; never to leave her alone with Reilly. And if she should be unable to carry out this plan, she should see to it that Charity was her sister's companion.

SKIN DISEASES

FREE DIAGNOSIS FOR "WOMEN'S WEEKLY" READERS

Chemist's Remarkable Success

EVEN the most difficult cases of skin disease which have failed in response to medical treatment have been successfully relieved by the well-known chemist, Mr. R. Richard Diamond, Ph.D., according to reports received from readers all over Australia and New Zealand.

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Complete relief has been given from itching, eczema, urticaria, acne, boils, body rash, pruritis, varicose veins, hives, tropical ringworm, germ-underr-hall, rosacea, and many other skin diseases. Among reports received are the following:

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"I suffered from it for twelve months on my leg for twelve years, but your treatment has completely cured me."—A.K., Randwick.

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Hundreds of letters like the above provide remarkable testimony to the success of Mr. Diamond's treatment. CONSULTATIONS PERSONALLY OR BY POST. Readers are invited to call or write requesting their condition for free diagnosis by Mr. R. Richard Diamond, Qualified Chemist, Diamond's Pharmacy (note new City address), 27W. Rawson Place, Sydney, also at Bondi.

"Shall I tell Charity?" she asked. "By no means," I cautioned her. "You may be mistaken—let us hope so. But even if you're not, let Charity discover things for herself. She would resent your opening her eyes."

Martha agreed with me; and thus matters stood. But we both became somewhat alarmed when we learned that one afternoon Lydia did go to the park alone with Reilly, after sending a message to my wife that she was unable to ride that day. It was I, on one of my strolls, who had seen her. In a town that was so much smaller, it was foolish to tell even a white social lie. Martha and I were convinced now that Lydia was seriously involved with this handsome fellow. Her dissembling was almost proof of it.

It is impossible for me to say how Uncle Peter learned of what came to be called Lydia's reckless ride. Someone beside myself must have seen her in the park that afternoon. There is always someone only too anxious to report a happening of that kind. An unchaperoned young lady, in those days, was something to talk about; and when Martha heard that my Uncle Peter was angry, she came to Lydia's rescue, very gallantly. I thought, by dissembling herself, saying that she had started to go out with her friend but had not done so at the last moment because she felt ill.

We thought, as the weeks passed, that Uncle Peter had been convinced that nothing was really wrong. He must have had another talk with Lydia, but no one knew. The Marlowes were never a communicative family.

The curious part of it was that Reilly had ingratiated himself with his employer. He drove him down every morning to the Marlowe offices and called for him late in the afternoon, unless Uncle Peter sent word that he was walking home. Reilly was more than a groom; he was a special messenger when stock certificates had to be sent out, or some other private business required the delivery of important papers. He polished the carriages so that they glittered like mirrors, and the Marlowe horses were famous for their smart appearance. Uncle Peter had always insisted that his servants be as dignified as their surroundings demanded; and Reilly seemed to qualify.

LYDIA, having no opportunity to see him alone now, contented herself with carriage rides with Martha and Charity. Frequently all three went out together, and on such occasions it was noticed that the old coachman Tompkins was the driver. Uncle Peter had stipulated this change; but he had not counted on youth, and youth's genius for overcoming obstacles.

One bright afternoon he walked home and came towards the mansion from the side. Now, Lydia's room was at the back of the great house, and there was a back yard, where flowers had been planted; and beyond this colored border there was a stable of white brick which opened on the side street. It was not until later that I learned, through Charity, what had happened that day. It seems that Uncle Peter, chancing to look up as he approached his home, saw Lydia at her window, leaning from it, dropping something on a string to someone below. He could not see exactly what her odd gesture meant, but he instantly became suspicious. Instead of going to the front entrance he turned the knob of the gate that led to the stable, and in the courtyard he saw Reilly gazing up at his daughter, and smiling. He heard him quietly calling, "A little lower! I'll reach it then." Lydia could not see her father. A low wall hid him from her view. But Reilly heard him, and went white with fear. For it was a note that Lydia was dropping down to him. She had done it before, and the groom knew that at all costs he must not allow his employer to see what his daughter had written.

But Uncle Peter leaped forward and snatched the bit of paper from the servant's hands. And then it was that Lydia saw her father, and fell back in a faint upon the floor of her room. For it was a love-letter she dropped to Reilly.

Charity, hearing some commotion, reached her sister's side; and up from the courtyard came the sounds of shuffling feet on the cobblestones as the youth and the older man fought for that scrap of paper. Uncle Peter got it at last. What he read I

never found out. I doubt if anyone else ever knew.

Reilly, like Desmond Bleeker, vanished as if he had never existed. And for days, Charity told me later, Lydia lay ill in her bed. Even my wife could not see her. No one was allowed to pass the stately Marlowe portals. Something had happened—that news flashed through our small circle; but just what it was no one could say with any degree of certainty. Uncle Peter's mouth was set in double determination now, and he hurried himself in his business affairs. He had made up his mind that he would end, once for all, any likelihood of such behaviour again on the part of his daughter.

So, when Lydia was well enough, she and Charity were put on a steamer and sent abroad for a year. Mrs. Armstruther accompanied them. All sorts of stories were invented to account for the girls' disappearance. Some said merely that Lydia was not in good health and needed a change of scene, lest she come down with a nervous collapse. Others whispered that Desmond Bleeker had turned up again. No one seemed to know the truth. Ah, how that would have set the tongues wagging! Handsome young groom and beautiful heiress—the town would have rung with the tale.

In those long-ago days it was something in the nature of an adventure to go abroad; and when it became known that the girls' stay would be a lengthy one, there was a great deal of comment. It was thought strange that Peter Marlowe did not accompany them, until it was remembered how absorbed he was in his business. He could not leave things in other hands, now that he had made such a glorious start on the road to wealth.

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Beware of Dangerous KIDNEY TROUBLE after any ILLNESS

TOO few people realise the extremely hard work that the kidneys have to perform, even in health. The removal of bodily impurities has to be carried on night and day.

During and after illness a far greater strain is put upon the kidneys. The illness itself has probably left the kidneys weak, but they must carry on removing the poisons left in the body by the illness. It is a most wise precaution to assist the kidneys in these circumstances, as recovery is delayed if the accumulated poisons are not removed from the body.

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THAT summer, Martha and I went abroad also; and naturally we saw my cousins. They were in a little pension in a coast town of Brittany. It was an unspoiled section of the country at that time, almost unknown to tourists; just the place for Lydia, in the circumstances. But the change in her shocked us. Her beauty seemed to have been erased. It was as if some malign spirit had literally rubbed away her youth and grace. I am sure that it was as far back as that summer that she began to be "peculiar." Only in little ways was it noticeable. One might have called her condition an acute form of melancholia, I suppose.

But I saw how closely the devoted Charity watched her; how she would not let her stroll upon the shore alone; how she deliberately told us it was time for us to go to our own pension not far away when there were signs that Lydia was tired. "The girls," although only in their late

BEHIND the HIGH WALL

Continued from Page 45

his family he had caused a huge stone wall to be reared round the old mansion. It reached to the second story, so that no passers-by could glimpse the house itself. The rooms downstairs were dark—so dark that gaslight had to be used all through the day. Bus drivers and hansom cab coachmen on their high seats strove, as they passed, to see the Marlowe residence, which became doubly famous overnight on account of the concealing wall.

But if, in the front of the house, the wall was high, it was even higher along that portion of the property which faced the stable. Uncle Peter, sane in his world of business—his slogan was "buy, but never sell"—imagined that Reilly was still an employee in the stable, and he had determined to cut off any communication between him and Lydia. This he told to Mrs. Armstruther; and from then on the family came to be called the mad Marlowes. Uncle Peter never spoke to Lydia. Every communication for her he addressed through Charity. No wonder they were all thought mad.

For Lydia and Charity hid like hermits behind that barricade their father built for their protection. But the visible wall was nothing to the unseen one which "the girls" constructed—a spiritual wall that shut out the whole world. Teas, luncheons, dinners—all these ceased. A great frugality settled over the house. No more was the port wine passed down the table; no more were candles lighted. Only dim gas-jets flickered like dying gold butterflies in the vast rooms.

Martha and I got through the wall at lengthy intervals; but we could not reach my cousins themselves, as of old. That other more sinister and powerful structure blocked the way. I knew, though I did not carry the story back to those on the other side of the wall, that "the girls" were more than odd; they were on the way to a Bedlam of the mind. They had become children again, and had to be treated as such.

And so ten years passed. Then Uncle Peter died; and when the lawyers examined his holdings it was discovered that he had purchased house after house, lot after lot; and "the girls" were rich beyond the dreams of avarice, since everything had been left to them.

A FEW very old people may remember how, against the wishes of their advisers, my cousins purchased the property next door to them and extended the wall so that it embraced the neighboring yard.

No one could peer into this tiny zone which now belonged exclusively to them. Why they should have wished it no one could guess. For exercise, since they so seldom went out for carriage drives? Perhaps.

One day, when Martha and I stepped in unannounced, we saw another evidence of "the girls' eccentricity. And we could not smile. Oh, no! Any suspicions we may have had were verified now. There was a real reason for the extended wall; for if the world that passed by on the other side had been able to look over it, shocking laughter would have followed. In neat, serried rows, on tiny chairs and stools, sat innumerable dolls of all kinds—rag dolls, French dolls with marvellous wigs and dresses, baby dolls in long, flowing garments of priceless lace, china dolls, the eyes of which rolled back to simulate sleep—dolls, dolls, dolls of every conceivable age and fashion. And "the girls" stood hugging them to their hearts.

"They must have fresh air—our babies," they muttered. "They must know the sunshine." And though they themselves lived in dimness, they insisted, through the rest of their long lives, that these, their children, bask in the sun.

I have seen Lydia look as if she were hypnotised at a certain spot in the yard; glance, like an image, at one stone in the centre of the place, until her eyes seemed to be burning coals to her head; this, as she grew older, when a shawl enveloped her, and she seemed to know that the shadows were gathering about her; that the sunset of life was on its way.

And meanwhile, the vast city was moving, almost forgetting the Marlowe "girls," though the dividends of progress were not forgetting to pour into their coffers. And with each year more dolls were added to the huge family, until the yard was a densely crowded district of its own. The little murmurs of human talk

were drowned in the loud clamor of the city's expansion; and though the wall was noticed as time sped on, people did not pause before it, as of old.

A new generation had sprung up, and the old rattletrap buses and bicycles were superseded by smart motor omnibuses and limousines. Vaguely it was known that the rich Marlowe "girls" lived behind this wall, and were never seen by the world at large.

Now and then a sensational Sunday paper resurrected their story, and hinted at mysterious happenings behind the wall. They had become a legend—only one of many in our sprawling metropolis. Poor Miss Charity, poor Miss Lydia, with everything—and nothing.

Less and less I saw them; not because I did not wish to but because of the invisible wall they had reared round themselves. I might go into that strange yard, with its strange waken inhabitants, and yet be miles from my cousins; for there they sat, in mute and pitiful aloofness, with the hum of the city all about them.

They lived thus until last year, as perhaps you know. Then they died, octogenarians, both, only a few days apart, as though linked in death, as they had been in life. One could not exist without the other.

I was their sole heir, for all the rest of the family had passed on. And it was I, the last of a long line, who had to dispose of the valuable property the mansion had become. The day that it began to be destroyed, I went down and saw to it that every doll was taken away, quietly, secretly; for if the Press had got hold of the story I dreaded to think what coarse jesting might follow. Hints had been given out, as I have said, but this is something that no one has known until now.

In crossing that strange yard, my foot tripped on one of the flagstones. So sharp had been the impact, that I almost fell; but, with my trusty cane, I managed to keep my balance. It so happened, fortunately, that I was alone; and as I started to adjust the flagstone, I saw that not solid earth was beneath it, but a hollow space. It was the spot at which Lydia so often had stared. I leaned down, and removed the stone completely.

What I saw were two small wooden boxes, coffin-shaped. They were not sealed, and, astonished, I opened them.

One contained a male doll—dressed in a purple cape, and there was tumbled thick black hair, and a scar on the cheek.

The other was likewise a male doll—a handsome youth garbed in livery.

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High-Polish Your Teeth—FREE

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Rashes spread quickly with little fingers scratching at the itching skin, and festering sores can easily be caused. So don't neglect a rash. Rexona Ointment brings quick relief. Itching stops at once and the inflamed, blotchy patches begin to fade. Soon baby's skin is clear and healthy again.

TREATMENT. Wash the affected parts with Rexona Medicated Soap; dry, then gently smear on Rexona Ointment. Rexona Soap contains the same soothing and healing properties as the Ointment—and together they quickly restore the skin to natural health.

RASH DISAPPEARS COMPLETELY
Mrs. J. F. Cornish, 92 Cavendish Street, Stanmore, writes:—"My little girl had a very bad rash on her body. I used Rexona Soap and Ointment, and soon the rash completely disappeared. I think Rexona is wonderful!"

Rexona

The Rapid Healer

OINTMENT 1/6 per tin - SOAP 9d. per tablet (City and Suburbs)

9.174.22

I PRESENTLY found the thing. I found it by the process of exhaustion; because I was so fatigued I sat down on the edge of my bed. This very simple action caused it to fire itself off, for his trigger had been made very light—by someone who knew his job. It was, in fact, in the bed. Now beds are made to get into, and not to sit down upon. If, then, I had used that bed as beds are meant to be used, I should not now have the honor of writing to you, for the bullet passed through my bolster and split the panel beyond. All this I tell you, madam, because you were kind enough to charge me to care for my skin. It shows that your judgment was sound, and it shows that, the bolt being shot, I have nothing to fear—at any rate before Tuesday, when we shall meet again. I propose to inform the police this same afternoon. Unless little Percy wore gloves, the pistol might well have yielded his horrible fingerprints; but Richard had pawed it all over before I had time to think. Not that I was deranged. My self-possession was bottomless. As for my companion, who was present when the outrage took place, his make-up is out of order. Things which would disconcert Caesar, appear to fortify him. For me, to be honest, the world had come to an end—my end. Before I had collected my wits, he had resolved the phenomenon and spiked the gun. I think he throws back to someone of those blockish knights, who could neither read nor write, but made history instead—and that while wearing a suit which weighed ten or twelve stone. Probably he was born under a morning star.

Madam, I send you our duty—and beg that you will believe that yesterday was a day which we shall never forget. We are well aware that we were only received as friends of the Countess of Brief; but the very great honor remains, and to that you added a kindness which must have touched anyone's heart.

Please give Caroline my love, and tell her that Raven is gloomy even at noon, because the light of our eyes has gone to Tracery.

Believe me, Madam,
Your most obedient servant,
JOHN HERRICK.

On Sunday the police came to Raven, and we reconstructed for them what had been so nearly a crime.

As they were leaving:
"Sir," said the sergeant, "one day he will go too far, and will pull up the sluice which will let all our evidence go. And then he will be overwhelmed. To arrest him now would be futile. He bears a very big name, and his word would be taken before yours, in the absence of definite proof."

"I entirely agree," said Herrick.



Spreads smooth—gives glamorous skin tones

So smooth and fine, Pond's Powder spreads invisible—in brightest light. Each shade carefully blended to lend glamour to a different type of skin. Try them. Find out which is the correct shade for your type. See how its true skin tones bring life to a dull skin—never show up harsh and "powdery". Soft, clinging—stays fresh looking for hours!

POND'S Face Powder

FREE OFFER: Please send me a free sample of each of the six shades of Pond's new Powder. I enclose two 1d. stamps in sealed envelope to cover postage and packing.
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NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

COUNTERFEIT COIN

Continued from Page 6

"In fact, I was in two minds whether or not to report this latest affair. You see, we were frightfully tired. Dining out's all very well, but when the house you're dining at's ninety miles off—"

"Ninety miles?" cried the sergeant.

"Well, how far is Tracery?" said Herrick. "If you go by Goschen—"

"Tracery?"

Herrick surveyed the sergeant in some surprise.

"Tracery," he said. "We dined with the Duchess of Whelp."

The sergeant appeared to have lost the power of speech. At length: "I beg your pardon, my lord."

"I am not a lord," said Herrick. The other waved his statement away.

"I—I had no idea," he stammered.

"If I had known—that first day—"

He broke off there and put a hand to his head. "If Her Grace were to learn that one of her friends had been subjected to—"

"Her Grace," said Herrick swiftly, "would also learn how highly the friend in question thought of the police."

The sergeant flushed with delight.

"Your lordship is very good."

"Not at all," said Herrick. "Not at all. And now don't you rush this business. We both agreed just now that the time wasn't ripe. And if I am content to wait—well, I'm pretty closely concerned. In fact, may I leave it like this—that before you take any action, you'll let me know?"

The sergeant gave his assurance with all his might and, after further civilities, took his leave.

As we turned to the house:

"Of such," said Herrick quietly, "is the kingdom of earth."

ON Monday three letters arrived.

One came from the Duchess of Whelp.

Dear John Herrick,—

I very much hope that this letter will find you alive. But you were so obvious a victim that I have been kicking myself for letting you go.

I considered and rejected your suggestion that I should express a desire that Virgil should be at Brief. The man will be there, because he would know no peace if he went away. He will suspect our relation violently. Had I desired his presence this suspicion would have been confirmed.

I don't care what time you're invited—be there at four. And stand no rot till I come. From that time on, the contingency will not arise.

Tell Richard to be his dear self and on no account whatever to try to pretend.

Caroline continues to do me good, but, though she is sweetness itself, I know that her heart is at Raven, with her young men.

A perusal of those pages of my diary which deal with my visit to Brief in 1912 has been instructive and should prove valuable. All the same, I would give a great deal for some heavier stuff. It is one thing to tread on a man's corns, but it is by no means so easy to break his back.

Believe me,
Yours very sincerely,
HARRIET WHELP.

One came from Caroline:

My Dear Richard,—

I have learned quite a lot about you—some things, perhaps, which you do not know yourself. You'll never guess who from. Parish. His sister was your mother's maid. And twice he visited Usage, whilst she was there. He remembers you on your pony and your father riding to hounds, and the rookery beyond the stables and how everyone worshipped your mother, and heaps of things. The Duchess is kindness itself and speaks much of you; but I miss you very much and shall be very glad to see you again. But I wish I was going to Raven, instead of to Brief. Looking back on our time there, I see how precious it was. I have never let the world slip before, and if I am never to be allowed to let it slip again, then I do not want to become the Countess of Brief. I hope you are being careful, as you said you would be. If anything happened to you, I don't know what I should do.

With my love,
CAROLINE.

One came by hand from Brief:

"The Count of Brief presents his compliments to Mr. John Herrick and begs to express the hope that he and Mr. Richard Exton will make

it convenient to become his guests to-morrow at six o'clock, to meet the Duchess of Whelp and to remain at Brief during Her Grace's pleasure."

Herrick read this aloud, and fingered his chin.

"For two," he said shortly. "I suppose it could have been ruder, but the blood you wring out of a stone is usually thin. And when we roll up at four, he'll go blue in the face. As for Percy the Good, he must be half out of his mind—a victim raised from the dead and two witnesses coming to stay. Let's send him a wire signed 'Max Bracher,' asking to be met at the station at half-past three. You know, this play has its points. It may be melodrama,

but you must admit that the situation is pregnant—if nothing more."

"I'll be glad when it's over," said f. "He's wicked enough in cold blood, but he's going to be red-hot with his back to the wall."

"How good of you to come early."

Herrick and I looked round. While we waited for Percy, the beautiful picture of Caroline on the wall behind us was like a silent encouraging companion.

Percy Elbert Virgil was standing six paces away.

"For that," said Herrick, slowly, "the warmth of our invitation must be our excuse."

Virgil raised his eyebrows and took out a cigarette.

Please turn to Page 48

CLEANS & POLISHES ALUMINIUM

Steelo

Does it quickly... in one operation... and more easily than ever. Steelo restores the natural brightness and smoothness of the metal.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP REMOVES GERMS

A Simple Precaution Against Infection!

TO make sure of real protection against the dangers of infection give yourself and your family the germ-free cleanliness that only Lifebuoy Health Soap can give.

Lifebuoy's Famous Health Element

The rich Lifebuoy lather—which contains the famous health element that is exclusive to Lifebuoy—washes away not only the dirt but the dangerous germs with the dirt!

Dangerous Germs TRAVEL FROM HAND TO HAND

Every day you touch surfaces that could infect you with the dangerous germs other people's hands have left behind. Combat this danger by seeing that your family wash their hands often in the germ-removing Lifebuoy lather.



Every time you travel you touch surfaces like this that may have just been handled by someone carrying the germs of infection.



The clasp of friendship is often dangerous to health; dangerous germs easily pass from one hand to another.



Commonplace contacts like this seem safe enough, but they may bring the danger of serious illness into your home!



Every day you handle money that has passed through thousands of hands since it was first minted. You must take precautions against the dangerous germs it is sure to carry!

CHILDREN ENJOY THIS PLEASANT PRECAUTION



This precaution against the dangerous germs that are carried on the hands gives them real protection—they are as safe from infection as you can make them.

CHILDREN SELDOM REALISE THE DANGER OF GERMS IN DIRT... GIVE THEM LIFEBUOY PROTECTION

Because children have so many other calls on their strength, and are, too, sometimes too young to realise dangers a grown-up would avoid, they need to be constantly impressed with the necessity for washing their hands in Lifebuoy after playing and always before eating.



LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Removes germs as well as dirt!

A LEVER PRODUCT

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Greatest of all Kotex inventions *THE NEW WONDERSOFT KOTEX

1. Sides cushioned in downy cotton to eliminate chafing.
2. Holds its shape—no more discomfort from twisting.
3. Increased security and economy—by lengthening the hours of protection.

Kotex scientists, with the help of a Testing Board of 600 women, have created . . . in Wondersoft Kotex . . . the perfect sanitary pad.

★ The sides are cushioned in downy cotton to prevent chafing, yet the centre of the pad is left free to absorb instantly.

Three times, Kotex improvements have earned Patent protection. First—rounded, tapered ends that make protection invisible. Second—the famous Equalizer, that controls absorption lengthwise and increases efficiency. Now the third and greatest improvement—the new Wondersoft Kotex. It includes all the exclusive Kotex features. It is exactly the same size as before, but the comfort is NEW, and cannot be copied.

In America, 8 out of 10 women choose Wondersoft . . . the same improved Kotex that is now available in Australia. Wondersoft Kotex is the only sanitary pad made with Cellucotton, which absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as cotton.

Buy Wondersoft Kotex from chemists and stores—at the lowest standard price ever asked for Kotex.

Wondersoft Kotex is completely disposable.



One woman tells another about this new comfort



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Women's Weekly Travel Bureau
ST. JAMES BUILDING, ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY.

COUNTERFEIT Coin

Continued from Page 47

"MY uncle will see you later. Till then you must put up with me."

"We'll manage somehow," said Herrick. "I don't remember you here in 1912."

The other frowned. "Allow me to warn you," he said, "not to refer to that visit when my uncle is here. As you probably know, in 1914 his father and wife were both killed and his only brother, my father, met with a hideous fate. And these three terrible blows all fell within twenty-four hours. From that day to this he has never so much as mentioned what went before. For him the past is buried—in holy ground."

"Is it indeed?" said Herrick. "I'd no idea. And I don't think his daughter has. She never said—"

"His daughter? When did you meet her?"

The queries flamed. That Herrick had drawn first blood was as clear as day.

"At Tracery," said Herrick calmly. "We dined there on Friday night."

Virgil stood as still as death. Then, as though released from some spell, he turned to a table beside him, struck a match and lighted his cigarette.

"Well, well," he said lightly. "And how are you proposing to get me down?"

The sudden, impudent question hit me between the eyes, but Herrick replied as coolly as if a child had come up and asked him the time.

"Well, we rather thought of leaving that operation to you."

Virgil laughed. "I don't know that I blame you," he said, and took his seat on the arm of a mighty chair. "It's rotten to be laughed out of court. Have they found Max yet?"

"They found him on Tuesday," said Herrick.

"Well, that ought to help you," said Virgil, comfortably.

"I think it will," said Herrick, "before we're through."

Virgil regarded the end of his cigarette. "You're to have the same rooms," he said.

Herrick raised his eyebrows. "That's very nice. To be honest, I can't remember—"

"In the tower," said Virgil. "The rooms that you had last week." His eyes were not upon Herrick, but full upon me.

"Last week?" said Herrick, staring.

"Last week," said Virgil. "On Wednesday. I wish I had known you were there."

"What makes you think that we were? Did somebody leave a pistol in one of the beds?"

I saw the man tighten his lips. Then—

"Why were you there, Mr. Exon?" I sighed.

"Is it any good saying I wasn't?" "None whatever," said Virgil. "Before leaving, you knocked a man down. But you didn't hit hard enough—you only put him to sleep. And when he woke up, he described you, and Herrick as well."

"And yet," said Herrick, "no summons for assault has been served. You know, I can't help feeling that if you'd a rag of a case, you'd have gone to the police."

This was, of course, most true. To discredit us in their eyes, the man would have sold his soul.

Virgil fingered his chin. "Where were you," he said, "on Wednesday, at half-past nine?"

"Elsewhere," said Herrick, shortly. "Where were you on Friday, at half-past six?"

"That," said Virgil, "is easy. Never

mind, let's look at your rooms." He got to his feet. "Did you bring a servant of sorts? Or are you working alone?"

"I don't think he'd suit you," said Herrick. "If that's what you mean."

"Is that meant to be rude?" said Virgil.

"Intensely," said Herrick. "Virgil sucked in his breath. Then—"

"As your host, I—"

"What makes you think," said Herrick, "that you are our host?"

The other's eyes burned in his head.

Then, with a manifest effort—

"Come," he said thickly. "I'll take you a way that you know."

And so he did.

At the foot of each staircase turret there were two doors, one of which gave to the terrace and one to the house. A moment later, therefore, we followed him into the turret which gave to Caroline's suite, climbed the stair and passed through her lovely rooms.

Though the fellow can scarcely be blamed for running down our throats his just suspicion that we had been there before, his casual intrusion into my lady's apartments made me so angry that I could hardly see straight, and when he paused in her bedroom, to put out his cigarette on an elegant silver tray, I was so much offended that I could have picked up the salver and dashed it against his face.

He led the way out of her rooms, on to the mighty landing and past the head of the staircase down which I had knocked the servant six days before.

As he went by, Virgil pointed. "A little harder," he said, "and you would have broken his neck."

And then we had entered the tower and were climbing up to the bedroom I knew so well.

Winter was busy, unpacking. As we came in, he turned, with a shirt in his hands.

Now Winter, of course, was prepared for some such encounter as this, but Virgil was not; and the sudden, improvised meeting with the valet whom he had oppressed, who must, he knew, be itching to take his revenge, hit our unpleasant companion extremely hard.

Indeed, for one or two moments, his self-possession was gone and he seemed the prey of some nightmare, too grim to be true.

As a man who comes full on a snake, he started violently back. And then in a flash he was round and was searching my face and Herrick's with boiling eyes.

We regarded him coolly enough. "I said he wouldn't suit you," said Herrick complacently.

For an instant I thought that the fellow would launch an attack. As a beast about to spring he dropped to a crouch and actually lifted his lip. Then he had himself in hand, and had turned about.

As he crossed to the window—

"I'm not at all certain," he said, "that Brief is going to suit him."

I addressed myself to Winter. "Did you hear that remark?"

"I did, sir," said Winter, quietly. "Repeat it to Mr. Parish, her Grace's page."

"Very good, sir."

Virgil stood very still, with his back to the room. When at last he turned, I saw he was very pale.

"My uncle will receive you," he said, "in a quarter of an hour."

Then he passed to the doorway and left us alone.

Two things were now clear, and Herrick at once sat down and wrote the Duchess a note.

"Madam—Before we had been here ten minutes, Virgil took care to warn me not to remind his uncle of anything which had happened before he became Count of Brief. This, I submit, goes to show that Virgil is aware of the truth."

"The presence of Winter appeared to shock him so much that I am sure that he regards him not only as a personal enemy, but as a witness, to be used against him, if and when he is charged with the theft of the jewels."

"Yours to command, 'J.H.'"

This note we gave to Winter, to give to Parish at once. Then we washed our hands and made our way back to the hall.

Please turn to Page 49

Now, I'll Dictate
to YOU!



During Colds, adopt the

KLEENEX HABIT in your office

- When sniffles start, put aside handkerchiefs and adopt the Kleenex Habit! It saves noses, saves money, as it reduces handkerchief washing. Kleenex Tissues tend to retain germs, thus check colds from spreading to others. Simply use each tissue just once—then destroy, germs and all.
- Once you have Kleenex handy in your desk, you'll find the Kleenex Habit makes many tasks far easier—just as it does at home!

Keep Kleenex in Every Room.

Saves Steps - Time - Money.

Keep a box in your desk, in every room at home; for handkerchief use . . . To remove face creams and cosmetics . . . To apply powder, rouge . . . To dust and polish.



No waste! No mess! Pull a tissue—the next one pops up ready for use!

KLEENEX

A disposable tissue made of Cellucotton (not cotton)

Friday night is AMAMI night!

Blondes— and brown-haired girls should use Amami No. 1. This preserves the natural fair colour of the hair and emphasises the beautiful luminous quality.

Brunettes— should use Amami No. 2, which contains the light proportion of pure Egyptian Henna so long as the natural glands which make dark hair so attractive.

Containing Lemon Rins & Rosemary Tea

If you have any difficulty in obtaining AMAMI Shampoo please write to Messrs. Geo. Ripley & Co., Macdonell House, Pitt Street, Sydney.

STOMACH AILMENTS

Stomach pains occur and are relieved by taking food only to recur a few hours later. Obviously, the patient cannot be fed at intervals of only two hours, as this overloads the stomach and results in further trouble. The safe remedy is a teaspoonful of pure TWIS BODA before each meal. It taken regularly, this brings the digestive system back to normal. Buy a 1/6 packet from your chemist and try it to-day.



My secret for quick skin cleansing . . .

DAGGETT & RAMSDALL Perfect Cleansing Cream
Here is the answer to women who have always hoped for a skin cleanser that would quickly and completely remove dust, dirt and make-up. Daggett & Ramsdall's Perfect Cleansing Cream penetrates deeply into the pores, and dirt and stale make-up vanish instantly. It leaves your skin soft, smooth and immaculately clean. Daggett & Ramsdall's Perfect Cleansing Cream is especially convenient when travelling or when you wish to refresh your skin in a hurry. Try this modern way of keeping your skin beautiful.



Look your best with DAGGETT & RAMSDALL

COUNTERFEIT Coin

W E were not sent for to go to the Count of Brief. In fact, we did not see him until he had passed through the hall on his way to receive the Duchess, whose car had entered the drive. This, I suppose, by design—so that Herrick should have no time to awaken such sleeping dogs as the Count desired to let lie.

I shall never forget his appearance, or how startling to me was his coming across the hall for, except that he was stouter and, seemingly, younger in years, he might have been his poor brother, come back to life. The voice was the voice of Gering, the eyes were Gering's eyes, the manner was Gering's manner, the gait was Gering's gait—and he had a trick of holding one arm behind him that I had seen Gering use a thousand times.

If he was ill at ease, he never showed it, but used us both cavalierly, as though to confirm the impression his letter conveyed.

"Which is which?" he demanded, and gave us no time to reply. "Oh, this must be Herrick. The Duchess mentioned your name. If you want anything, ask the steward—he knows the rules of the house. And now

Continued from Page 48

while a footman opened the door and the Count stood bowing and waiting for the Duchess to put out a hand.

In silence Old Harry surveyed him. Then she spoke clear and loud.

"There is something different about you. We're both of us older, of course, but it's deeper than that. The flesh is Hans's flesh, but the spirit—" "Wise to the lips, the Count looked ready to swoon. "It's very strange. I should never have said you were Brief."

Somehow the man made answer.

"In twenty-four years, madam—"

"No, no, it's not that. The leopard grows old, but he never changes his spots. Never mind. Here's your daughter back. She has escaped—this time, but I think you should warn all your servants, within and without, to expect another attempt."

With that, having set two jills rolling before she had fairly arrived, Old Harry got to her feet and stepped out of the car and, declining the arm the Count offered, walked up to the head of the steps. "Here she stopped and looked round.

"Ah, Richard," she said. "And John Herrick, I'm glad to see you again."

We went to her side at once, and she gave us her hand to be kissed—and then, but not until then, Caroline left the car.

The Count was not there to greet her. (He was, in fact, attempting without success to present, "My nephew, Percy," to the Duchess of Whelp.) But as her foot touched the ground, the servants went forward with Bertram to welcome her home.

It was a moving scene, for they were all bowing and bobbing, and one of the women was crying and another was holding Caroline's hand to her breast—and poor Bertram had dropped his wand and was down on one knee, with the hem of the coat she was wearing pressed tight to his lips. I never saw devotion so honest in all my life, and the Duchess was plainly pleased, for she smiled and nodded approval and, wholly ignoring Virgil, addressed the Count.

"Since when was blood thicker than daughters?" was all she said.

THEN a h a turned, to enter the hall where Parish was somehow waiting to lead her up to her rooms.

The reception was over, and we were alone in the hall when, as though from nowhere, a maid appeared at our side.

"Her ladyship begs that you will take tea in her suite."

"At once?" said Herrick, rising.

"At once, sir. If you follow me."

She waited for me to rise and then, with a delicate deference, took the lead.

Her demeanor was point-de-vue; her appearance beyond reproach: she breathed efficiency. She was dark and by no means ill-favored, and I would have said discreet, but for a curious expression about her lips—Leonardo da Vinci could have caught it, for the woman was not smiling, and yet the smile was there.

I followed her thoughtfully, because I knew who she was. And that was Elise—Caroline's personal maid.

She led us the way we had gone some forty-five minutes before—that is, by the staircase-turret Caroline always used; and, as we went, I paid what attention I could do to the door which shut the turret from the rest of the house.

Of these there were three—one which gave to a lobby upon the ground floor, one which gave to the picture gallery upon the first floor, and one which opened directly into Caroline's bedroom upon the second floor. These doors, which were small but massive, could be neither bolted nor barred, but below each old-fashioned latch was a good Yale lock. The bolts of these locks were not shot, but were at present held back by catches within the locks; but, once the catches were down, none could have passed the doors unless they had been admitted or possessed the appropriate key.

(I have made it clear before now that the turret had also a door which gave to the terrace without, that this door had a Yale lock, but could also be barred.) All the locks were within the turret, except the last; and that was in Caroline's bedroom.

GERMS STRIKE QUICKLY BUT 'ASPRO' IS QUICKER

IF You act quickly with 'ASPRO'—you take the right action to beat germs from forcing developments which may lead to a serious illness. After ingestion in the system 'ASPRO' is a powerful germicide—and is anti-pyretic—anti-fermentative—and anti-periodic; but it is essential to take 'ASPRO' according to directions the moment any warning symptoms appear.

Germ contagion is possible anywhere—in trains—trams—offices—workrooms crowded stores or theatres, so always carry 'ASPRO' in your purse or pocket ready for any emergency. For over 20 years people of all nationalities throughout the world have proved 'ASPRO' to be **QUICKLY EFFECTIVE—PURE—AND SAFE.**

It Has Been Proved That 'ASPRO' is PURE & SAFE

PROOF

Feverish Condition Speedily Dispersed—No Trace of 'Flu' Next Morning.

16 Victoria Street, Avondale.

Dear Sirs, 7/5/36

I wish to tell you of the good results I have had from 'ASPRO' for Colds and Influenza. I have suffered with Influenza at various times and was eventually led to try 'ASPRO' through your advice. I took three 'ASPRO' tablets and a hot lemon drink upon retiring on one particular occasion when I felt influenza developing and the result was really marvellous. The feverish condition was speedily dispersed and next morning there was no trace of influenza whatever.

(Sgd.) J. TREDWAY.

NURSING SISTER PRAISES 'ASPRO.'

22 Bellevue Street, Thornleigh, N.S.W.

Dear Sirs,

Having derived great benefit from 'ASPRO' during my nursing and having used 'ASPRO' throughout the terrible Influenza Epidemic, I can testify to its great value in reducing temperatures and relieving Headaches.

(Sgd.) Sister JANE STARKEY.

'ASPRO' brings Speedy Relief for:

Rheumatism	Sore Throat	Malaria	Asthma
Temperature	Toothache	Colds	Gout
Sleeplessness	Neuralgia	Headache	Dangue
Feverishness	Influenza	Lumbago	Neuritis
Irritability	Hay Fever	Sciatica	Earache

Alcoholic After Effects.

'ASPRO' Gives Great Relief to Women When Depressed.

FACTS EVIDENCE

PUBLIC ARTIST GOT RID OF 'FLU' IN ONE DAY.

235 Spey Street, Invercargill.

Dear Sirs, 9/9/36

Being a public artist, it is, of course, essential that I keep free of Colds and Chills. During the recent cold snap I suffered a bad attack of Influenza and Neuritis, and 'ASPRO' I am thankful to say, completely smothered it in one day. I find by taking three 'ASPRO' and a hot lemon drink before retiring at night, and two of intervals during the next day, the most persistent colds can be banished. I always keep a good supply of 'ASPRO' handy.

Yours faithfully, (Sgd.) A. E. BRUCE. 32E/37.

Professional Advice Was to Use 'ASPRO' for Influenza—Temperature Soon Disappeared.

Russell, 15/9/36.

Dear Sirs,

I have used 'ASPRO' with wonderful effect for Influenza as well as Sore Throats and Colds. Just recently one member of the family was threatened with a severe attack of Influenza. The doctor was appealed to for advice and a regular dose of 'ASPRO' with a hot lemon drink was recommended every three or four hours. These instructions were followed and the temperature disappeared within a few hours and within twenty-four hours all traces of Influenza had vanished. I might add that we are never without 'ASPRO' in the house.

Yours faithfully, (Sgd.) Mrs. A. F. BAKER.

This Body

THIS body which was loaned to me
Is thin and frail and weak,
The making is no deed of mine,
I borrow where I speak.

Let me be conscious through each day
And gratefully aware
Of all the thought my body needs
Of gentleness and care.

And having then achieved so much
Of good and high delight,
To place it down with restful touch
To sleep away the night.

—Yvonne Webb.

you'd better come with me. She will expect to see you upon the steps."

With that for welcome, he led the way to the courtyard, as though he were late.

A little bevy of servants was standing beside the steps—with Bertram, the steward, before them, wand in hand. On the other side were standing Parish and Whelp and two waiting-women in black.

As I came out with Herrick, Parish came forward at once to pay his respects.

I put out my hand for his.

"I'm looking forward," I said, "to a talk with you."

As he took my hand—

"I shall be honored, sir, whenever you please."

I turned to see the Count staring—and Percy Virgil beside him, peering his head. Then the Count said something in German at which the two of them laughed.

Herrick's voice rang out, as the crack of a lash.

"We know the Duchess's servants, because we know Tracer. Can you say as much, you two?"

His words might have been a spell. Everyone in the courtyard seemed suddenly turned to stone. Bertram stood open-mouthed, with a hand halfway to his head, and the others stared straight before them, not seeming to breathe. Only the Count and Virgil turned slowly as red as fire, and at this full-flavored moment I heard the crunch of gravel beneath the wheels of a car.

Since this meant that the Duchess was come, the tense situation was less relieved than submerged, and all eyes were turned to the archway which led to the drive.

A liveried groom appeared, backing.

Then a long limousine turned slowly into the courtyard and moved to the foot of the steps—and there were Caroline smiling and the Duchess of Whelp leaning back, with the air of a Lord Chief Justice upon his Bench.

The chauffeurs sat still, uncovered.

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Please turn to Page 50

As we entered the bedroom, I heard Caroline's voice.

"I have said that, because of my fall, I cannot remember what happened for several hours; that, after that, I was cared for by people I did not know and that by their advice I sought the Duchess of Whelp, I may say that these people knew you and that, though they had not been engaged to—er—care for my health, nobody could have been kinder—or more insistent that I should not return to Brief."

"If you think—" said Virgil, as I walked into the room.

Caroline turned and smiled.

"Do sit down," she said. "The inquest is nearly done."

In some agitation the Count of Brief got to his feet and Percy surveyed us with murder in both of his eyes.

"If you think—" you were saying," said Caroline.

COUNTERFEIT COIN

Continued from Page 49

"Thank you," said Percy, calmly. "If you think you can get away with a tale like that—"

"D'you mind getting out of this room?"

There was a pregnant silence.

Then I walked to the door.

The Count of Brief glanced at his watch.

"My Heavens, I'm late," he said, and fairly ran out of the room.

"Adjourned," not "done," said Percy, and with that he turned on his heel and followed the other out.

As I shut the door—

"Such men are dangerous," said Herrick, and put on Caroline's hat.

For a quarter of an hour we talked. Then she and I left for the stables, and Herrick went to the tower. But long before then my inventory was

complete. The door to the landing had a Yale lock, but no bars.

There was no mark upon Caesar, and if his legs had been tender he now was perfectly sound. The groom had seen nothing when he came in. Two other good-looking hunters were each let out of his box, and Caroline made me choose one "for to-morrow at seven o'clock." And then she gave her orders, and we went down to the garden and up to the belvedere.

There was that about her which turned this into a bower.

Sitting sideways, half on and half off the grey of the parapet, backed by the living green of the jealous boughs, a stave of the evening sunshine touching her lovely hair, she seemed to have found her true setting for the very first time; yet this was a fanciful notion, soon to be

falsified, because wherever she went her surroundings appeared to become her as never before. I cannot pay her a finer compliment.

For all that, sitting there on the stone, for me she embodied for ever those pretty princesses that live in the fairy-tales, that lean from turret windows and gallop down forest glades, and I found myself the youth that was seeking his fortune, to whom the princess was gracious—because the great tradition must be observed.

"How d'you do, Richard Exon?"

I took her hand and kissed it.

"The better for seeing you."

"Does that mean that you have missed me?"

"Yes," said I. "At every hour of the day."

Caroline nodded contentedly.

"I like to hear you say it," she said.

I wrenched my mind from her beauty to other things.

"Was that Elsa who fetched us?"

I said.

"It was."

"Are you sure of her? I'm not mad about her, myself."

Caroline laughed.

"My dear, you see a robber in every bush. Elsa is a maid in a thousand—and true as steel."

"Is she going to sleep in your suite?"

She nodded.

"By your request."

"I—I didn't specify Elsa," said I, uneasily.

Caroline knitted her brows.

"Richard, be reasonable. You've seen her for less than two minutes; and I have known her well for nearly four years. And if anyone is to sleep there, it must be she. If I were to choose someone else, I might as well say to Elsa, 'I don't trust you.'"

"Yes, I see that," I sighed. "All the same, you will lock your doors?"

"All five," said Caroline.

"Where are the keys?"

"There's only the one you know—the one you brought me on Friday, with the rest of my things. That's a master key and fits all five of the locks."

to lend me money, and now I won't pay you back. You've piled such mountains between us that let this lift up its head—a sordid little molehill of forty p-p-p-p-pounds!"

Before this outburst I stood like a man transfixed, with the breath of her lips on my face, and her eyes, two pools of starlight, reflecting a tiny image I knew was mine.

So for one hungry moment.

Then she clapped her hands to her face and burst into tears.

I would like to be shown the man who would not have gathered her weeping into his arms—and have done his poor best to comfort such beauty in such distress. And for me her hairs were numbered.

Be that as it may, I know she was in my arms, and the world was rocking about me, and stars that I could not see shot out of their spheres, to make another heaven.

I do not know what I said; I think I did no more than say over her name; but, after a little, she wiped the tears from her eyes and put an arm around my neck.

"D'you love me, Richard?"

"Yes," I said. "I cannot tell you how much."

"And will you always love me?"

"Always, my darling."

"And, after this, you will treat me as your equal? And not kneel down and look up, with your eyes on my face?" Caroline insisted.

"I—I will try to, Caroline."

"And you will not do me honor? John Herrick may kiss my hand; but you and I— Won't you ask me if I love you, my darling?"

"I—I'm afraid to, my sweet," I faltered, and held her close.

(To be Continued)

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VACUUM PACKED
STAYS FRESH

MILLINER'S HAT MYSTERY

ing and never on Saturday, because the chauffeur always had the day off."

"Did he ever drive himself?"

"No, sir; he always had the chauffeur; you have seen him."

"When your master left on Saturday did he say that he would be away for some time?"

"No, he said nothing. Always on Saturday he gave dinner party and Francois he did the marketing on Saturday and prepare as usual."

"Now, Anton, I want you to think carefully before you answer my next question. Did any lady or gentleman call here and ask to see him last Friday—the day before he left home?"

"Yes, two Englishmen dined with him here."

"Were they English?"

"Oh, yes."

"Had they ever been here before?"

"Oh, yes, often."

"What were their names?"

"Mr. Blake and Mr. Lewis."

"Can you describe them?"

"Mr. Blake he was very big and heavy, and Mr. Lewis he was tall, too, but thin, and he looked older than Mr. Blake."

"Now, Anton, I want to see every room in the house. We must see that there is a key to every room, and we must put a label on each key."

"I have no labels, sir."

"No, but this officer has them. He will go with you round the rooms lock them up, label the key and bring it down to this room. As you are all anxious about your wages, I advise you to apply to the Home Office to-morrow morning, and there you will find that I have reported your case, too. They will tell you what to do."

"When all the rooms were locked and the keys stowed in Sergeant Walker's bag, Vincent gave Anton his final instructions."

"You quite understand, you must admit no one before I come here to-morrow morning. They can wait if they please until I come, but they must not move beyond the hall. If you have any trouble with one of them, ring up the number I have given you and ask for me—Chief Inspector Vincent."

VINCENT and Walker arrived at the house in Hampstead at nine o'clock the next morning. Anton admitted them. He had the appearance of a man who had slept ill.

Walker produced his bag of keys and the officers began their search in the library. Not a single letter or paper of any kind was found in the desk or in the drawers. Vincent rang the bell and Anton appeared.

"Go and bring me the man whose duty it is to clean this room, and stay here with us to act as interpreter."

"Yes, sir, but that man speaks English very well."

"Bring him in then."

Anton returned with an upstanding young man with an open face. He was a Serbian and a fluent linguist.

"You clean this room every morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"Before your master left the house on Saturday did you find burnt papers in the grate?"

"Yes, sir, for many days last week the grate was full of burnt paper."

"Just letters or bigger documents?"

"Both, sir, but mostly letters."

"Did you notice anything else remarkable in the room when you cleaned it on Saturday morning?"

"Only that I think my master had been studying late on Friday night. There were books everywhere—on the table, on the

chairs, and even on the floor. Some were open, some closed."

"And you put them all back tidily in their shelves? Can you remember which books they were?"

"Some of them, sir. I will show you some that I remember."

He brought down from the shelf three or four books which Vincent examined with curiosity. They were all in quarto size, but they varied greatly in their subjects—history, biography, travel and science. In one respect they were alike, there was a note in figures on the flyleaf—a pencilled note such as (to quote the first three) 797, 1225, 410.

Having dismissed the manservant, Vincent turned to Walker. "What do you make of these figures? They must mean something."

"A code, do you think?"

Vincent shook his head.

"You think, then, that these figures represent amounts of money hoarded in each book. But they are such odd numbers."

"Not if the greater part of them consisted in Treasury notes which cannot be traced."

"Then you think that the owner was absconding with a large sum?"

"I think it is very probable. This is a large house; probably Pitt entertained friends here a good deal. We'll get Anton in again and ask him. Call him, will you?"

Anton crossed the hall almost at a run.

"Yes, sir?"

"Did Mr. Pitt entertain friends here to dinner or lunch?"

"Not to lunch, sir, but to dinner—oh, yes. He had very important people to dinner—people with titles. And Francois, the chef here, is very noted for his cooking."

"How often did your late master give dinner-parties?"

"Quite once a week, sir, and sometimes oftener—always on Saturdays."

"Were there ladies among his guests?"

"No, sir; only gentlemen."

"They played cards, of course, after dinner?"

"Yes, sir, always. There were four card tables set out upstairs."

"Mr. Blake and Mr. Lewis—were they always present at these parties?"

"Yes, sir, always, and I think they need to win a good deal of money."

"Why do you think that?"

"Well, sir, Mr. Pitt used to come down with them to the door, while I held it open and helped them to put on their coats and I heard Mr. Pitt say: 'You've been lucky again to-night. I hope you won't frighten all my guests away!'"

Anton seemed to plume himself upon having given some useful information.

"Did your master dine out in the evening sometimes?"

"Oh, yes, sir, very often."

"And the chauffeur will remember where he went for dinner?"

"Yes, sir. Shall I call him?"

"Yes, please."

The chauffeur was an Englishman, specially chosen, thought Vincent, for his taciturnity. He stood to attention with his cap in his hand waiting to be questioned.

"How long have you been in Mr. Pitt's service?"

The man appeared to be embarked upon mental arithmetic, using the fingers of his left hand for his calculations.

"About ten months."

"Was the car a new one when you took it over?"

"Yes, sir, I took it from the makers and, of course, it had to be run in."

"Did your master use it much?"

"Not very much; he used it in the evening for short runs in the town to take him out

to dinner and sometimes on a Sunday to take friends to Brighton."

"Where did he usually dine when he went out?"

"At different houses."

"And clubs?"

"Only at one club—the Ace of Hearts in Piccadilly."

"Did you have to wait for him to bring him back?"

"No, he would tell me the time to fetch him, and generally he did not keep me waiting."

"Can you remember the addresses of any people with whom he used to dine most frequently?"

"Mr. Brooklyn in Jermyn Street, number seventy-one—that was one place."

"Do you mean that he went there more frequently than to any other house?"

"Yes, he never missed a week without going there."

"T H A N K you. This one address will do for the present. On Saturday morning when he went away had he given you no orders?"

"He told me I could take the day off."

"Did you always have the day off on Saturday?"

"No, not always. He often went out on Saturday evening."

"But Anton tells me he always gave dinner-parties on Saturday."

"Oh, sir—these foreigners they lose count of days."

Having dismissed the chauffeur, Vincent rose. "Now, Walker, I think that our next visit should be to 71 Jermyn Street. At this hour probably we shall find the gentleman at home."

As Vincent had surmised, Mr. Brooklyn proved to be a gentleman of leisure, and as far as he was able to judge from the furnishings of his flat, a gentleman of ample means. Vincent sent his card up by the manservant who opened the door.

Mr. Brooklyn appeared to be tickled at receiving a visit from a prominent officer of the Criminal Investigation Department and he received Vincent with cordiality.

"The blow has fallen at last," was his greeting. "I knew that some day my sins would find me out and I was wondering which of them would first bring me into the meshes of the law."

He sank his voice to a portentous whisper. "Is it about that woman I threw into the canal? Or the gentleman in Battersea Park from whom I demanded money with menaces? I shall plead guilty to both of them. You've brought the handcuffs with you, of course. I should not like my manservant to miss any of the fun."

The man was good-looking and younger than Vincent had expected. He smiled.

"On this occasion, Mr. Brooklyn, I have only a question or two to ask you with, of course, the usual caution that your replies will be taken down in writing and may be used. But seriously, I have come to ask for any information you can give me about the late Mr. Pitt."

"The late Mr. Pitt?"

"Surely you have read in the paper about the finding of Mr. Pitt's body in a barn at Hatch in Berkshire?"

"To tell you the truth, I haven't opened the paper yet; I breakfast late."

"Well, it was in the stop press last night. Do you know the Christian name of your friend?"

"No, I don't. All I know is that he signed his letters 'B. Pitt.'"

"Well, we have strong reason to believe that your friend was the cashier of the

Asiatic Bank. Had you any idea of that?" Brooklyn drew in his breath with a whistling sound. "He was leading a double life, you mean—the man about town in his lighter moments, and the hard-working bank official when he felt like work. I should never have thought it, nor would you if you had known him."

"When did you see him last?" "I dined at his house one day last week. He was in the best of health and spirits then."

"Were you his only guest on that occasion?"

"No, there were half a dozen of us." "And among them a Mr. Lewis and a Mr. Blake?"

"The two Americans, you mean? Yes, they were there."

"They were Americans? And after dinner you played cards?"

"We did. I shan't easily forget that card party. Those two Yanks skinned me alive."

"Really, it is about those two men that I am trying to get information. Can you by any chance tell me their address?"

"When I last saw them I gave them a Mr. home to their hotel—the Carlton."

"Thank you, Mr. Brooklyn, that is what I wanted—their address."

"At the risk of seeming indiscreet I confess that it would interest me to know what sort of crime they are wanted for. Cheating at cards would be my guess."

Vincent laughed. "I'm afraid that it would be premature to say whether your guess is right or wrong. Thank you very much for seeing me."

It was but a step for the two police officers to reach the Carlton. There they drew blank; neither of the two names were known.

"I'm not surprised," said Vincent to his colleague. "This is not the kind of hotel they would affect. If it had been the Globe..."

"Do you think that Mr. Brooklyn was lying?" asked Walker.

"No, I think that they were putting him off the scent. Now, Walker, you took down from the bank manager the address of the rooms in Bloomsbury which Pitt had given as his lodgings."

Walker took out his notebook and read: "12 Redcliff Street, W.C.2."

"Come along then. We'll pick up the car and try our luck there."

At 12 Redcliff Street they had better luck than they expected. Mr. Pitt, they learned, had occupied rooms there, also his two American friends, Mr. Lewis and Mr. Blake.

The landlady, received them in a little room which she called "my office." She seemed quite glad to exercise her tongue and not in the least anxious lest it should carry her too far.

"Of course I read this morning about the murder of a Mr. Pitt, but I didn't know it was my Mr. Pitt, although it set me wondering; you see it gave the dead gentleman's address in a big house in Hampstead but I suppose the police do sometimes make mistakes. You're sure it was my Mr. Pitt?"

"Quite sure."

"Then I'll tell you something. If you ask me, Mr. Pitt's body isn't the only one you'll find. There are two more of my lodgers missing. Ah! I see you didn't know that."

"You mean Mr. Lewis and Mr. Blake?" "How did you know? Have their bodies been found already?"

"No."

"Oh, you'll find them all right if you look about. They all went off together last Saturday and not a word heard from them since."

"Did they say they were coming back?"

"Oh, yes, they were as happy as school-boys going on a holiday—all went off in the car together."

"Did they take much luggage?"

"Mr. Blake and Mr. Lewis did, but you see Mr. Pitt didn't have any here since he had to sleep at his old mother's house to keep her company."

"Do you know where his mother lived?"

"Out North, I believe, but I couldn't tell you the address."

"How long has he lived here altogether?"

"About four years, and it's only for the last twelve months or less that he hasn't slept here."

"Why did he still keep on his rooms?"

"Well, he had lunch here every day and had letters sent here and was always thinking his mother would get better and that he would come back."

"Well, now, Mrs. Briggs, we want to look round the rooms of these three missing men beginning with those of Mr. Lewis and Mr. Blake."

"They had a nice little flat on the second floor—two bedrooms and the sitting-room they shared. Perhaps you'd like to start with those."

"Well, we needn't trouble you now any longer. We have to make it a rule to do our searching alone. In ten minutes or so we will call you."

The search they conducted was as thorough as long practice could make it. The underside of every drawer was scrutinised and the paper linings were taken out; but nothing was found.

"It is quite evident that these fellows meant to bolt," said Vincent. He opened the door and found Mrs. Briggs hovering about on the landing outside, bursting with curiosity.

"I suppose you won't tell me whether you've found anything," she said archly.

"No, Mrs. Briggs; I can tell you quite truthfully that we've found nothing, but you'll find that we've put everything back tidily in its place."

"You'll find that I can be trusted, gentlemen. Just now while you were in that room a reporter called and I never let on that you were here."

"Quite right, Mrs. Briggs. Who did the motor car belong to that your lodgers went away in—Mr. Blake or Mr. Lewis?"

"I understand from what they told me that they'd hired it for a week."

"Do you know what garage they hired it from?"

"No, I don't, but there are three or four round here where you can hire a car."

"Well, now we would like to see Mr. Pitt's rooms."

"Yes, they're on the first floor—a sitting-room and bedroom opening into one another."

She led the way downstairs and opened the door facing them. "You'll excuse their not being quite tidy, but we were leaving it till the day before he was to come back. There's a lot of burnt paper in the grate."

"So I see," said Vincent. "Well now I fear that you must leave us to our work. We shan't be any longer over it than we can help."

Walker went first to the fireplace and turned over the carbonised paper. "The ashes have all been chewed up," he said; "it's no good saving any of them for expert examination."

A search of the drawers in the writing-table produced nothing. There remained only the wardrobe in which were hanging three suits of clothes, not bearing the name of the Sackville Street tailor. They bore signs of hard use.

Vincent went through the pockets with a practised hand, but found them empty until he came to the third jacket. This also he was about to restore to its hanger when he thought that he heard rather than felt the crackle of paper. Again he plunged his hand into the breast pocket, which he had already explored without result. This time his fingers came upon a thin sheet of paper pressed close against the pocket lining. He took it out. It was a milliner's bill from the Maison Germaine in the rue Duphot, Paris. It was charged to Monsieur Pitt. There was but one item, "Chapeaux, 100,000 francs."

"What," asked Vincent, "could Mr. Pitt be doing with a hundred thousand francs' worth of ladies' hats?"

WALKER was astonished to see his chief suddenly take three rapid turns round the room, kicking the furniture impatiently out of his way; then he halted and handed the bill to his sergeant.

"What do you make of that, Walker?" Walker shook his head in token that the solution was beyond him.

"It seems to me," said Vincent, "that a visit to Paris by one of us is foreshadowed. Hats might mean anything except hats. Yes, one of us or both will have to cross the Channel and make the acquaintance of Madame Germaine in the rue Duphot."

It was Vincent who first found the garage that owned the car, and when the young woman in the glazed box learned the nature of the inquiry she seized her telephone and rang up a number in excited tones.

"If you'll wait a minute, sir, the proprietor himself will come down. He was just thinking of acquainting Scotland Yard, because the gentleman that signed for the car has been found murdered; we read it in the paper."

A man whose gait indicated haste entered the garage with a proprietary look about him.

"What's all this?" he asked the young woman.

"This gentleman is from Scotland Yard. He's called about that sixteen-horse Daimler hired by Mr. B. Pitt."

"What I want to know is where is my car and how can I get it back?" he said to Vincent anxiously.

"I can answer your first question. It is in the hands of the police at Newquay, and your best plan would be to ring them up on the telephone. The window was broken by a revolver shot and a new window was put in at the expense of the men who hired it. And now that I have answered your question I will ask you some of my own. What were the men like who hired your car?"

"There were three of them. Mr. Pitt, who signed for the car, said that he was cashier in the Asiatic Bank, Lombard Street, and I verified this on the telephone. He had two men with him; I think they were Americans by their accent."

"Was one of them broad and heavily built and the other an older man, tall and thin?"

"Yes, you've described them exactly."

"How long did they hire the car for?"

"They said they wanted it for the inside of a week and so I let it to them by the day."

"Well, I should lose no time in telephoning to the police at Newquay to find out when you can have your car back. I suppose you made them pay a deposit?"

MARCH OF THE MODE by *René*

DIRNDLS and BALLET FROCKS



● BROWN and yellow stripes on a white crepe ground for this dirndl frock, which features the corsette waistline. Yellow straw back-of-the-head bonnet.



● FASCINATING new Bayardere print made into a flattering summer frock. The clever use of the stripes for a square neck and the skirt are an exact copy of a Swiss dirndl, with the stripes round the skirt gathered on to one another to give greater fullness round the hem.



● MODIFIED copy of another peasant dress. This time it makes an afternoon frock of blue sheer silk printed in a white flower pattern. The white linen flowers round the neck and sleeves are buttoned on by yellow buttons.



● NAVY CHANTILLY LACE makes one of the very new eight-inches-off-the-ground dinner and dance frocks, also inspired by the peasant influence. Posed over a flesh-pink slip. Very dark red velvet ribbon laces up the corset front, ties a belt with ends, and forms bows on the sleeves.

René

Joyous and Youthful

● FROM the peasantry of Switzerland, fashion has co-opted the dirndl. Frocks of this inspiration have a crisp charm, which is very flattering to the young and good-looking.

These flowing skirts with yards of fullness look their most effective on the willowy figure and the gay printings and unsophisticated designing featured in dirndls also conspire to enhance the charm and vitality which spells youth.

Ankle-length dinner and dance frocks are arousing some controversy. They are anything from eight to ten inches from the floor and it will be interesting to observe the reaction of Australian women to them.

Degas' lovely crayon drawings of the ballet have influenced one or two leading designers to create the new type of full skirt, which reaches to the instep.



● ONE of the new ballet models inspired by the lovely pastels of the ballet by Degas. This type features a tiny fitted top with straps and an enormously full skirt, made of softly-falling layers of tulle or net. Its length is ten inches off the floor. This model is done in mist-blue tulle posed over cornelian-red, in layers. Red velvet ribbon makes the belt and bows.

FASHIONS IN PHOTOGRAVURE

Half-a-Dozen LONDON HATS for SPRING DAYS



● TOP LEFT: Model in cafe creme felt trimmed with a self-colored bird, which gives the fashionable height on the side.

● TOP CENTRE: A model named "Country Club," inspired by the Australian soldier's hat. It is in boater-blue felt trimmed with navy-blue ribbon attractively dotted in white wax.

● TOP RIGHT: This lovely model is named "Swing Breton" on account of the flattering soft roll brim. It is trimmed with wide Spanish ribbon to contrast with the black felt of the hat and match the Ascot scarf worn with it.

● ABOVE: This model shows the tendency towards higher crowns. It is made of black velour and trimmed with a fluted band and bow of sulphur-colored suede.

● CENTRE RIGHT: A hat fashion success named the "Cathay Pill Box." The felt is the new cafe creme contrasted with black grosgrain ribbon. An ideal hat for travel wear.

● LOWER RIGHT: This model, named "The Box Biretta," was inspired by the official cap worn by ecclesiastics.

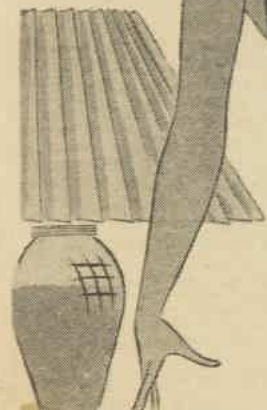
All the hats shown on this page are the creations of Howard Hodge, of London.



The Fashion Parade *sketches by Petrov*

HOW TO GIVE Your Winter WARDROBE that... SPRING FEELING

● RIGHT: This winter evening frock has taken unto itself a few yards of the new and very gorgeously - colored paisley crepe, and draped it interestingly from shoulder to hip.



COATS Go NATIONAL

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, By Air Mail

LONDON, August 18.

AT the moment coats have all gone very "national." Cossack tunic jackets, embroidered Austrian and Hungarian coats, baggy Chinese and long stinky Japanese coats and Persian jackets, reminiscent of Arabian Nights, can be seen in almost any group of women watching outdoor sports.

At afternoon receptions and sporting functions where smart women gather, I notice that coats are becoming more and more a feature of up-to-date dressing.

It all began with the advent of the white coat, that useful garment either long, short, or three-quarter, which could be worn with short silk frocks, linen skirts, garden-party gowns, or evening dress.

The dark, plain-colored crepe coat, slightly tailored to wear with a printed silk afternoon frock, and lined with the frock material, is still as popular and fashionable as ever. Many have elbow sleeves this year, and some are decorated with elaborate designs in lighter-colored braid.

But the very latest coats are edge-to-edge pattern in georgette or net, ravishing creations with wide ruching round the necks, huge bell-sleeves, tight waists, and flared skirts.

Those of net are either in black, navy-blue, or nigger-brown. Whether they are in the finest possible mesh or in large fish-net, they manage to have the same deliciously misty appearance when worn over brightly-colored frocks. Their huge collars, almost like pierrots' ruffles, frame the face and are ideal for women who are inclined to be a little too thin.

NEW georgette coats are patterned, and it is most intriguing to notice that the design on a coat is exactly the same as the printing on the simple linen or gingham frocks worn beneath. Two different materials printed with exactly the same design always look very smart together.

Net coats generally reach to the hem of the frock—never below it—but georgette creations are seldom more than knee-length, which gives them rather a tunic and skirt effect.

Large hats are suitable with such ensembles, the black picture variety with net coats, and the plainer natural straw with georgette and linen.



● ABOVE: A waistcoat and a frock are successfully merged here. The contrast is made less vivid by an overlay of braid.

● LEFT: Here the lapels have been removed from a jacket and their place taken by openwork embroidery, emphasised by a froth of white muslin and white accessories.

● LEFT: A brown woollen coat has declared a partnership with a striped dress by donning collar and pockets of the same material.



'Tell me,
doctor . . .

Are you sure? I can't believe that all this should have started with a tiny cut on the finger! There must be some way of preventing such awful results . . . Tell me, what ought I to do?

The smallest cut or scratch is enough for the germs of blood-poisoning to enter. There is only one way to prevent their invasion: they must be killed—at once. 'Dettol', the Modern Antiseptic, can be applied immediately. 'Dettol' is gentle and tender on human tissues, non-poisonous and non-staining to the skin—yet death to germs. Your chemist has 'Dettol'. Price, 2/-.

DETTOL THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC



RECKITT'S (OVER SEA) LTD. (PHARMACEUTICAL DEPT.), SYDNEY, N.S.W.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

September 4, 1937.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

Page One

BEAUTY AIDS *from the* KITCHEN

Some simple ways to skin loveliness that are available in your own home

IT is not always necessary to possess lots of money in order to achieve beauty of face and figure. It helps, certainly, but there are lots of women who retain their loveliness with very simple but consistent beauty regimen.

It's the consistency that does most good, no matter whether you are using the most expensive face cream or a simple aid from the kitchen cupboard.

Even such people as film stars find beauty aids in their own kitchens. On this page Cecilia Parker, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer starlet, demonstrates with the aid of the studio make-up expert her methods of retaining her youthful loveliness.



ABOVE: If you drink a glassful of fresh orange juice daily your skin will gain life and color.

RIGHT: Sweet fresh milk applied to the face with a cotton pad and allowed to dry on makes an ideal skin food. If used at least once a week it will soften and whiten the skin.



ABOVE: Grated potato wrapped in a thin cotton pad makes a splendid eye pack for relieving tired or strained eyes.



ABOVE: A slice of raw cucumber applied to the skin acts as a skin tonic and astringent, and is especially good in warm weather.

LEFT: Olive oil is excellent for relieving roughness of the skin, especially on the points of the elbows.



ICE CUBES wrapped in clean cotton and applied to the face act as a skin tonic.

PROTEX prevents!



ONLY a scratch, but look at the result—pain, expense, loss of work, and possibly the arm itself! Yet a sixpenny tablet of Protex soap could have prevented it all.

Wash all cuts, scratches and septic sores with Protex, which contains antiseptic Ti-Tree oil.

The medical profession recommends Protex.

Protex can be used on even baby's tender skin, because Protex is completely non-irritant.

Make Protex the family soap—for the bath—for the hair, to keep it bright and lustrous.

Protex is adequate and inexpensive health protection for your whole household.

11 TIMES STRONGER THAN CARBOLIC, YET NON-IRRITANT
Melaleuca Alternifolia (showing the leaf) from which Ti-Tree oil—the powerful Australian antiseptic used in Protex—is distilled.



6^D

Made by COLGATE
Makers of Quality
Soaps for 131 years.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL



RELAXING whenever possible helps to preserve beauty and poise. Here Astrid Allwyn, 20th Century-Fox player, relaxes between scenes.



Romance is the reward of a flawless skin. Generations of lovely women have entrusted their beauty to Cashmere Bouquet.

Madeline Carroll and Tyrone Power in "LLOYD OF LONDON" — 20th Century-Fox Film.

Fragrant Loveliness that lingers in the memory!



Colgate's
Cashmere Bouquet
The Aristocrat of Face Powders

Other Cashmere Bouquet Products that will appeal to you are: Toilet soap, Cleansing Cream, Tissue Cream, Foundation Cream, Lipstick, Rouge (Crème or Compact), Perfume, Talcum Powder, Dusting Powder, Brilliantine (Liquid or Solid).

LEARN to RELAX

It will give you greater beauty, more energy, and improved health. BY EVELYN..

IT relieves nervous tension, gives you better poise, and improves your mental outlook. By learning to relax you save energy and you give yourself a chance to cope with the rush and worry of modern life.

FIRST of all remember that energy is saved by lying down flat and relaxing completely from your head to your toes. Do this whenever it is possible for five to ten minutes, or even more, during the day.

The busy woman, of course, cannot do this, but she can plan her movements throughout the day, which will enable her to save an enormous amount of energy.

Here are some suggestions:

(1) The girl in the first picture is sitting in front of a table which she is going to tidy up. Her natural instinct is to rush straight into the job. That is wrong.

She should sit relaxed in front of the "problem" for a moment, palms upward, breathing deeply and quietly, sit up as she breathes in, turn her hands over and begin work.

By that time the movement problems will have sorted themselves out in her brain and she will have found an economical way of doing the job.

Practise this first with a table of papers, just as she has, and then with any job you have to do.

Let your maxim be "make a little pause first." It is a wonderful saver of energy. Remember that quiet deep breathing, the lower ribs well used, is calming, especially for those who are worried or anxious, or for stammerers.

(2) If you do much writing, learn to save energy in every word you write. Many people waste a lot of energy by gripping the pen too hard and using two sets of muscles instead of one.

When writing, hold the pen lightly and use the fingers and thumb, not the whole lower arm. Have two pens, one thicker than the other, and change when you find that your grip is too tight.

(3) Just as much energy can be wasted when typing. The elbows should hang freely by the sides. Never keep them lifted outwards.

The holding out of the elbows absorbs more energy than the rest of the typing together and may even give you neuritis in neck, shoulders, and arms.

(4) You can save energy in every movement if you can only make the arm work with the unneeded muscles relaxed. You can achieve this by the following two exercises:—

Be like a dog, relaxing the wrists, and flapping the hands. Do this for fifteen seconds before you begin your work.

Pretend you are a kitten with wet paws, hang your hands at the sides relaxed, and shake them loosely, as though you were throwing off the water.

(5) A frequent cause of overstrain is that people go on working with tired eyes. Tired eyes are one of the big causes of irritability and of indigestion. Here is the way to rest them:

Close Eyes

PUT the elbows on the table with the heels of the hands on the closed eyes and the little fingers together. Press lightly on the eyelids and then relax. Still with the eyes covered, try to imagine something black, e.g., coal in a coalhole, or a black cat in the dark. Then stroke with pressure away from the eyes and towards the ears. "Wipe the tiredness away."

You can do this as often as you like during your daily work, and it will help you to get through it more happily and efficiently. Just a few seconds will suffice.

Note.—Never look directly at the filament of a lamp or sit with one shining directly into your eyes. Use an eye-shade.

(6) A colossal amount of energy is



BEFORE going out for the evening, slip into a comfortable dressing-gown and rest for 15 minutes.

lost in wrong walking. City dwellers have forgotten the art. They bob up and down at each step, and each bob costs them so much bodily strength.

In walking to the station of a morning you are probably wasting enough energy to climb a church steeple. When you are walking, watch some fixed object, and try to walk with the minimum up and down movement. Your body weighs a hundredweight or so. Do not lift it about unnecessarily.

(7) If you must wear high-heeled shoes remember (1) they make you walk with bent knees; and (2) they will give you backache.

In any case, have a heel with an area larger than a shilling on the ground, especially if your work keeps you on your feet all day.

Never put your heels down heavily; it jars your spine and shakes your brain.

"Do's" and "Don'ts"

HERE are four "do's" and four "don'ts" for saving energy.

Don't hurry. Your breathing rate and pulse rate become out of rhythm with each other. If you must do something quickly, be sure to breathe deeply and keep your lungs in time with your heart.

Don't be cross. The physical price of crossness is immense. It stimulates certain glands to over-activity and makes the body acid, actually causing indigestion. If you feel yourself beginning to be cross or anxious, stop and take two or three deep breaths.

Don't mistake busyness for business. You will be doing bad work and thinking it good because it takes so much time. Housewives, for instance, should make it an absolute rule to do no housework after a certain time. They will do just as much and do it more easily.

Don't stoop. It is the most fatiguing of all human positions.

Do get up in time to eat a good breakfast.

Do lie down and rest for at least ten minutes before the evening meal; you will enjoy it more and digest it better.

Do relax the face consciously when you can; it helps you to relax other parts of your body.

By Our Home Decorator

ROOMS for REST, PLAY, and WORK

Specially decorated and furnished they have a mentally beneficial effect on the occupants

EVERY home should have a room to work in, a room to rest in, and a room to play in. These rooms should be entirely different in line, color scheme, and design.

These are the latest theories advanced by a psychologist, who contends that those who recognise and cater for this need will be far happier and more efficient.



DELIGHTFUL PLAYROOM decorated in navy and beige with brilliant color accents in red, yellow, and green. The room is in the home of Gladys Swartrout, Paramount.

A GOOD example of this new idea is the workroom of a doctor who is a psychopathist. His room is most stimulating and is furnished in stone, scarlet, and black.

Ceiling, floor and paintwork are all light stone, bookshelves, which line the entire walls, are black and scarlet, and tables, chairs and rugs are black.

There is more than artistic effort in this scheme. It was designed by the doctor as the ideal surroundings in which to produce good work.

Your workroom need not be large, but to be successful it must give the effect of space.

All lines in it should be straight and quite severe and with plain, shiny surfaces. Striped or spotted curtains for the windows, but no other draperies of any sort, as they are definitely relaxing to the eye, and therefore to the brain.

Allow Space

KEEP bookcases, desk, table, and any other necessary furniture to the walls, and leave the centre of the room entirely bare.

Stone is quite the most satisfactory background color to your workroom. Carry it right up and across the ceiling without any breaking of the line with picture rails.

A clear lacquer red is lovely to work with, but if you dislike red try a bright butter-yellow instead.

The best lighting for a workroom is by desk, telephone and bookshelves. There is no need for centre lighting, but the individual lighting by your desk should be very strong—100 watts shining directly on your work and below the level of your eyes.

Keep quite a lot of black in the room and use your reds and yellows in small blocks of color, such as red telephone, yellow flowers.

Many things go into the making of a restful room. Tinted ceiling, curved furniture, dull surfaces in wood and materials, diffused lighting, and at least three blending colors in the decoration scheme.

Avoid a strict color scheme, and try instead such combinations as beige,

brown, olive-green, and old gold—or pale turquoise-blue, stone, and several shades of dull amethyst. Your ceiling should be in a pale tone of the predominant color.

Have as much in the way of curtains and draperies as you like, but don't have them of highly-glazed surfaces. Thick wool curtains and dull silk cushions are good. Imagine this:

Large, low room in dull green, old gold and warm beige. Gold woollen curtains, soft green ceiling, olive-green fitted velvet carpet, mid-brown in cushions, and to mellow the picture an open fire casting moving shadows over the whole room.

No one could fail to cast off business or domestic irritations in such a room, and every home should possess at least a corner that has such an effect on the inmates.

If your carpet and chairs are plain allow yourself a running design in your curtains and cushions. If you have a dark wooden floor and patterned rugs, then keep your curtains, chairs and cushions perfectly plain.

A lot of needless irritation is set up by a room in which there are stripes, spots, roses and Oriental designs all together.

For the centre light choose an inverted shade which will throw the light up on the ceiling and diffuse it evenly all over the room, and supplement this with several table standard lamps or wall brackets.

You may have one room to play in or you may have six, but the interpretation is the same. They are the rooms in which you neither work nor sleep—the rooms in which you eat, talk, entertain, and generally enjoy life.

Suppose you only have one. Choose the largest room in your house. Then select the least draughty corner and plan that for sit-down eating and drinking. To save space have a modern rectangular table and keep it two feet out from two of the walls. Fit very comfortable seating along those two walls.

Next to the table have your side-board for drinks, glasses, and so on.

The rest of the room should be given up to comfort. Deep armchairs,



A ROOM that rests and soothes, the lounge-room in the home of Fay Wray, Columbia star. Curved furniture, dull surfaces, diffused lighting and soft three-tone color scheme are features of this room.

divan couches, footstools for the old and gaudy cushions for the young. Don't have all your chairs of similar design. Some people have long legs and some have short, so cater for the comfort of all occupants and guests.

Your color scheme must be gay without being irritating in any way. Here is a lovely one for a playroom: Navy-blue and beige.

Navy-blue felt, navy-blue and beige fleck tapestry to largest chairs, fitted cushions and long window curtains. And then a complete riot of lacquer-red, butter-yellow, olive-green in Indian rugs and plain silk cushions.

OH MUMMY
IT TASTES
Lovely!

All food cooked with Laurel's "live heat" is invariably more toothsome! The reason is that Laurel burns as a GAS—with a HOT, blue flame that is absolutely free from even the suspicion of smoke, soot, or odour. No higher quality kerosene may be had, and with food, one can never be too careful. Use Laurel for cooking and you will be using the kerosene most popular with all housewives.

LAUREL
KEROSENE
For Lighting, Heating, Cooking Cleaning

ORANGES for

They are an aid to perfect fitness and give new life to daily food.

HEALTH!

ORANGES are rich in vitamins A, B, C—containing calcium, phosphorus, and iron—and are a most valuable food for everyone.

INCLUDE an orange in your diet daily. Eat it, extract the juice and drink it, and use it in cakes, puddings, and salads.

Often described as "Nature's stored

By
RUTH FURST

Cookery Expert to The
Australian Women's
Weekly

sunlight," oranges supply all valuable minerals to build strong teeth and bones, rich blood, nerve tissue, and, in addition, help to regulate the body. Moreover, they stimulate the appetite and aid digestion.

The skin can be grated finely or flaked. The essential oil which gives the orange its special flavor is in the skin, not the pith, which is bitter and should not be used. After removing the juice from oranges, the skin can be dried in the oven, stored in airtight tins, and kept for further use.

ICED ORANGE APPETISER

Two tablespoons gelatine, 4 tablespoons cold water, 3 cups orange juice, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon or lime juice, 1 cup orange pulp.

Combine gelatine and cold water. Heat 1 cup of orange juice over hot water. Add gelatine and sugar. Stir



"I-don't-like-it," whined Patricia Ann, every single morning when Mummie brought in her regular breakfast. There were always scenes and tears while Mummie tried to force Patricia Ann to eat.



"Mrs. Smith gives Betsy Kellogg's Rice Bubbles," says Sis, aged twelve. "I'll bet 'Tricia Ann would like those. Why, Mum, they go 'SNAP!' 'CRACKLE!' and 'POP!' when the milk is poured on, and it's great fun to eat them!"



Mummie ordered some Kellogg's Rice Bubbles and now the whole family has them for breakfast. "Funny I never thought of them before," murmurs Mum. "Everybody knows rice is one of the best foods you can give children. And they're so digestible and nourishing, too — Patricia Ann and Sis have never looked or felt better!" Rice Bubbles are ready to serve from the inner sealed waxtite packet. Order some to-day!



R.7.



ORANGE juice combined with aerated waters and other flavorings makes delicious thirst-quenching drinks. Pure orange juice is recommended as a daily health drink.

ORANGE CREAM

Two tablespoons powdered gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup sugar, 3 oranges, 1 tablespoon plain flour.

Soak gelatine in cold water, add boiling water, then sugar and orange juice, blend flour with a little cold water till quite smooth. Add to other ingredients and stir on stove till it boils. Cook for two minutes to thoroughly cook the flour. Pour into a large basin and, when cool, beat well till white. Pour into wetted mould to set. When firm, turn out on to a glass dish. Serve with cream or custard.

ORANGE SANDWICH

Twelve ounces plain flour, 1½ teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 6oz. butter, 6oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 1 gill milk, grated rind large orange.

Sift flour, cream of tartar and soda. Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs, then milk, lastly sifted flour, etc. and orange rind. Bake in 2 greased sandwich tins in moderate oven 20 minutes. When cold, join together with orange vienna icing and cover with orange warm icing.

ORANGE CAKE

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, grated rind 1 orange, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 6oz. self-raising flour.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs, then rind and juice, lastly sifted flour, turn into a 6in. square cake tin. Place in moderate oven and bake from 50 to 60 minutes. Turn on to a cake cooler. When cold, ice the top with orange icing and decorate with thin strips of orange peel.

ORANGE CHEESE

Two eggs, 8oz. sugar, 4oz. butter, rind and juice 4 oranges.

Beat eggs well, add sugar, then butter and rind and juice of oranges; Mix well. Pour into a double saucepan or basin, stand in boiling water. Allow to cook slowly till thick, stirring occasionally.

ORANGE AND CELERY SALAD

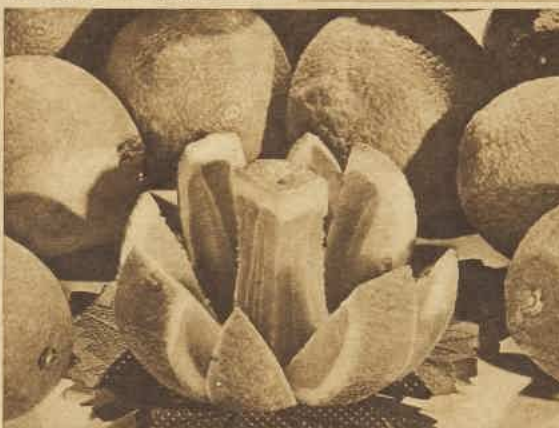
Head celery, 4 oranges, dressing, lettuce leaves.

Cut sticks of celery into half slices. Cut oranges (after peeling and removing all pith) into ½in. cubes. Moisten with dressing. Serve in a mound in a nest of lettuce leaves.

ORANGEADE

Three oranges, 1 quart boiling water, 2oz. loaf sugar (10 lumps).

Peel oranges very thinly. Rub sugar on outside of oranges till all oil is extracted. Put half rind, squeezed juice, and sugar into a jug. Pour on boiling water. Cover jug and leave till quite cold. Strain immediately through muslin or it will be bitter.



ORANGES add delightful piquancy to salads, either cut into quarters or slices, or into fancy shapes as shown above.

until dissolved. Cool. Add rest of fruit juices. Chill several hours. Stir occasionally. Add orange pieces. Serve ice-cold as first course. Garnish with mint sprigs.

ORANGE MOULD

One pint stiff lemon jelly, 4 oranges, 1 pint cream, 1oz. sugar, 1oz. gelatine, 1 gill milk.

Divide fruit into quarters and remove all white. Line sides of a plain mould with lemon jelly, set orange quarters in it, allow to stand on ice till well set. Whip cream, add sugar and any jelly that is left. Soak the gelatine in the milk, then slightly warm it and when cool add to the cream mixture. When cold, pour into the prepared mould. Place on ice until well set. Turn onto a glass dish garnished with whipped cream and chopped jelly.

ORANGE PUDDING

Half-dozen oranges, 1 pint milk, 2oz. sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 2 eggs, 1oz. sugar.

Grate rind from two or three oranges, remove all pith, and cut into very thin slices. Make custard. Blend cornflour with a little of the milk. Put remainder on to boil. When boiling, stir into cornflour, cook for three minutes. Then add sugar, grated orange, yolks of eggs, and cook for two minutes longer without boiling. Put half sliced oranges in bottom of a pie-dish, pour custard over, then cover with the remaining slices of oranges. Make a meringue of the whites of eggs and 1oz. sugar, and heap roughly over the top, showing a little of the oranges all round. Place in a cool oven to brown slightly. Serve when cold.

STEAMED ORANGE PUDDING

Two ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, grated rind of 1 orange, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 4oz.

plain flour, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda.

Cream butter and sugar, add orange rind, then gradually beaten egg, then orange juice and well-sifted flour and carbonate of soda. Pour into greased mould, cover with greased paper. Steam for 1½ hours. Remove from steamer and turn onto a hot dish. Serve with orange sauce.

Orange Sauce: 6 tablespoons water, 5 tablespoons orange juice, grated rind 1 orange, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon arrowroot.

Blend arrowroot with a little water. Place remainder of water, juice, rind and sugar on to boil. When almost boiling pour into blended arrowroot. Return to saucepan. Stir till it boils, cook for 1 minute. Pour into hot sauce-boat and serve.

ORANGE FRITTERS

Oranges, sugar, 4oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon custard powder, 1½ gills milk.

Sift flour, blend custard powder with a little milk, and when free from lumps add remainder of milk. Make well in centre of the flour, add milk, gradually making into a smooth batter. Beat well. Peel oranges and remove all pith. Cut into slices, lay on a plate and sprinkle lightly with sugar. Dip slices of orange into batter, then into boiling fat. Fry till a golden brown on both sides. Drain on kitchen paper. Serve on a paper d'oyley sprinkled with icing sugar.

ORANGE SALAD

Oranges, sugar, vinegar and oil, port wine (if liked), finely-chopped parsley.

Peel oranges and remove all pith. Cut into thin slices, keeping them in shape. Place in a glass dish. Sprinkle with sugar, vinegar or oil, and the port wine if you like. Only using a small quantity, just before serving, sprinkle with very finely-chopped parsley. To be served with roast duck or game.

MORE ENTRIES in OUR £500 Recipe Competition

Winners of Weekly Prizes in Various Sections

Competition Closes on September 8.

Enter Your Recipes Now!

The recipes below, entries in our big £500 Recipe Competition, have been selected as the best for the week and are awarded cash prizes.

YOU will also find on this page conditions of competition and entry coupons. Keep these, for no more coupons will be published after this issue as the recipe competition will close finally on September 8.

Cake Section

DOBOS GORTA (DRUM CAKE)

Take 6 eggs, separate yolks and whites. Beat yolks with 6oz. sugar, then add well-beaten whites and egg self-raising flour. Spread mixture thinly on 6 large sandwich tins (9 inches). Bake in cool oven. When done they are little thicker than wafers. Turn out on cake cooler. Meanwhile prepare a cream by beating 8oz. butter with 8oz. sugar, then in 4oz. melted chocolate and one egg-yolk. Spread this cream between layers of cake, placing layers evenly on top of the other, making a drum-shaped cake.

Take 3oz. sugar and make an ordinary caramel, boiling until it is rather dark and sets quite brittle when tried. Pour this quickly over top of cake. Have ready some finely-chopped almond and pistachio nuts. Sprinkle sides of cake with these. Leave undecorated except for polished caramel surface.

First Prize of £1 to Miss Boardman, Oldham Hill, Camden, N.S.W.

FRENCH CREAM CAKE

Beat 4 eggs and 1 cup sugar for 15 minutes, add 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder. Flavor with vanilla. Bake in sandwich tins. Cream: 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 2 tablespoons sugar. Put on fire in a saucepan until it thickens. Add a piece of butter the size of a walnut and vanilla to taste. Put each sandwich in halves, put cream between, ice top, and cover with almonds (blanched).

2/6 to Mrs. E. G. Williams, 4 Meryla St., Burwood, N.S.W.

CHOCOLATE SPONGE SANDWICH

Three-quarters of a cup flour, 1 cup sugar, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 tablespoon cocoa in 4 tablespoons hot water, 1 tablespoon butter.

Pour water on to cocoa and add butter, and let stand in warm place. Beat sugar and eggs until fluffy, add sifted flour and cream of tartar and soda, then mix in cocoa and butter. Bake in 2 sandwich tins fairly hot for 10 minutes.

Mix together with this cream—Beat of 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon butter, a few drops vanilla essence, and enough icing sugar to make a nice mass. Ice top with same mixture, and sprinkle with pink coconut.

2/6 to Mrs. H. S. Shapland, Mira, Gregory Line, Qld.

POWDER PUFFS

Two eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup cornflour, 1 dessertspoon plain flour, 1 level teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 level teaspoon carbonate of soda.

Have ready a well-beaten sheet of paper on cool slide. Place eggs and sugar in basin together, beat well. Sift dry ingredients and mix. Place sheet in tablespoon lots on the greased paper, and bake in fairly hot oven for 10 minutes. When cooked tear off paper and immediately cut out the fairly large round biscuit-cutter. Then cool rub dry icing sugar over the outside of each cake and join together with whipped cream or jam preferred. Much nicer with cream. These are very nice used for dessert or as custard poured over.

2/6 to Miss Muriel Jones, Illowa St., via Warrnambool, Vic.

Puddings and Sweets Section

BELGIAN PUFFS

Quarter-pound butter, 1 pint water, 2oz. sugar, the grated rind of 1 lemon, 1lb. flour, teaspoonful essence of vanilla, 2 eggs, teaspoon castor sugar.

Put water, butter, sugar and lemon rind into saucepan and bring slowly to boiling point, stirring constantly; then stir in enough flour to form a stiff paste, usually 1lb. is sufficient. Stir carefully until flour is cooked. Let cool slightly, then add eggs, one at a time, beating thoroughly. Then add vanilla essence and a teaspoonful of castor sugar. Shape mixture between two dessertspoons into balls, drop into boiling fat, and fry golden brown.

Drain and serve hot with a dusting of castor sugar.

2/6 to J. G. Paynton, Garden St., Hawthorn, Vic.

WAFER PANCAKES

One and a half ounces melted butter, 2oz. plain flour, 2 eggs, 1 pint milk, raspberry jam, and cream.

Beat eggs, add sifted flour, then butter, and lastly milk—a little at a time. Mix well, until batter is quite smooth. Have ready 4 well-buttered soup coupes, pour a little of the mixture into each and bake in fairly quick oven until a delicate brown (about 25 minutes). When cooked, turn out, spread with jam, fold over, and serve at once with cream.

2/6 to Mrs. J. J. Crowe, Yambuk, via Port Fairy, Vic.

Jam Section

DRIED APRICOT AND GRANA-DILLA JAM

One pound dried apricots, 2/6

THIS WEEK

CAKE RECIPES

Some really interesting cake recipes have been selected from readers' entries this week.

THERE'S a recipe for health cake, a chocolate porcupine roll, and others equally delicious.

Each week in this section our cookery experts select a popular subject from recipes sent in by readers, and a prize of 2/6 each is awarded for every recipe published.

So let us have your recipes—they may be worth cash to you.

TWIN CAKES

WINTER CAKE.—3/4oz. butter, 1/2 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 full breakfastcup plain flour, 1 full teaspoon baking powder, 3 egg-whites stiffly beaten, lemon essence, and a pinch of salt.

Beat butter, sugar and boiling water to a cream, add salt and essence. Beat flour and baking powder together, add to other ingredients, lastly folding in stiffly-beaten whites of eggs. Put mixture into 2-inch tin and bake 15 minutes. When cool, ice with white icing.

SUMMER CAKE.—3/4oz. butter, a good half cup sugar, 3 egg-yolks, 1 1/2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 full breakfastcup plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 dessertspoons milk, essence lemon, and a pinch of salt.

Mix the same as winter cake, only lastly add well-beaten yolks and milk. Bake in 2-inch tin and when cool ice with pink icing.

2/6 to Mrs. T. Thomas, No. 10 Grantham St., Kew, N.S.W.

HEALTH CAKE

Half pound honey, 1/2lb. butter, 5 eggs, 1/2lb. seeded raisins, 1/2lb. sultana, 1/2lb. currants, 1/2lb. dates, 2oz. chopped dry fruit, chopped almonds, 1oz. desiccated coconut. 2/6 cups flour (wholemeal), pinch salt, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda.

Cream honey and butter together, add eggs well beaten, add prepared fruit and nuts, lastly flour (wholemeal). Mix into a little hot water and mix well into cake. Put into well-greased large cake tin and cook in a slow oven for at least 3 hours. This cake will keep fresh indefinitely.

2/6 to Mrs. W. Himmigan, 107 Tate St., West Leederville, W.A.

GOOD FRUIT GENOA CAKE

Half pound butter, 1/2lb. sugar, 1/2lb. flour, 5 eggs, 1/2lb. sultana, 1/2lb. currants,

cups cold water, 1/2lb. sugar, 1 granadilla, juice 1 lemon.

Wash apricots, add water, and stand in a china or enamel basin and leave all night. Next day add granadilla chopped into dice (not the seeds) and cook for 15 minutes. Add sugar, cook until thick, then add the lemon juice and seeds. Leave to cool, then bottle and seal down.

2/6 to Mrs. J. T. Williams, P.O. Box 258, Balaclava, Nth. Qld.

MOUNTAIN ASH (ROWAN) JELLY.

Mountain Ash berries, apples, sugar.

Put the berries into a preserving pan with a very few apples, cover with water and boil to a pulp. Strain through a jelly bag.

Measure juice and return to preserving pan. Bring to boil, then add sugar, allowing 1lb. sugar to each pint juice. Boil 10 minutes or till it jellies when tested. Bottle and seal.

2/6 to Mrs. E. Kelly, 7 Hastings St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

Economical Dinner Section

MENU

Soup, seasoned lamb flaps, baked potatoes, carrots and parsnips, plum sago pudding and white sauce.

Soup.—Boil some soup bones, strain and add small piece onion, carrot and parsnip (minced), and flavor with pepper and salt. Boil for 1 hour. Serve with fingers dry-bread.

Roast.—Choose two lean lamb flaps and season with following: Rub stale bread through sieve, add finely-chopped onion, pepper and salt. Place this between flaps, bind with string or skewers, and bake until nicely brown and tender. Peel and halve three medium-sized potatoes, and bake them with meat. Boil carrots and parsnips until tender, and mash together with small piece butter and pepper and salt to taste. Make brown gravy.

Plum Sago Pudding.—1 cup bread-crumbs, half cup sugar, half cup self-raising flour, half cup lightly-boiled sago, two tablespoons melted butter, one cup mixed fruit, half teaspoon cinnamon, one teaspoon carb. soda dissolved in one tablespoon boiling water. Mix ingredients (except sago), well together. If not moist enough add a little milk. Add soda last. Place in greased mould and steam three hours.

White Sauce.—Put half pint milk in saucepan, sweeten to taste, let come to boil, and add one dessertspoon cornflour mixed into a smooth paste, and boil 3 minutes.

2/6 to Mrs. Buck, Gorge Rd., Trevallyn, Lameston, Tas.

You Must Use These Coupons

You MUST cut out these coupons and pin one to each entry in the £500 Recipe Competition. This is the last time they will be published.

1. BEST CAKE RECIPE

Is this your own recipe?.....
State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.
4/9/37.

2. ECONOMICAL DINNER RECIPE

Is this your own recipe?.....
State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.
4/9/37.

3. PUDDINGS AND SWEETS

Is this your own recipe?.....
State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.
4/9/37.

4. JAM, JELLY, PRESERVED FRUITS

Is this your own recipe?.....
State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.
4/9/37.

REMEMBER—Your full name and address must be written on each recipe. Address entries: £500 Recipe Competition, The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address is at top of Page 3.

£500 for RECIPES

ONLY those entries which are submitted according to the rules are eligible.

Readers may send in as many recipes as they like, but each must be accompanied by one of the coupons printed on this page.

There is no objection to readers submitting, for example, two or more cake recipes, but a No. 1 coupon must be attached to each extra entry. The same procedure applies to extra entries in other sections.

Entries submitted are eligible for the weekly prizes of £1 and 2/6 that will be awarded until the £500 competition closes.

Write your recipe or letter clearly on one side of the paper only, in ink or typed. Not in pencil.

Sign name and address CLEARLY on each recipe.

Give exact weight or measurements

in level cups, tablespoons, and teaspoons; not rounding, heaping, or scant measurements.

List ingredients accurately in the order in which they are used. Directions must be clear, complete, and concise.

If recipes are taken from books or current magazines and newspapers, please make this clear, giving name of publication.

Points will be awarded for recipes which are original, practical and economical.

The decision of the Editor will be final. No entries will be returned and no correspondence can be entered into concerning recipes.

All recipes submitted become the property of The Australian Women's Weekly, which reserves the right to print or publish any of them on payment of 2/6 per recipe.



M...m...m... I do Like this Rosella Jam, Mum



MIRA PLUM jam

It is good for the children, and how they love it. Rosella Mira Plum—made from a special blend of choice dark plums and purest cane sugar. So delicious, so healthful, and packed in hygienic gold lined cans.

Other Rosella Favorites include—Solus Apricot, Orange Marmalade, Raspberry, Black Currant, Quince Jelly.

FREE Rosella Recipe Book—send 200 exclusive recipes. Write Rosella Co., Dept. M.M., Richmond, Vic.

Rosella

PURE FOOD PRODUCTS

CAUTION!

Is he being starved of
'PROTECTIVE FOODS'?

His diet may
lack important
elements



Is your son unable to put up any resistance against colds, flu and other ailments. Does he look "poorly" against other boys of his own age?

So many boys are like that. Their parents are unaware that the real trouble is an insufficiency of what the doctors call 'Protective' Foods.

What are
'Protective' Foods

They are those rich in vitamins and minerals; they are the foundation

of good health and sound physique in later life. Without them children fail to make sturdy growth. You can assure your children a regular supply of 'Protective' Foods by giving them Bourn-vita regularly.

Bourn-vita is a delicious food-drink made from malt, full-cream milk, eggs and chocolate. Those ingredients provide Vitamins A, B, and D, and the minerals calcium, phosphorus and iron — 'protective' foods essential for a child's proper development. So start your children to-night on Bourn-vita and watch their health and vitality improve.

GIVE HIM CADBURY'S

BOURN-VITA

THE 'PROTECTIVE' FOOD

VELT

GRACE BRADLEY
Permanent Plait



"DAMP-SET"

your wave

It works on hair of any texture . . . On any wave, natural or permanent . . . and takes but four minutes! It's the marvellous new way to "damp-set" your hair in deep, firm, sparkling waves or curls — and save many shillings, and many hours of time.

And it's so easy! All you need is brush, comb, and an ounce of VELMOL. (A bottle is only 2/- at any chemist or toilet counter.)

"Damp-setting" keeps hair fastidiously fresh . . . keeps waves so firm and neat . . . yet never "stiff" or "greasy." Holds finger-wave for days. Makes a "perm" last a lot longer.

JUST THREE STEPS:

- (1) Run wet comb through hair till damp (not wet).
- (2) Brush Velmol through hair.
- (3) Then simply arrange hair, as you wish, with fingers and comb. In four minutes your wave is revived — set.

Perfect! Use VELMOL before setting hair in pins overnight!



DOCTOR SAYS We Have Worst COOKS

Women Divided On Merits of His Outspoken Criticism

Australia's cooks have been attacked on their own ground.

Dr. C. N. Atkins, Hobart's health officer, told delegates to the Maternal and Child Welfare Conference in Hobart that "we have the worst cooks in the world."

"It is idle to say that our food has anything to do with it," he said. "We have the best food in the world—but the worst cooks."

Dr. Atkins, since his Hobart lecture, has been in Adelaide attending the Australian Medical Congress. He certainly looks as though he has suffered little at the hands of bad cooks. He is the picture of robust health.

He defended his statement that Australians are the worst cooks in the world with an excellent reason, for, he says, Australians are in a country abounding with good food, and yet they throw away the most nourishing parts of it.

He instanced kidneys, sweetbreads, lamb's heads, peelings of potatoes, pigs' trotters, and the water in which vegetables have been boiled.

"Household scraps often contain the best part of food," he said, "and Australians will not be good cooks until they realise the value of what they are at present throwing away."

"Australia has the best food, but the worst cooks."

"Modern housekeeping is too much paper bag and frying pan. All the best parts of food are thrown away, and mineral salts are carefully boiled out of vegetables and thrown down the sink."

"The nourishment of potatoes is in the skin, and this is peeled off."

"Not nearly enough use is made of the nourishing small parts of meat, but modern families go to the chemist and buy these essentials in tablet form often at 22/6 a bottle."

"The French cook eggs in 27 different ways. We throw them into a pot of boiling water and wait until they are hard."

"How many houses have a stock pot always going, in which the last bit of nourishment is extracted from the bones and joints of meat?"

"Modern ways and ignorance are the trouble, not lack of beautiful foods in Australia."

His remarks drew exclamations of surprise and dissent from his hearers, but no one actually took the doctor to task over the statement.

Later, when Mrs. Edith Waterworth,

O.B.E., who convened and presided at the Hobart conference, was asked by an Australian Women's Weekly representative how she viewed Dr. Atkins' statement, she replied:

"I agree with him. Australian women do not give the time and interest they should to cooking, with the result that much good food is spoiled and robbed of its full nutritiousness before it reaches the table."

"When you visit America and observe the scientific method applied to cookery you must realise that Australian cooks are very careless."

Mrs. J. A. Von Alwyn, who represented the Bush Nursing Association at the Conference, and has travelled extensively, did not concur with the Health Officer's opinion.

"The average cooking in Australia is far above that of other countries, with the exception of America," she said.

"In America their methods are far above ours, I think, and they have a far better knowledge of food values."

"The plainly cooked food which is served in the average Australian home is far superior to that served in many countries."

In Bad Hands

MRS. A. E. V. RICHARDSON, the much-travelled wife of Dr. Richardson, of Waite Agricultural Research Institute, with whom she does much entertaining, said she thought Dr. Atkins must have fallen into very bad hands.

"No matter where you go," she said, "you strike good and bad cooking, and it is the same in Australia as elsewhere."

"One tip that Frenchwomen can give Australians is the use of plenty of butter and to cook everything in butter instead of coarser fats."

"No matter how frugal the French housewife is in everything else, she always observes this rule."

"Travelling in America, France, and other countries I have tasted food that was delicious, and some I did not like at all, but Australian cooking compares favorably with that of the rest of the world."

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

By a Doctor

PATIENT: Is it possible to prevent colds?

AT this time of the year my mail is heavy with letters requesting advice about how to fight a cold. It is natural to desire an escape from this common but disagreeable illness. Proper diet is a vital factor in checking and curing this ailment.

A cold is the name given an infection caused by some sort of germ or bacteria. These agents of illness are always about us, but they make their most successful attacks during cold weather. For this reason

it is wise to use every sensible means of guarding the health in winter time.

After an epidemic of colds starts, it is difficult to stop it. The disease spreads rapidly, reaching almost every member of a given group. It may astonish you to learn that the common cold causes a greater loss of money because of absence from employment than any other ailment.

We all know that nourishing and wholesome food is necessary for good health and long life. Some of us know that certain foods are helpful in the cure of some diseases. But it is only within recent years that we learned about vitamin A and its helpfulness in the prevention and cure of colds.

Of course, vitamin A is not a cure for every cold. But it has been tested and successfully used in many cases. This vitamin appears to increase the resistance to bacterial infections of the ears, eyes, nose and the breathing organs.

Vitamin A is found in abundant quantities in cod liver oil, halibut oil and their various preparations. For one who is subject to colds to include one of these in the diet may prove remarkably beneficial. Such medication is now regarded as an absolute necessity in guarding the welfare of the infant and growing child.

This vitamin is found not only in the oils mentioned, but in many foods. It is contained in milk, butter, cream, cheese, carrots, tomatoes, leafy vegetables, bananas, apricots and liver.

The place of the proper diet in the prevention and cure of illness must not be overlooked. It should be kept in mind in the improvement of your own health and that of the family.



Happy Mother and Child

A happy and contented Baby means a happy mother—but a tearful, suffering little bit of humanity causes mother so much worry and anxiety that she looks forward to her Baby's teething period with fears and forebodings.

Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders are wonderful in their results—they check stomach disorders—relieve pain—and afford easy teething and restful nights to the advantage of child and parent alike.

They can be used with the utmost confidence as they are perfectly harmless and have been administered to children of Royal Families throughout the world.

Ask for ASHTON & PARSONS' Infants' Powders—You cannot obtain better—They are perfectly harmless.

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

20 Powders 1/6 at chemists and stores. For free sample write to Phosferine (Ashton & Parsons) Ltd., 131 Palmer Street, Sydney.

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salts
seasons
thickens
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ALL DINNERS

Lesson in DOMESTIC ECONOMY

When you learn this "GRAVOX" lesson, you'll have rich brown gravies for all dinners INSTANTLY.



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The Ideal GRAY MAKER

MADE BY
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Send 1d. Stamp Postage for FREE SAMPLE

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"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.



Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet.

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REDUCE SAFELY
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FORD'S
CORPOREAL CAPSULES.

A Kensington lady writes:—"I have reduced from 11 stone to 8 stone 2lbs." This is a scientifically correct treatment, endorsed by leading doctors. No dieting or exercising. Three weeks' treatment, 5/6; six weeks, 10/- at all chemists, or post free from NOLAN, P. FORD, M.F.S. (Incl. Post), Chemist, 417 King Street, Newcastle, Tel. 13115.

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... Introducing Some EXQUISITE New FLOWERS

Beautiful your garden this summer with these rare specimens . . . for their colors, lavender, kingfisher, and lilac-blue, are unusually lovely

—Says THE OLD GARDENER

EACH year brings with it some lovely new flower. Last year the Old Gardener introduced to gardening enthusiasts many new novelties, and this year he has some more rare specimens to tell you about.

You may not be able to pronounce names like *Heteropappus Hispidus*, *Felicia Bergeriana*, and *Taboka Daisy*, but you can grow these exquisite new flowers with ease, so why not include these gems in your garden this summer?

These new flowers promise to be very popular this year, especially as their exquisite colorings in various shades of blue—lavender, azure, kingfisher and lilac blue—suggest interesting possibilities for unusual and beautiful color schemes.

You do not need a large garden to grow not only the new flowers, but the many lovely standard varieties. Decide to have a gay garden this summer. Begin now, even if you have only a tiny plot or merely a window-box garden.

Growing new varieties is especially interesting. There's something fascinating in watching a new strange flower unfolding and beautifying your garden.

Keen gardeners are always on the lookout for something new in the way of lovely blooms, and it certainly



TWO new flowers. Above: *Heteropappus* (blue daisy), which has lavender to azure-blue petals and yellow centre. Left: *Taboka Daisy*, which has pointed lilac-blue petals and grows on a compact bush with fern-like foliage.



gives the work of home gardening more zest.

Heteropappus Hispidus is one of the finest blue flowers of later introductions, and is a late summer and early autumn bloomer. The plants grow one and a half to two feet high, and are completely covered with masses of marguerite-like flowers in a beautiful shade of blue. They measure from one to one and a half inches across, and resemble the hardy autumn aster.

The color of the beautiful lavender-blue to azure-blue petals is accentuated by the bright yellow central disc. The flowers last well when cut, and are splendid for indoor decoration.

The plants are symmetrical in growth, the leaves being produced in rosettes from which arise the much-branched, wiry stems.

Felicia Bergeriana is the kingfisher daisy. This flower makes a splendid edging or border plant, and also is

sent a desirable combination as a cut flower. The plants grow about 20 inches tall, and can be highly recommended for any garden.

And while we are on summer gardening—here is a new tool for the garden which gardeners will welcome. It is a new hoe which is made with a flat surface with a double cutting edge, has a long handle, and does away with that back-breaking stooping. You just simply work the hoe backwards and forwards, and it cuts all weeds and leaves the soil in a splendid broken-up condition similar to the rotary hoe. It is also very light to use.

The plants are symmetrical in growth, the leaves being produced in rosettes from which arise the much-branched, wiry stems.

Felicia Bergeriana is the kingfisher daisy. This flower makes a splendid edging or border plant, and also is

Keeping Flowers Fresh

To get the best from your flowers they should be cut early in the morning or late in the day. A sharp knife is preferred to a pair of shears or scissors for cutting purposes.

The stems should then be plunged deeply in water up to the base of the flower, and any arrangement postponed until after the stems have been completely filled with water. Remember that narrow-necked vases shorten their life. Water should be changed daily, and ends clipped.

Stems of poppies should be immersed in boiling water for a minute immediately they are brought from the garden, and then plunged into cold water.

most attractive in the rockery. It is of low, compact growth, with dainty flowers of a kingfisher-blue, is hardy, and easily grown.

The *Taboka Daisy* is a bushy and fairly compact plant with splendid fern-like foliage. Each twig of the much-branched stem bears a terminal flower head which has the appearance of a hardy aster, but about the size of a daisy.

As the flower heads open, the bracts tend to become incurved and form a base similar to that of the thistle. The flowers are more than an inch in length, and the head is from two to three inches in diameter.

The narrow pointed lilac-blue petals of the flowers harmonise beautifully with the deep golden yellow of the central discs.

The *Taboka Daisy* is as easily grown as the aster. It comes into bloom early in the season, and continues flowering all through the summer.

The long, slender stems, with their delicately pinnated greyish-green leaves and lilac-blue flower heads with bright yellow centres, also pre-

FASHION ACCLAIMS THE CHIC OF CUTEX SMOKY SHADES



Soft, glowing colours that flatter your hands. Ask your favourite shop to show you the new soft "Smoky" shades that are especially flattering. Old Rose, Mauve, Rust, Robin Red. Remember that Cutex has a wonderful new polish that applies easier . . . wears longer . . . resists thickening in the bottle.

Send 9d in stamps for Cutex trial kit containing all the materials necessary for a complete manicure.

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NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. TW11
379 Kent Street, Sydney, N. S. W.

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Asthma Cause Killed in 24 Hours

Thanks to the discovery of an American physician, it is now possible to get rid of those terrible spells of choking, gasping, coughing, and wheezing asthma by killing the true cause which is Germs in the blood. No more burning of powders, no more hypodermic injections. This new discovery, Mendaco, starts to work in 3 minutes, killing the Germ cause of Asthma, thus refreshing the blood and restoring vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and work and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours, and to stop your Asthma completely in 8 days, or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day. Refuse a substitute. The guarantee protects you.

Piles Disappear

No Cutting or Salves Needed. External treatments seldom banish piles.

Nor does cutting remove the cause. The cause is inside—bad circulation. The blood is stagnant, the veins faulty.

The bowel walls are weak, the parts almost dead. To quickly and safely rid yourself of piles you must free the circulation—and a fresh current through stagnant pools. Internal treatment is the one safe method. Ointments and cutting won't do it.

J. S. Leonard, M.D., a specialist, set at work some years ago to find a real internal remedy for piles. He succeeded. He named his prescription Vancoid, and tried it in 1,000 cases before he was satisfied. Now Vancoid is sold by chemists everywhere, under guarantee. It is a harmless tablet, easy to take, and the makers will gladly refund the purchase price to any dissatisfied customer.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Uplift 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements become difficult and constipated and your food decays unhealthily in your 20 feet of bowels. This decay sends poisons all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything. Your friends notice this unpleasantness and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes—regular size 1 1/2, household size 1/2. Refuse a substitute.

Printed and Published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

FIRST HE FINDS THE CHARCOAL.
THEN HE FINDS THE TAR



OH, HE LOOKS SO DIRTY!
WILL HE GET THE STICK?



THINKS HE IS AL. JOLSON,
THINKS HE IS A STAR



NO! BEFORE MUM SEES HIM
SOLVOL DOES THE TRICK.



LITTLE HANDS, YOU'VE HAD A BUSY DAY . . .
LITTLE KNEES, TOO—BUT SOLVOL WILL SET YOU
RIGHT! NO TEDIOUS SCRUBBING . . . JUST GIVE
SOLVOL 30 SECONDS WITH GRUBBY HANDS AND
KNEES, AND HEY PRESTO! SOLVOL'S, PENETRATING
LATHER HAS THEM CLEAN AND BRIGHT AS NEW
PENNIES. AND IT'S AS KIND TO YOUTHFUL SKIN
AS A FINE TOILET SOAP. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.



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To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) The box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern enclose 3d. stamp.



WW1817.—Simple, cleverly-stitched afternoon frock. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3 5-8 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WW1818.—Short puff sleeves, pockets, and new neckline combine to make this attractive afternoon frock. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 3-8 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WW1819.—Very dainty and charming is this girl's frock. Sizes, 4-10 years. Material required: 11 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

WW1820.—Showing the new Old World street mode. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Bodice with buttons fits snugly to the figure. Material required: 31 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



WW1821.—Peter collar, tucked shoulders, treatment, and a fitting skirt make a smart ensemble. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3 3-4 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WW1822.—Dress for afternoon. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 1-8 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WW1823.—Crêpe satin is a choice for this charming dress. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 7-8 yards, 36 inches wide, and 5-8 yard trimming. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WW1824.—Back skirt and slim-fitting bodice line mould to an exquisite evening gown. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3 3-8 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

CHARMING SPRING FROCKS

OUR three-in-one concession pattern this week provides for the three delightful spring styles shown at left. Pattern is cut in three sizes, 32, 34, 36-inch bust, and each pattern in each one size costs 3d, post free.

To obtain, fill in coupon below and forward with 3d. stamp to our offices.

Material required (36 inches wide): For No. 1—31 yards. For No. 2—31 yards. For No. 3—31 yards and 1 yard contrast.

CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at left, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Patterns Department," to the address of the following address. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE.—Box 3884, G.P.O.

BRISBANE.—Box 4009, G.P.O.

MELBOURNE.—Box 185, G.P.O.

NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.

PERTH.—Box 4010, G.P.O.

SYDNEY.—Box 42097, G.P.O.

If calling, 108 Castlereagh St.

TASMANIA.—Write to Melbourne Office, address above.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

State

Size

Patterns Coupon, 4/9/37.



Patterns
Cost 3d.

DESIGNED FOR *Your* TROUSSEAU Needlework Notions

*Fragile loveliness
in an exquisite lingerie set
adorned with Gardenias.*

THE set includes a nightdress, a jacket, and dressing-gown—three delightful garments that are ideal for adding to the trousseau or the holiday wardrobe.



WORKED with a beautiful gardenia design, this three-piece set, night-dress, dressing-gown, and jacket, is just the thing for the glory-box or the spring wardrobe.

HAND-CUT paper patterns of each garment together with transfer of the lovely gardenia design are obtainable from our Needlework Department.

Here is a new idea in trousseau sets—three matching pieces, nightdress, dressing-gown and jacket. Each garment is cut on simple but most attractive lines, and the exquisite gardenia design (this is the single gardenia, by the way, a bloom which lends itself perfectly to beautiful stitchery) is one of the loveliest imaginable for adorning lingerie.

The prices of the paper patterns and transfer are:

Pattern cut in sizes 32 to 40-inch bust, 1/1 each, or for set of three, 2/6, post free.

Complete set of three garments with transfer, 4/-.

Transfer purchased separately, 1/6.

This transfer is 20 by 30 inches in size, and gives enough design for two necks and over two yards of bordering the clusters of flowers being so distinct that they may be cut apart and spread out as scattered groups if preferred that way.

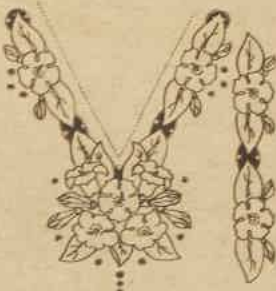
Instructions

COMPLETE instructions for cutting and making the garments are forwarded with the paper patterns.

Materials suitable would be washing silk and satin, also sheer linen, cambric, or mull muslin for the nightdress. Satin is probably the most suitable for the dressing-gown and jacket.

To work design. The flowers of the single gardenia are a rich soft cream, the petals being thick in texture so that they are strong and firm. The leaves are dark glossy green.

Suitable colors for the materials on which the design is to be worked are cream, white, pale green, pale blue,



PORTION of the transfer of the gardenia design. The flower is the fragrant single gardenia which is ideal for embroidery work.

pale yellow and salmon shades of pink. The whole of the work may be stitched in one color, either white, or cream or green used for the leaves to give a realistic effect.

Buttonholing over one or two running threads will express the design of these flowers admirably. Particular care should be given to the petal points to keep them sharp and pointed. A touch of satin-stitch will finish the centres. Where the bud-tips show double lines, satin-stitch these places, and taper away into fine lines to the base.

Little bits of stem and calyx which support the buds can be satined-in with green. The leaves can be buttonholed or satined all round.

Small pieces of outwork may be omitted or worked over one thread. Eyelets are open or satin-stitched spots.

Simple outlining will express the design very sweetly for those who have little time.

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GAY stitching on organdie—could anything be more charming for your bedroom? This set consists of three pieces, a centre mat measuring 12 by 18 inches and two small mats size 9 x 9 inches.

The mats, which can be obtained from our Needlework Department, are stamped ready for working with an exciting new oak leaf and berry design, while the edges are spoke-stitched ready for crochet.

The prices of the sets are:

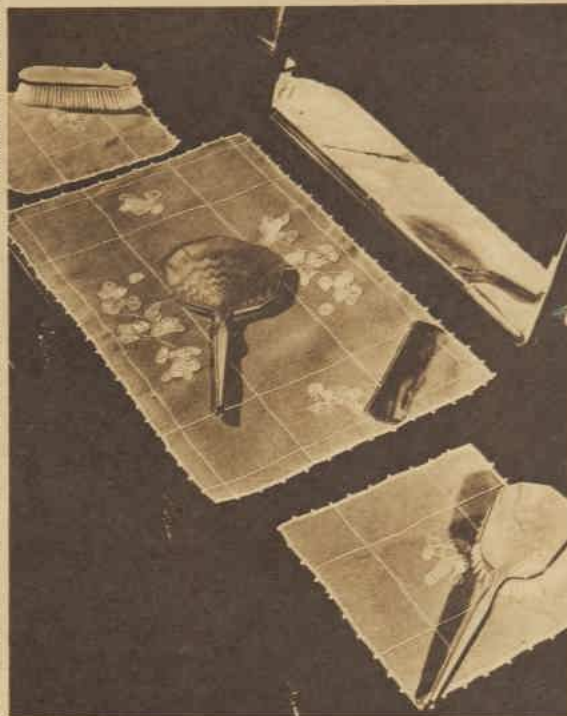
In white, green, or yellow organdie, 2/5 set.

In white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green linen, 2/9 set.

For working the design you will need the following materials:

1 skein each Anchor stranded cotton F.543 (salmon pink), F.793 (dark oak leaf), 2 skeins each Anchor stranded cotton F.542 (light salmon pink), F.791 (oak leaf), and crewel needle No. 6.

The stitches used for the embroidery are stem, split and button-hole. Stem-stitch the lines on the mats, and work the oak leaves in split-stitch.



THE LOVELY three-piece dressing-table set in organdie. It is embroidered with a pretty leaf-and-berry design, and the edges are finished with crochet.

Finish the edges with a narrow crochet edging.

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LINGERIE...GLOVES...HOSIERY

THE MOVIE WORLD

September 4, 1937.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

Calling Australia!

Moviedom News As It Happens

By JOHN B. DAVIES and JUDY BAILEY

from Hollywood & London

Marital Disaster

JUST another Hollywood romance proves to be the much-feted marriage of beautiful blonde June Lang to the dark and dashing Victor Orsatti, successful writer's agent. Their wedding of only two months ago was the high spot of the film colony's social season. Even

Stork Arrives For Margaret Sullivan

• Margaret Sullivan is the mother of a six-pound baby girl, born in Hollywood. All is well with the young actress and her child.

Margaret was forced to leave the New York play, "Stage Door," several months ago. She and her proud husband, Leland Hayward, have tentatively named the infant "Brooke."

Jeannette MacDonald's spectacular church affair did not exceed June's in lavishness and elaborate formality.

Now that the "Blonde Venus" of the screen has decided to part company with Orsatti, it is recalled that June had delayed the wedding for a considerable time because of a sudden illness. But when it finally took place, with thousands of fans cheering their good wishes, the union seemed to be one of the most promising in recent film history.

They spent a month honeymooning in Hawaii, and only a few days after their return to Hollywood June had her studio, 20th Century-Fox, make the announcement that she was separating from her husband. No explanation was made.

Orsatti, however, has this to say:

"June is a wonderful girl. We are very much in love, but we could not make a go of it under existing conditions."

What's in a Name?

HOLLYWOOD actors and actresses are incensed at the suggestion of a State Legislator that they use their real names in their work.

W. C. Fields puts the case very well. His real name is William Claude Dunkinfield:

"A Fields by any other name wouldn't smell so sweet," says Bill. "How many of my little chickadees could pronounce William Claude Dunkinfield—let alone remember it?"

Another victim of such a ruling would be that glamor girl, Claudette Colbert, who would have to flaunt her real name of Lily Chauchain.

"If I used my real name," says Claudette, "the fans wouldn't know whether to pronounce it 'Shirton' or 'Natsoff.' Besides, there's plenty of money invested in my film name."



Romance and Intrigue

• ANNABELLA, Gaumont-British's charming French star, will be seen next in "Under the Red Robe." She is seen in costume (top left). Bottom left, she is with Conrad Veidt. Laurence Grant (right) is cast as Father Joseph, "His Grey Eminence," and above is a scene from the film.

Fickle Tyrone

SONJA HENIE is out of Hollywood for only a week or so, and Tyrone Power is busy calling on little Janet Gaynor's beach house every other day. Can it be that the young man has had a change of heart?

If so, it comes as a surprise to all who saw him with the little ballerina of the ice. They certainly were a pair of cooing turtle doves.

Remember Esme?

ESME CANNON, who toured in Australia with Pauline Frederick and Renee Kelly and hails from Sydney, came to London three or four years ago, and found that her less-than-five-feet was against her.

One night at a party where Clifford Mollison was one of the guests, she put on a funny act. Result, Mollison put her into "All Rights Reserved."

She was so successful that she got a part in "Love From a Stranger," and now Fox Films have signed her up. She will return to Australia when British Films give her a rest, which is not yet, for she has at least six more pictures to do.

Beauty means Romance

no romance without a lovely skin...

Elizabeth Allan, lovely K.S.O. Radio star.



The Beauty of a fine smooth skin, and glowing, radiant complexion is now and then a matter of nature, but only one woman in thousands can do without proper methods of Beauty Culture. 'Velvet Skin' Face Powder gives to the skin a marvellous, living radiance—a transparently smooth, freshness that has no hint of artificiality. 'Velvet Skin' is VITALLY DIFFERENT in the results it gives. It effectively protects the skin against the harsh effects of country sun and wind—and city dust and grime—it positively ensures the velvet skin of YOUTH!

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face powder
for radiant loveliness!

MOSS-GATHERERS Of HOLLYWOOD

Studio Free-lances

By
GRACE
ARMOUR

★ From
Hollywood

THEY may be Hollywood's rolling-stones—but they gather plenty of moss. Ask Fredric March. Ask Edward Arnold. Ask Ronald Colman, Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett, and Lee Tracy — and, oh, well, dozens and dozens of others. All of them are rolling-stones between the studios, and moss just naturally sticks to them because they do roll.

Moss, of course, is money in the movies. And adages, like so many other things, are cock-eyed when applied to Hollywood.

ROLLING from studio to studio and gathering moss from all of them, instead of only one, is becoming the ultimate in motion picture art. Only two classes of the movie-monde attempt it—those not yet big enough to rate a "long term" contract at any particular studio, and those who are too big to accept one.

Of the former there are legion, beginning with the lowliest pebble on the movie beach, the five-dollar a day extra, who collects when he can—about once in a cobalt moon, according to late statistics. Of the latter there is a growing roster of famous names, who find it both more leisurely and more lucrative to control their own destinies from picture to picture.

Piece Work

THEY work by the picture only—or at most, sign for two at a time. And the moss they gather makes the President's salary look like a Scotch contribution to the heathen.

Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Norma Talmadge, Douglas Fairbanks, sen., Charlie Chaplin and other million-carat Big Shots "rolled" from other people's studios into their own years ago.

But even the biggest players are chary about producing for themselves now. Still, they want to be captains of their own souls, and choose their own pictures and their own salaries—so like "Ol' Man River" they just go "rolling along" from studio to studio, evading those "long-term" contracts that hobble the player within easiest reach of the producers.

Such contracts are "long term"—usually five years—with the players only. With the studios, they are good for exactly six months. Twice a year "options" fall due, at which time the producer can either renew the contract for another six months, or tear it up as he pleases.

The Option System

MOST of the contracts are written that way now, although in a few of them the options may be exercised only once a year, instead of twice. But the player doesn't have any option at all. And even with the options, the studio can lay off the player without pay for ten weeks.

Thus, a "long-term" contract, reduced to the minimum, means just sixteen weeks' salary for the player—if the studio happens to feel that way about it. For the studio, it means five years—if so desired. So, many of the players are beginning to feel that they would just as soon choose not only their own pictures and their own salaries, but their own "rests."

Edward Arnold "rolled" from "Whistling in the Dark" on the New York stage to the picture colony, and has steadfastly declined to sign long-



★ ABOVE: Barbara Stanwyck, now under contract to R.K.O. This star found it good business to build up her reputation by a quick and profitable tour of several studios before settling down.

★ LEFT: Irene Dunne. Irene is a congenial "traveller." Any studio suits her, so long as the money is right. Her next film is "Joy of Living," for R.K.O.



★ CHARLES BOYER, a cosmopolitan free-lance, Hollywood to Paris and back is his schedule.

Charles Boyer—than whom as a moss-gatherer there is none more so, even in the movie sphere — rolls around with almost acrobatic celerity. Once a year he goes to pick up a few shekels and renew his accent in his beloved Paris, and between his pictures for Walter Wagner, he rolls to whichever Hollywood studio shows enough moss to make the pastures look sufficiently green.

Two-picture contracts are becoming more and more the vogue in Hollywood. Irene Dunne has just negotiated such a contract with R.K.O., for whom she will make "The Joy of Living," and one other film. With Universal's "Show Boat," Columbia's "Theodora," and Paramount's "High, Wide and Handsome" just behind her, and further commitments with Paramount and Columbia ahead, it will be seen that Irene is finding the role of rolling stone more than lucrative.

A little while ago, players deliberately sought contracts as long as prison sentences to get themselves "set." The contract player in those days was the aristocrat of the industry, with free-lances looked upon somewhat like fertiliser kings on the fringes of society. Nowadays all that is changed, and it's the free-lance featured lead who rules the roost and gets the money.

One of their latest moves is to sign

for a flat sum per picture, with a time limit upon their services and a penalty clause after that. That's the sort of contract that was negotiated by Marlene Dietrich when she went to England to make "Knights Without Armor," and delays in shooting due to the illness of Robert Donat were responsible for Marlene finishing up the picture a cool £90,000 to the good.

Not only players and directors, but also writers and executives are discovering that two or three good pictures a year produce both more income and more leisure than the old long-term contracts at so much a week.

They, too, are beginning to quote flat prices by the picture, instead of salaries, which, paradoxical as it seems, is both cheaper for the studios and more profitable for the workers.

Studios, Too

AND then—the studios are doing it themselves. Stars under contract are rolling around just as much as the free-lances, with the difference that in these cases the producers gather the moss. Barbara Stanwyck, under contract to R.K.O., has been working in quick succession on the Fox, Paramount, and United Artists lots; Paul Muni, under contract to Warner Bros., has made "The Woman I Love" for R.K.O., and "The Good Earth" for M.G.M.; Victor McLaglen, who belongs to Fox, works far more on other lots than on his own; and so on.

Ann Sothern, Cary Grant, Ida Lupino, Elizabeth Allan, John Boles, Miriam Hopkins, and Carole Lombard are only a few of the luminaries "rolling" from studio to studio, although under contract to only one.

So adages about rolling stones don't mean much to Hollywood these days. Somehow, the moss means a lot more.

term contracts. Since coming to Hollywood he has gone from studio to studio, collecting the choicest character parts and the fattest salaries. To-day he is one of the highest-paid stars in the business.

There has been much speculation as to why Janet Gaynor finally left 20th Century-Fox. The pet star of the former regime, she didn't continue with Darryl Zanuck for long.

Here is the truth; Janet was offered a new contract. She had no misunderstanding with her new head. Among the roles suggested for her

was the lead Barbara Stanwyck did in "Banjo on My Knee." But Janet was tired of waifs, so she decided against that part. And finally left the lot, not eased out nor in a huff, but because she believed it would be the smartest move.

She has fitted into schedules for a long time. She doesn't want to be confined to regulation programmes any more. Her success in her first free-lance film, "A Star is Born," would suggest that Janet did well to join the rapidly-increasing company of rolling stones.

SEA TALE In the MAKING

Story of the
Colorful '40's

By JULIE DESPOINTES

ON an April morning, just four years short of a century ago, the sea gave up a tale that was to fill newspaper columns on two continents, bring a man before a solemn tribunal of his peers, and start one of the most gripping human controversies of its decade.

It was that story which inspired "Souls At Sea," most important production on Paramount's schedule.

BUT the story is more than a sea yarn. It is a romance of human experience, of adventure, conflict and courtship on both sea and land in the colorful world of the '40's.

Slavers, statesmen, burghers, aristocrats, British naval officers, thieves and lovers are the people of the saga; its major thread, the romance of a genteel English girl and a lean Yankee skipper. Out of such material might Stevenson or Dumas have written an immortal movie.

Fine Cast

THE picture co-stars Gary Cooper and George Raft at the head of a cast mustering more well-known players than Hollywood has seen in one production in years. In preparation for three months before a camera turned, "Souls at Sea" was given a major shooting schedule of 60 days' minimum.

To film deep-water scenes, a company of 330 went on location twice to the Catalina Isthmus, each time for a week, living on the island and putting out to sea before dawn each morning for the day's work.

Originally the schedule called for a full month at sea, but this was cut down by using two camera units at the same time. Director Henry Hathaway commanded one unit, filming scenes with the principals, while the second unit filmed long shots and scenes with the extras and bit players under direction of Richard Talmadge.

On the first marine location, the barque, *Star of Finland*, and the schooner, *Lottie Carson*, were used. Then both ships were towed back to the mainland, and, with three others, were used in the Liverpool dock scene at Los Angeles harbor, where the company spent five days. The *Finland*, berigged as a clipper ship and painted white, was taken on the second location alone.

The next location was at the Paramount Ranch in the hills about 30 miles north of Hollywood, where a week was spent filming a

Liverpool street scene. In the meantime, Talmadge had turned his second unit into a flying squad, and was parked on the weather man's doorstep praying for a forecast of clouds and a rough sea. He had to wait for weeks, but when finally the forecast came one day at 4 a.m., he got his unit together in half an hour and raced for the harbor and the *Star of Finland*.

They got out to sea and waited in vain for rough water, though the clouds were even better than had been expected. Rather than return to the studio Talmadge decided to continue his waiting right aboard the ship. He and his unit cruised about the Pacific for three days until at last the desired conditions arrived and action scenes were taken.

With most of its principal scenes laid on shipboard, "Souls at Sea" is not the type of picture that would normally require crowds of people commensurate with its magnitude; yet in some of its sequences as many as 500 extras were used. That number thronged the huge and picturesque Liverpool street set for the fire scene; a crowd the same size was used on the dock set, and 300 were used in the courtroom scene. About 100 were cast as sailors and passengers aboard ship.

In the last case careful "type" casting came into play. Those cast as slavers were hand-picked from a small army of applicants, all of them picturesque types; and the same care was taken in selecting extras for the cargo of British immigrants.



GALLERY OF STARS

Spencer Tracy

Starring in M.-G.-M.'s "Captains Courageous"

time; secondly, because it teams with Ralph Rainger, his direct antithesis in musical achievement.

Schoenberg, a 62-year-old classicist, who has been studiously avoiding the movies for years, is best known for his uncompromising "Verklärte Nacht" and "Gurre Lieder."

Rainger, still in his early 30's, wrote "Love in Bloom" and "Tenderloin With a Dream."

The astonishing feat of combining these two opposite abilities was rather neatly performed by Boris Morros, head of Paramount's music department, whose roly-poly torso, thick thumbs and tabloids haberdashery belie his soul. Formerly director of the Imperial Russian Symphony, Morros is a queer spiritual combination of Brahms and Barnum.

A love song, "This Night," was their outstanding contribution together. Originally written for strings, the melody is played on the violin in several scenes for the picture, but has been varied and orchestrated into a passionate gipsy air of compelling force for another scene.

Hundreds of British and American sea chants, sung at the lines and windlasses of ships throughout the world during the last century, were obtained from the Congressional Library, but only to be studied. In the end Rainger and Robin wrote two of their own, "Sally Rappie" and "Tippety Witzet." Robin did half-a-dozen staves for each of them. They wrote a hymn, too, "Praise the Mighty King," and an untitled polka for Gary Cooper and Frances Dee to dance to.

Illustrations of Cruikshank and "Phiz" in the books of Charles Dickens inspired many of the costumes specially designed for the picture by studio experts. A suit of David Copperfield's, for instance, served as model for one Gary Cooper wears. Drawings of Little Emily in the same book provided the design for Virginia Weidler's costume, and the clothes Tully Marshall wears as Henry Wilcoxson's crafty partner in the slave trade were fashioned after those of Old Scrooge himself, immortal source of "A Christmas Carol."

Sea Chanties, Gipsy Dances

IN addition to all this spectacle, "Souls at Sea" contains sea chanties, love songs, polkas, wild gipsy dances, and an underscore of symphonic power gives the rest graphic amplification.

The score is notable primarily because it marks the debut in the motion picture field of Arnold Schoenberg, regarded by most authorities as the greatest musical mentality of our

We've Heard That . . .

- Barbara Stanwyck got the thrill of her young life when she walked on to the set on her birthday and found a lovely party arranged for her by the camera crew and her hairdressers. Robert Taylor did not fail to drop in long enough to congratulate her and to give her his gift. Just what it is remains a secret, but Barbara seemed to like it.
- Olivia de Havilland and Brian Aherne are enacting love scenes on and off the set.
- Errol Flynn had to quit work for a few days because of a fractured rib. He was trying to keep fit by boxing with a professional sparring partner.
- Very few of the big stars attended the preview of "Saratoga," Jean Harlow's last film. It was too sad an occasion. Jean's mother and William Powell witnessed a private showing of the film.

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STARS MUST HAVE Universal APPEAL

Psychologist's Opinion

By JEAN SPAULDING

To ensnare the wildly romantic dreams of Mr. Everyman — poet, pauper, peasant, and prince — the feminine movie star must have the qualities of every type of woman.

She is indeed gifted if she can lash up a hurricane of emotional response in the hearts of the noble manhood of English-speaking countries.

BUT she's a genius if, after conquering the whole of Europe, she can force the homage of men of all races, white, black, and yellow, and dazzle every type of man in every nook and cranny of this movie-conscious earth.

So thinks Dr. Winston Gordon, lecturer in psychology at Oxford University, who has been studying the universal admiration lavished on the screen's glamor girls.

Interested in mass responses, he finds pointed illustrations in the movies for his belief that a feminine screen star has to have the appeal of every type of womanhood if she is to stand out from her sister stars.

"It is remarkable," he declares, "that for the first time in human history an entertainment medium has developed which permits man's dream of the ideal woman to focus on a single woman star. This has not always been the case."

"Before the screen came to its dominant position in the amusement world, each country had its own ideal of the perfect woman—based, for the most part, on stage beauties."

"The stage beauties were for local consumption, as it were. They were adored by the theatre-going public of a particular nation. Take Lily Langtry. She was famous in her time as the most beautiful English woman. She never enchanted the French, the Germans, the Hungarians. Only Americans and the English thought her beautiful."

"The same was true in France," he continues. "Bernhardt was its supreme type of feminine allure. The English-speaking countries thought her striking, to be sure, a strange creature; but they did not go into ecstasies over her—that is, the masses did not. She was exotic."

"Italy's Duse made no imprint on the millions of people outside of Italy, partly because of the language barrier, but mainly because the type was pronouncedly Italian. The frontiers of each country marked the limits of each star's influence. What I might call free trade in feminine stars was as yet unestablished."

The screen, slowly at first, then with increasing pace, changed all this. The dam burst, the Chinese Wall was demolished. Now the Chinese peasant in his swamped rice patch, the Russian collectivist on his tractor, the African trader in ivory and hide, the Argentine gaucho, as well as the millions in the industrial metropolises—one and all have fallen under the spell of the universal woman, as presented by the cinema.

Thus we find English and American beauties appearing in pictures which will be "dubbed" (that is, have the dialogue put in) in a score of different languages, and meet with acclaim in the most remote parts of the globe. And we also find numbers of foreign



● MARLENE DIETRICH, who, according to Dr. Gordon, Lecturer in Psychology at Oxford University, offers the best example of the "universal appeal" possessed by all really big stars.

actresses at work in Hollywood and British studios who are equally as popular with English-speaking audiences as with their own countrymen.

Continues Dr. Gordon:

"It's really a miracle. Think how the screen star of our time has changed the standards of men and women respecting the components of charm and beauty."

"The veiled woman, weighted with fat, was formerly Turkish delight; now she diets and exercises until she approximates the movie nymph. Travellers report that in China the girls imitate the coiffure and clothes of the screen's first-line beauties; the Chinese swains won't have them otherwise."

Of all stars, Dr. Gordon finds that Marlene Dietrich, whom he met personally at the Denham studios of London Films, where she was working with Robert Donat on "Knight Without Armour," best exemplifies this ad-

"I don't refer to the extravert or introvert types posited by psycho-analysis. In woman we have these types: the mother, the lover, and the helpless child. The classification speaks for itself. It answers to the saint, the sinner, and the sensitive plant of young womanhood."

Most screen stars, he goes on to say, and particularly those whose popularity is limited in both scope and duration, represent type two. Every man dallies with the dream of a charmer who snaps her fingers at conventions and gives a scarlet hue to her misdeeds, but her sway over male emotions is too elementary to arouse genuine admiration.

The saint or mother type is not sufficiently colorful, he adds, to make for spell-binding pictures. Yet every man expects his sweetheart or wife to be something of the mother type.

As for the third type, the young unsophisticated girl with a little charm and a lot of ignorance of the world, she may be the stuff out of which the average picture is made; but the screen finds her unfit worthily to represent the great moments in big films.

The secret, then, of Marlene Dietrich's glamor lies in the perfect blending of these three types. She cannot be called a physical type; neither is she out-and-out soulful. She is both, according to Dr. Gordon, who describes her as the streamlined representative of the new woman in whom both strains are welded.

"There is a certain contradiction in her beauty which piques the imagination," he further explains. "A blonde of the extreme sort, she might be expected to be dashing and spontaneous, emotionally superficial."

"The deep-set eyes belie this. They suggest sadness and tragedy. Thus we can say that she is a blonde with a brunette's soul, and that makes her irresistible to the millions who make up the world's screen audiences."

"Although a Teuton by birth, she is not representative especially of her country. She might be the product of any environment. She suggests neither Europe nor America, neither north nor south."

Women Who Have Every Appeal

admiration of the world for a single actress.

In psychologically analysing Miss Dietrich's allure, Dr. Gordon at the same time offers a scientific explanation for the varying successes of other foreign-born actresses with English-speaking audiences and vice versa.

"I had the idea," the psychologist reveals, "that an acquaintance with Miss Dietrich, however superficial, would prove her to be, let me say, a little on the side of the ordinary, something like the usual run of attractive women."

"I was mistaken, I am glad to say. She has an aura of distinction that is genuine and not manufactured by directors and costume designers. I found that the Dietrich allure is actually a part of her personality."

Asked to what he ascribed the actress' charm, Dr. Gordon thought a moment.

"I would say," he declared, "that she combines all types of womanhood. Most women represent a single dominant type of their sex. Psychology recognises the existence of a number of fixed types."

HERE'S Hot News FROM the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

IN spite of valiant efforts on the part of their studio to keep it alive for publicity purposes, the Sonja Henie-Tyrone Power romance is getting colder daily. The thing really died long ago, but the studio begged them to be seen together at least until their co-starring picture, "Lovely To Look At," was released.

Just before Sonja left for her European trip, Tyrone, again by studio request, tendered an elaborate farewell luncheon for her at the studio cafe. Even that did not serve to bring them together, for Tyrone just wasn't interested, and Sonja was very hurt by his indifference.

And now that Sonja is off to Norway, young Mr. Power's name is being linked with those of various others of our village belles.

THURSDAY night in Hollywood and Beverly Hills is the night for out-of-towners to go stargazing in restaurants and night clubs. You see they have a quaint custom here of being unanimous about making Thursday maid's day out.

We don't know just who started it, but, anyway, there isn't a maid in any Hollywood home on Thursday, which means Mr. and Mrs. Movie Star must either cook their own dinner or go out for it. Needless to say, most of them go out, and there's a line a mile long at all the more popular cafes.

Some of them decide to have a real celebration and go to a place where there's not only good food, but also a snappy band and a dance floor. Witness last Thursday, when we spotted at the Trocadero, Chester Morris perambulating his wife about the floor. Fred Astaire and Randolph Scott (the former not dancing), Cesar Romero, with a lovely lady in one of those new ankle-length waltz frocks of white or grandiose—and what a dancer that man is!

Verily, his rhumba beats anything I've ever seen—he's being wasted in villain roles. Oh, and lots of other movie folk, all celebrating maid's day out.

ALSO saw Freddie Bartholomew for a moment . . . long enough to learn he has changed his life ambition and now wants to be an aviator . . . a test pilot, to be exact.

But he still plans to do a little writing of classics in his spare time. Funny how few of these movie kids are ambitious to grow up as actors. . . .

BING CROSBY finally admits that they are to have another blessed event. The Crosbys have moved into a new home and, although few know it, an all-blue nursery has been set aside.

Bing and his wife are so certain that the baby will be a girl that they are selecting furniture that is of a definitely feminine character.

The screen version of "The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel" is from the pen of Adrian Brunel, who was reared in Melbourne. He tells me he is due back in Australia shortly to fulfil a contract to write for one of the film companies there.

WE are glad to report that William Powell is recovering from his recent collapse and will be back at work in a week or so. Powell, who suffered almost unbearable shock and grief at the death of Jean Harlow, was near collapse at her funeral, but after a month on Ronald Colman's yacht returned to work at M.G.-M., throwing all his energy into the job in an effort to forget his sorrow.

Shortly after his return, his mother sustained serious injuries in a fall, and the worry of constant attendance on her, in addition to the hard work and his grief over Jean's loss, proved too much, causing him to collapse on the set. His doctor ordered a few

weeks of complete rest, and now pro-bounces him out of danger.

Jean's mother, too, is still suffering from her daughter's tragic death—she has lost twenty pounds in weight during the past month. She has now moved from the home in Beverly Hills, where they lived together, to a smaller one.

Each day she spends several hours in the Sanctuary of the Benedictine where Jean was buried, feeling it brings them a little closer. Hollywood is supposed to be hard-hearted, but even now the mere mention of Jean Harlow's name brings tears to many eyes.

DIFFICULT enough to get stories for one boy star, Warner Brothers have found the problem of the Mauch Twins just twice as hard. But Jack Warner has an idea that is nothing short of inspirational. He owns the rights to Booth Tarkington's famous boy character, Penrod, and by a simple device is having William Jacobs make twins of Penrod in a series of tales he will write for them.

"Penrod and His Twin" is the name of the first, and it ought to make a good picture, with Spring Byington and Frank Craven playing the twins' parents.

FOR the second time, Claudette Colbert will appear in the screen version of a well-known stage play. The star has agreed to do an important role in "The Women," which is now enjoying a very successful run on Broadway. At present Miss Colbert is starring in "Tovarich," another play which was a hit on the London and New York stages. On completion of this, she will do "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" for Paramount, take a vacation in Europe, then return to do "The Women," screen play of which is now being written.

"The Girl Was Young" is the new title for the Hitchcock thriller which has been provisionally called "A Shilling for Candles." Nova Pilbeam plays the girl who was young, Derrick De Marney is her leading man, and Hitchcock has made grand use of the chance the story gives him for building up a new high level in suspense.

WE don't swear to it, but we've heard tell those love scenes Olivia de Havilland and Brian Aherne are doing in "The Great Garrick" are the real thing, a n.d. moreover, continue with as much fervor away from the camera.

Brian must have something—remember, he captivated his last leading lady, Merle Oberon, to the point where marriage seemed almost certain.

THE day after her baby daughter, Brooke, was born, stage and screen star Margaret Sullivan (Mrs. Leland Hayward) announced that she plans to return to theatrical work as soon as the child is "off to a good start."

Margaret closed the highly successful Broadway play, "Stage Door," several months ago, to await the arrival of the child.

Another actress who is temporarily deserting a highly-promising screen career for motherhood is attractive Irene Hervey, who was married last year to singer Alan Jones. Miss Hervey, who has just completed her first starring picture, will desert the screen until after the arrival of the expected heir, and start her career anew next year.

DOTS... and DASHES

and Freddie Bartholomew, preparing for another picture together, "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry," a racing yarn. • Buster Keaton signing up as a director at M.G.-M., and asking the public for suggestions for a more dignified name for himself. • Louise Rainer starting something by wearing vivid-colored cords instead of laces in her sport shoes, and matching hatbands.

• FRANCHOT TONE, all embarrassed because the studio won't let him cut his hair for six weeks. • Those clever young boy actors, Mickey Rooney

THE separation of June Lang and agent Vic Orsatti was one of the speediest things that has happened in Hollywood in many a year. They were married at an elaborate wedding, with many of Hollywood's great in attendance, left immediately for Honolulu on a honeymoon trip, and separated two weeks after their return.

Orsatti will ask an annulment on the grounds that Miss Lang insisted on living with her mother.

Their romance was a turbulent one, and for a time June's mother persuaded her to give up the idea of marrying Orsatti. June broke the engagement, but they were soon reunited and married—but not for long.

SIMONE SIMON expected to have a three months' holiday in her native France, but she had hardly set foot on shore when a cable from Twentieth Century-Fox called her back for the stellar role in "Love and Hises." This new Walter Winchell-Ben Bernie comedy ought to be just the thing for the young star who has had so many ups and downs in her brief cinema career.

EVER since previewing "The Life of Emile Zola," I've been trying to think of some new words with which to give it the praise it merits. But seeing all adjectives have been overdone as far as Hollywood is concerned, I can only say that this film reaches a new high level in film entertainment, and that Paul Muni, in the title role, does the unbelievable, and actually tops his magnificent performance as Louis Pasteur last year.

The film is all Muni's, though every part in it, down to the smallest bit, is played to perfection, and we could justly list the entire cast with a word of praise for each. In other words—run, don't walk, to see "Emile Zola"—and take this as sincere—for a person who has to preview an average of three or four films a week doesn't dissolve into raves without due provocation.

Brown-Eyed Chili Reducing Hard

BROWN-EYED, dark-haired Chili Bouchier wants to revert to her own name, Dorothy, but neither Director Irving Asher nor her fans will hear of it.

Starring in "Gypsy," engaged to dance-band leader, Teddy Joyce, she has only one fly in the ointment of her happiness. After two years' absence from the films, she stepped on the scales out at the studios and found them registering 8 stone 11 lbs.

She set to work with a will on reducing, and now she is 7 stone 10 lbs.—but that 15 lbs. still worries her sometimes.

MANY an eyebrow was lifted in surprise at the announcement that Charlie Chaplin and Groucho Marx were going to team up in a tennis match against Fred Perry and Ellsworth Vines. But Groucho explains that the two champions have promised to play with unstrung racquets, just to make the game even.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett

SIGNS HAD TO BE PLACED ALL AROUND THE "HURRICANE" SET TO PREVENT HUNGRY EXTRAS FROM EATING THE BUNCHES OF COCONUTS TIED TO PALM TREES.



BILLIE BURKE RECEIVED A TELEPHONE CALL THE DAY BEFORE IT WAS PLACED!

IT WAS A LONG DISTANCE CALL FROM JAVA AND CROSSED THE INTERNATIONAL DATE LINE EN ROUTE.



ANNA STEN EXHIBITS SKETCHES UNDER THE PSEUDONYM OF VLADIMIR BROEKER.

SOME stars boast they never go to previews of their own pictures. On the other hand, Edward Arnold refused to let even a badly-injured knee keep him from the sneak showing of his latest, "Toast of the Town."

And were the preview fans surprised when Eddie rolled up to the theatre in an ambulance, was transferred to a wheel-chair and pushed inside to a vantage point in the middle aisle! And he remarked later that he'd never seen a film under such comfortable circumstances—no one pushing past to get to an inner seat, digging him with elbows, or chewing gum in his ear!

Garbo is notoriously not a "joiner," but even the hat became a member of the W.M.E. Club at Metro—which means "Walewska Must End."

"Madame Walewska" has been shooting 102 days, and everybody thinks it's time to call a halt.

EACH day brings a new and important announcement from independent producer David O. Selznick. And from the bustle of activity at his studio it looks as though he is trying to corner the Hollywood market.

Since establishing his own studio, Selznick has turned out some of Hollywood's biggest pictures, but always with borrowed stars. Now he is handling out contracts right and left and each day sees a new big name on the Selznick roster.

First to sign a longer-term agreement was Janet Gaynor, whom Selznick returned to her place in the limelight with "Star Is Born." And in the last couple of weeks he has signed Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Carole Lombard, and, last of all, Ronald Colman. Not bad for an independent producer!

Ronald has just finished "Prisoner of Zenda" for David, and his next will be a sophisticated comedy entitled "Sometimes It's Fun," the scenario of which is now being prepared.

DANCING Jack Buchanan has quite a name in the film world as a star "spotter." In between his own film successes he has discovered Elsie Randolph, Anna Neagle, and Jean Gillie.

Now he's got another. Mara Loosoff is the name, and she is to appear with him in his new picture, "The Sky's The Limit."

Born in Vladivostok, at the age of seven she had to fly with her family to Yokohama when the Russian revolution broke out.

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It has been estimated that in the Sydney Metropolitan area alone a total of over 75,000 persons suffer from complaints such as indigestion, acidity, heartburn, dizziness, wind, etc. This is needless when the remedy is so simple and economical. Should you suffer likewise buy from your local chemist for 1/6 a packet of pure TWIN SODA. The speedy relief it brings is surprising.



60-but he feels like 30!

HE doesn't wait if the lift is full. Not Grandpa Kruschen. Up the stairs he goes, three steps at a time, like any youngster.

If you never feel like bounding up the stairs, there's something wrong with you. Your body is not responding as readily as it should to demands you have every right to make on it. Nor is your mind. In fact, when you are disinclined to tackle stairs, there is danger ahead, for your system is poisoned. Your liver, kidneys and bowels are shirking their job. That's why you are shirking stairs. You need the "little daily dose" of Kruschen Salts.

Your Vital Need of Mineral Salts

Nature decrees that every day your system must have a full day's supply of six vital mineral salts. So long as your inside is in proper trim, these salts are being extracted automatically from your food; but as soon as your internal organs lose condition and shirk their work, the supply fails. The surest way

to make good the loss is provided by Kruschen, for Kruschen is a scientific combination of these vital salts.

The "little daily dose" of Kruschen—tasteless in tea or coffee—gives just the gentle assistance your overtaxed eliminating organs need. Restored to perfect condition, your liver, kidneys and bowels expel every particle of poisonous waste matter from your inside. Your bloodstream is cleansed and gloriously refreshed. You are all a-tingle with "that Kruschen feeling."

Follow the example of the man who wrote this letter:—

Good-bye to "Rusty Joints," Headache, Backache, Constipation...

"From my youth I suffered from stubborn constipation and acute headaches. My joints were beginning to get rusty, so on the advice of a friend I tried Kruschen Salts. After a week my headaches vanished. In the face of such pronounced improvement, I went on with the Kruschen treatment. For the last three years I have not ceased to take the 'little daily dose' with the result that I have no more headaches, no more backache, no more constipation. My joints are much more supple, and—thanks to Kruschen—fifty years don't weigh on me at all."—G.A.



Kruschen Salts

Kruschen Salts is taken by millions of people throughout the world. Why shouldn't you join that happy band? Get a bottle of Kruschen today, and start to-morrow morning. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores at 1/6 and 2/6 per bottle.

How Long Have You Had That Horrible Skin Eruption?

Perhaps as long as you can remember. Now just go to the nearest chemist for a tin of Cuticura Ointment and apply it liberally. You will speedily have visible proof of its astounding power to heal Eczema.

Itching and burning stop the very instant Cuticura touches the skin. Then its soothing, healing, germ-killing medicaments soak to the very heart and core of the disease. Inflammation dies down, discharge dries up and scaling stops. The eruption quickly fades and finally disappears.

So sure and rapid is the healing power of Cuticura Ointment that countless cases of 20, 30 and even 40 years standing have completely recovered in a few days. Often one tin is enough.

GET A TIN AND START YOUR HEALING TO-DAY!

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★ The soap you use is very important. Until healing is complete use only Cuticura Soap which is especially soothing to the skin.

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PRIVATE VIEWS

★ TAKE MY TIP

Jack Hulbert, Cicely Courtneidge. (Gaumont-British.)

THERE is more real enjoyment in this little picture than in many a more ambitious one.

A happy combination of comical situations, taking in its stride bright song-and-dance numbers, it sparkles with the personality of that self-conscious, likeable couple, Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge. With its general atmosphere of high spirits it is an example of the unaffected farce which is English comedy at its best.

Jack and Cicely are shown as the feckless Lord and Lady Pilkington, trying to make a livelihood, and to retrieve the family fortunes. In so doing they pose as waiter and coffee waitress in a luxury hotel—you will find Hulbert's portrayal of the urbane maitre d'hôtel incredibly funny—and, later, as a colonel and his lady. Cicely Courtneidge's use of wigs and make-up is remarkable.

One sequence stands out: Hulbert and Cicely engaged in romantic song and dance in the moonlight, tripping just once, interrupted occasionally by promiscuous mosquitoes—a delicious mockery of a popular musical comedy setting.—Mayfair; showing.

★ ELEPHANT BOY

Sabu. (United Artists.)

IN bringing to the screen Kipling's jungle story, "Toomai of the Elephants," Alexander Korda, in this London Films production, has with the introduction of some exciting new elements and superb camera work by Robert Flaherty endeavored to build up the story to give it proper dramatic tenacity. He has not succeeded, however, in making it more than a graceful, but slow-moving animal picture.

It shows little Toomai, whose aim in life is to become a great mahout like his father and grandfather before him, with his beloved elephant, Kala Nag, in their native village. Every detail of Toomai's life, bound up with that of Kala Nag, has been lovingly dwelt on, so that you always feel the tender bond between man and animal.

When the village is left behind, and Toomai joins an elephant drive with Peterson Sahib (Walter Hudd) and later flees alone into the jungle with Kala Nag, you will see some superb jungle shots. However, the task of bringing to the screen the legendary "elephant dance," the crisis of the picture, has proved too much even for Korda. The scene shown is merely of elephants en masse, moving with their typical rhythm.

Sabu, thirteen-year-old Indian boy, plays little Toomai with ease and unaffected charm.—Lyceum; showing.

★ KING SOLOMON'S MINES

Paul Robeson, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Gaumont-British.)

THIS is the story of the adventures that befell two hunters, an adventurer and his daughter, and a black man in Africa. They set out to find the legendary King Solomon's mines. That is all.

Straight-out narrative, that follows fairly closely the Rider Haggard original, the plot has not enough of the clash of human emotions to raise it to the pitch of drama.

There are, however, many elements that add color and interest to the narrative. Chief of these is Paul Robeson as Umbopa, returning to claim his kingship over his native tribe. His singing is superb, although, with its modern orchestral accompaniment, it seems a little out of place.

Further, the photography is excellent, and the adventurous background provides plenty of excitement. The scene in which the white captives, surrounded by terror-stricken natives, watch the witch doctor "smell out" her victims for the sacrifice is a highlight.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke as Alan Quartermaine, Roland Young as Commander Good, and Anna Lee playing Kathy, with her infectious Irish accent, give splendid characterisations.—State; showing.

★ DIMPLES

Shirley Temple, Frank Morgan. (Fox.)

HAVING nothing new to offer in entertainment over her previous films, this picture is a fair enough vehicle for Shirley's undeniable dramatic talent.

It is a period story, laden with the sentimentalism usual to juvenile films. As the little street minstrel of the eighteen-nineties, who graduates to big city vaudeville, and who, in private life, is self-appointed guardian of her irresponsible grand-

father, Shirley appears in divers winning attitudes.

She will wring tears from childish hearts, and applause from adults for her competent acting, when she leaves her beloved grandfather for rich Helen Westley to save him from going to prison; and again, as little Eva in a final vaudeville turn, taking pathetic leave of this world.

Her song and dance have been better. So have her supporting players. Of the latter Frank Morgan is the chief and best in the amusing role of the light-fingered grandfather. Robert Kent, Astrid Allwyn, and Delma Byron are lay figures following a conventional routine.—Regent; showing.

★ ANGEL'S HOLIDAY

Jane Withers, Robert Kent, Sally Blane. (Fox.)

HOW a little girl, with a penchant for sluth stories, finds herself taking part in a real-life adventure and finally running to earth a gang of kidnappers is the theme of "Angel's Holiday."

This story is unsatisfactorily worked out, making use of such ancient stage devices as soliloquies and incredible coincidences to further the plot.

The actors put little heart into their work—except for Jane herself, who has, however, put on even more weight since her last picture. It is a pity that this child is not given better opportunity to display her talents. In this picture she is shown chiefly as a precocious child burlesquing adult female poses—being jealous, possessive, and furious with Robert

Week's Best Release

TAKE MY TIP.—Gaumont-British feature. Wins on sheer entertainment value.

Kent, young reporter, object of her tempestuous affections, who is in love with Sally Blane.

Joan Davis, crazy eccentric dancer, is less amusing than usual—except that she does put over one intensely funny line. Probably honors go to Al Lydell as "Gramp," a frank burlesque of an ancient yokel with an eye for the ladies.—Piazza; showing.

★ HILLS OF OLD WYOMING

William Boyd, Russell Hayden. (Paramount.)

THIS picture, the tenth of the Clarence E. Mulford series, featuring William Boyd as Hopalong Cassidy, has all the popular features of the "Western": cattle-rustling, fighting between good men and bad men and their respective, antagonistic leaders; hero and villain No. 1; straight-shooting, rough-riding, he-men; Red Indians roused to do battle in defence of their rights; and a refreshing, open-air background.

But it has nothing new to offer in story or entertainment.

Bill Boyd is satisfyingly indomitable as usual. He receives fair support from comedian George Hayes as "Windy" while Russell Hayden and Gail Sheridan supply the romance.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ MURDER GOES TO COLLEGE

Roscoe Karns, Lynne Overmann, Marsha Hunt. (Paramount.)

A UNIVERSITY college has been selected as the site for the crime in this murder mystery, apparently only to allow plenty of suspects to enter the picture. It has no other college atmosphere.

On the contrary, it is concerned with showing Lynne Overmann and Roscoe Karns, the one a freelance detective, the other a newspaper reporter in the throes of solving a murder before the police. This pair, wisecracking their way through the piece, are neither amusing nor convincing as sleuths, and fail to stimulate interest in the murder, which, consequently, never seems real or important.

The film, a re-hash of routine mystery thrillers, is only moderately entertaining.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ FLYAWAY BABY

Glenda Farrell, Barton MacLane. (Warners.)

FILMS can get away with improbabilities, so long as they are not too offensive to the common sense of the beholder.

In "Flyaway Baby," you will see Torchy Blane, girl reporter, lift murder investigations out of the hands of the police, wander unchecked over the scene of the recent crime, unearth

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars... no good.

valuable evidence, before the police, and further, persuade her employers to finance her on a round-the-world flight by plane to enable her to find the murderer, and so give them the chance to print the murder story first.

Glenda Farrell, as Torchy, is fair in an irritating role. Barton MacLane has a poor part—a detective playing dumb to the smart girl reporter.

Hugh O'Connell and Marcia Ralston add a spot of variety. Gordon Oliver, as one of the suspects, does well, and seems certain for better things.—Capitol; showing.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND AT BAY

John Lodge, Dorothy Mackall. (Associated Distributors.)

THIS is the usual Sapper story of big financiers, fanatical scientists, thumbcrew torturings, and international issues, but produced and acted in such amateurish fashion as to make inadequate entertainment.

John Lodge's sole attempt to characterise the indomitable "Bulldog" is to puff uncomfortably at a large, awkward-looking pipe. In general, his performance will move you to hollow laughter. Particularly is this so in his scenes with Dorothy Mackall, playing a mysterious member of an international gang.

Claude Allister, as Algy, falls lamentably to supply comic relief.—Lyceum; showing.

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HE Coroner's Court at Oldbury was crowded, for the news spread that the inquest about to be held was concerned with a death that was likely to prove more mysterious than any that the police had had to deal within the memory of man. The Coroner took his seat at his table and the hum of conversation was hushed.

He called Leslie Griffith. A young man stood up and came forward.

"You are a clerk in the Local Government Board in London?"

"I am."

"And on July 31 you drove your car into a barn for shelter from a violent thunderstorm?"

"Yes."

"Were you alone in the car?"

"No, my friend Douglas Powell was with me."

"What did you find in that barn?"

"We found the body of a man."

"How was it lying?"

"Parallel with the left wall. I stumbled over it in getting out; in fact, I fell over it. Owing to the thunderstorm it was as dark as night."

"I picked myself up and called to my friend and we went over together to the house opposite and explained to the owner what had happened and asked leave to use the telephone."

"Did you telephone to the police?"

"No; Mr. Howard, the owner of the house, telephoned to Dr. Travers. He was afraid that in entering the barn we had knocked over his deaf gardener."

"While you were waiting for the doctor did anyone touch the body?"

"We waited in the house until the doctor arrived, and then we went back to the barn with him: we found the body lying just as we had left it."

"The Coroner called Douglas Powell."

"Do you corroborate the evidence of the last witness?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were you at the wheel of your car?"

"I was."

"Are you quite sure that you did not collide with the deceased and knock him down?"

"Quite sure. I was going at a foot's pace and I should have felt the shock."

Dr. Henry Travers was the next witness.

"You were called by telephone to the barn in the grounds of Hatch Court? What did you find?"

"The dead body of a man aged between forty and fifty; I examined the body and found a bullet wound in the head. The body was cooling; death had occurred from three to four hours before I saw it."

"Did you telephone to the police?"

"I did, and Inspector Miller came from Oldbury."

"John Miller," called the Coroner, and a man in the uniform of a police inspector stood up.

"You were called by telephone to see a

man who had been found shot through the head?"

"I was."

"You concluded that he had been murdered?"

"Yes, because I found neither pistol nor rifle in the barn, nor any bullet hole in the walls or roof."

"How do you account for the body being there?"

"It might have been brought there in a vehicle, most probably a car. The shoes were clean as if they had only just been put on."

"Was a car seen by anyone?"

"Yes, by Peter Bury, the deaf gardener. He was sheltering from the storm in a tool shed and thought he saw a big car enter the barn. It was not until the storm was over that he found the little car belonging to Mr. Powell in the barn and thought that the big one must have been an hallucination due to the lightning."

"Has the body been identified?"

"Not yet, sir. I searched the pockets very carefully and made an inventory of everything I found in them. Besides the objects carried by smokers I found the sum of £10 16d. 9d. in notes and silver."

"Did you notice anything of special importance in the things you found in the pockets?"

"Only that everything appeared to be brand new; even the notecase showed no sign of wear."

"Were there no visiting cards?"

"Yes, sir, quite a number with name and address complete and the telephone number in the corner."

"Did that enable you to communicate with the deceased's friends?"

"No, sir. I telephoned to the address given on the cards, but the operator informed me that there was no such number and no such address."

"Did you find any other document likely to help in identification?"

"Yes, sir, a passport in the same name—John Whitaker."

"The passport is being verified?"

"Yes, sir, we are taking every possible step to have the body identified. My chief constable has been in telephonic communication with Scotland Yard and has asked for help. No doubt a senior officer will be detailed from the Yard to take charge of the inquiries."

"In that case, gentlemen of the jury, I shall have no option but to adjourn the inquest until the police have had time to complete their inquiries. The inquest is adjourned. You will be notified in due course by my officer when it will be reopened."

Inspector Miller spent a few minutes in going round among the witnesses and saying a word or two to each. As he was leaving the building a tall, good-looking man who had been waiting by the door, stood up and addressed him.

"I must introduce myself, Mr. Miller—Chief Inspector Vincent from the Yard. I was told to lose no time in coming down here and I was fortunate enough to arrive

in time to hear a good part of the evidence given at the inquest."

"I'm very glad you've come, Mr. Vincent. You see the difficulty that I am up against. This man was shot either in some other locality or in a car—'taken for a ride,' in fact, as they say in America."

"Do you think that the man was deliberately trying to hide his identity, or that his assailants were doing that for him and for themselves?"

"So far there has been nothing to give the answer to that question. Until we know his identity it is useless to speculate about the motive for the murder."

"May I ask what steps you have already taken for establishing his identity?"

"The usual steps—searching the list of missing persons in the police publications. I have a mass of papers at the office, which of course are at your service. My car is here," he made a signal to the uniformed driver of his car and, though the distance to police headquarters was barely half a mile, they jumped in.

"I brought a sergeant down with me," said Vincent. "We shall find him at your office."

"Is he the man who usually works with you?"

"Yes, Detective-Sergeant Walker."

"Then I feel sure that he is a live wire."

Miller had been taking stock of his companion and had decided that he belonged to a type of detective that was new to him. To begin with, his accent was not that of the ordinary police officer. It was what, for want of a better adjective, was described as an educated accent. Miller was curious to know what had brought a man of University education into the police, but of course he could not put so personal a question to an officer of this rank. He did go so far as to ask him whether he knew Superintendent Richardson. Vincent at once rose to the bait.

"YOU have deprived him of a step in rank. He is now my Chief Constable and he is one of the few promoted from the ranks whose promotion has given lively satisfaction throughout the whole service. I, myself, am proud to be working under him."

They had reached the police station. Inspector Miller invited Vincent into his room where they found Sergeant Walker awaiting him.

"There, Chief Inspector, that pile of papers is for you to look through. You will find reports from a number of my officers about missing persons, but so far they have produced nothing."

"When was the body found?"

"Only the day before yesterday—Saturday. You will see that we have wasted no time."

"The persons I should like to see first are those two young men who found the body. Where are they to be found?"

Miller looked a little crestfallen. "The

fact is, Chief Inspector, that I allowed them to continue their journey to Cornwall, after taking their addresses, of course. They promised to return on receipt of a telegram if they were wanted. You will find their statements on the top of those papers and I don't think that they are able to give any further information. That is why I let them go."

"Have you found any further trace of the big car which the deaf gardener thought he had seen during the thunderstorm?"

"No. He appears to have been the only man in the village who saw it and I doubt whether his evidence can be relied upon. You know the type of witness who comes forward with a story and then, when he finds that the police attach importance to it, he embellishes it with all kinds of detail drawn from his imagination."

"I know the type, but I think that he must be the first witness that I interview. The question is whether I should see him here or, less formally, on his own ground at Hatch Court. I think that Hatch Court would be best because I could make an inspection of the barn at the same time."

"I'll take us no time at all to get to Hatch Court if you will jump into the car again, Mr. Vincent. Would you like your sergeant to come with us?"

"Yes, because he's accustomed to taking down notes as we go. What has the owner of Hatch Court to say to the intrusion of police on to his premises?"

"Mr. Howard? Oh, he's given us a free hand. We needn't even trouble to ask for him. As long as he knows in due course what conclusion we come to, he'll ask no questions."

"So much the better. The only member of the staff we want to see is that deaf gardener and we can see him in the barn itself."

They had no difficulty in finding Peter Bury—indeed, since the thunderstorm and his supposed hallucination he seemed to have been doing little more than watch the barn from some secret hiding-place for some other strange occurrence. Miller beckoned to him to approach. He shambled towards the two police officers with a hesitating gait.

Vincent called him into the barn and using his two hands as a megaphone, shouted: "I want you to take us to where you were standing when you saw that car outside the barn." He had to repeat the question in a louder tone before intelligence dawned in the old man's face. He touched Vincent on the arm, making a gesture towards the garden. Vincent followed him.

Arrived outside a little tool shed, the old gardener conducted his part of the conversation in dumb show, intimating that they were standing on the very spot from which he saw the car swing round into the barn yard. Then he found his voice.

"An old friend of mine once got struck by lightning and had to go all doubled up for the rest of his life. I've been any of lightning ever since. That's why I was sheltering."

Vincent's voice rang out: "Did you see—the car—go—into—the barn?"

"I saw it swing round from the lane into the yard and I said to myself: 'You'll never get a car as big as that into the barn. If that's what you're after.' And then the lightning flashed again and I took cover."

"And when you came out from your cover you found a little car in the barn."

"That's right, though how I could have made such a mistake beats me—taking a little car for a big one."

"Thank you, Peter. If we want you again we'll come and find you." Turning to Miller, Vincent said: "Now let us go to the barn."

The floor of the barn was covered deep in dust. It showed clearly the wheel marks of a small car and Miller pointed out a shallow depression in the dust which he said had been made by the dead body and a medley of footprints all round it.

"As you see, there are no marks here of any big car having entered. These wheel marks were made by the car belonging to those two young men."

"Yes, and of course the footprints explain themselves. Now, assuming that Peter Bury did see a big car stop outside the barn, let us reconstruct the scene. The car drew up here, but in that heavy storm all wheel-marks would naturally be washed away. Peter Bury would not have seen what happened when the car stopped, but obviously two men must have been required to carry the dead body into the barn: their proceedings were masked by the car. Then what happened? The men returned to their seats, the car swung round in this direction in the act of turning to leave the yard. It was rather a sharp turn for a big car to get round without manoeuvring. Vincent appeared to be talking to himself rather than to his companion, whom he left and walked rapidly over to the low wall of the yard. Miller could not help admiring the quickness and agility of his movements. It was as if he were on wires. He stopped at the low wall and stooped. "Yes, here we are," he said over his shoulder. "It was too sharp a turn for a big car. Look at this streak of black. That is car varnish from one of the wings. The driver was in a hurry—he didn't stop to back—stripped the wing clean of varnish and, no doubt, made a bigish dent in it. That will be something to go by in hunting for the car."

"None of the servants saw a big car," objected Miller; "and, as you see, their windows look out this way."

"They do, but have you ever seen a house full of maids in a thunderstorm? They run to cover, preferably under a bed or in a linen-closet. The storm was a stroke of luck for our murderers."

Vincent was silent as they walked back to Miller's car. When they had taken their seats he asked: "Have you made any inquiries at garages down the Bath Road about a car with a dented offside-wing? Garage hands notice these things."

"Not yet," replied Miller half-apologetically. "We had so little to go upon."

Vincent relapsed into another silence and then he said: "If the man was shot in the car there must be a bullet mark somewhere at the level of a man's head. That theory might be worth pursuing."

Miller was spared from answering this remark by the sight of a small car drawn up before the police headquarters.

"Hallo!" he said. "What's this?"

He was not long left in doubt. A young man, whom Vincent recognised as having been one of the witnesses at the inquest, jumped out of the car and made a sign to Miller to pull up.

"We have something that will interest you, Inspector, and we brought it back from a garage a few miles down the road for you to see."

"What is it?"

"A car window with what looks like a bullet hole clean through it."

THE police officers jumped out of their car.

"Where is this window?" asked Miller.

"We took it into the police station and left it with your station sergeant."

Miller hurried into the building, followed by the others. Griffith constituted himself showman. The window was standing propped against the wall.

"Now you can see what a car window looks like when it's had a bullet through it."

"Yes," said Vincent. "There's been dirty work at the cross-roads. Do you see what started the fracture—that round hole with little cracks radiating from it in every direction. This is no ordinary break: that window was broken by a pistol shot. Where did you find it?"

"At a garage about four miles down the Bath Road. Here is their card. They told us that the window came out of a sixteen-horse Daimler. Here's its number. I was quite by chance that we went into the garage at all; one of our plugs was missing fire badly and it was a case of any port in a storm. While they were changing the plug, Powell began poking about and saw this window propped up against the wall. He spotted at once that it was no ordinary break and after a little difficulty we got the garage people to let us have it for a bob."

"Did they give you a description of the driver?" asked Vincent.

"No, because we thought that if we started questioning they might take us for detectives and shut up like oysters. We did find out that the car came in on Saturday. I would offer you a seat in our little bus if there was room and run you down to the garage."

"Thank you very much, but I weigh over twelve stone and I should prove to be the last straw for your little car. Happily Inspector Miller has a car and if you will wait until I've sent my sergeant back to London with this broken window we can start whenever you like."

"If you like to give me a seat in Inspector Miller's car I can act as your guide to the garage and let my friend follow us. It'll save time."

"It's very kind of you," said Vincent. "I'll be ready in three minutes."

He was as good as his word; in three minutes he was at the wheel and had started up the engine. As soon as they were clear of the traffic, Griffith began to talk: he was prone to conversation.

"You'll excuse my curiosity, but I don't think you can belong to the County Constabulary."

"No, I come from further afield."

"I felt sure you did: you must be from Scotland Yard. They've sent you down to take charge of the case. You must be one of the big four."

"You mean the big four of newspaper notoriety? I'm Chief Inspector Vincent."

"You're starting in this case with practically no clue at all, I gathered from the evidence at the inquest—not even the man's identity."

"That is so."

"I've often envied you your job when I read of criminal cases in the papers; it must be an exciting kind of life."

Vincent smiled. "It's all right when there are exciting episodes, but much of the work is the dreary business of elimination."

"Elimination?"

"Yes, because we suffer from too much rather than too little help from the public. In any sensational crime letters pour in from well-meaning people, not only in this country but abroad, and one cannot afford to neglect any of them for fear that there may be a grain of wheat among the chaff. The discouraging part of the job lies in the sifting of this mass of information."

"It must require a lot of patience."

"Yes, it does. Sometimes one gets so dis-

MILLINER'S HAT MYSTERY

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

couraged that it is all one can do to carry on."

"The garage is only about a couple of hundred yards from here. I suppose you'd like to conduct your inquiry alone?"

"Not at all, but you will want to stop your friend when he arrives, and you might look after my car while waiting for him."

Griffith assented with a sigh and watched the little figure enter the garage.

Vincent asked for the foreman, who was found in a pit under a car busily engaged in examining the pinions in the gear box. "You're wanted, Harry," a mechanic called down to him.

"Who wants me?"

"The police," and then in a hoarse whisper the youth added: "It's a blooming 'fao from Scotland Yard, so he says."

The foreman, a youth little older than his own mechanics, crawled out of his lair and faced Vincent, wiping a smear of oil from his countenance with a swab of cotton waste.

"I'm sorry to interrupt you in your work, foreman, but I want some information about that car that came in with a broken window two days ago. How many men were there in the car?"

"Two, I think it was. It was two, wasn't it, Charlie?"

"YES: there was the fellow with his arm in a sling and the other bloke that kept looking at his watch."

"Did they say where they were going?"

"Oh, they made no secret about that. They said they were going to Newquay."

Having gleaned all possible information from the garage, Vincent returned to his car. He found that Griffith's companion had arrived in his tiny overloaded conveyance and the two young men were talking.

"Ah, here comes the chief inspector," said Griffith. "Now we shall be free to go on."

"Your discovery is going to prove very useful to me," said Vincent. "I found out that those two men were bound for Newquay, and I must go on there, although they've had two days' start of me."

"We are bound for the west coast, too: we are going to Bude, which is not so very far away from Newquay, but you will travel much faster than we do and I suppose we must say good-bye."

"I'm afraid so. You will understand that I've no time to lose. Thank you once more for your help."

His first concern on arriving at Newquay was to make a round of the hotel garages in search of the car which had changed its broken window. He tried every hotel garage without success and then visited those which advertised the fact that they carried out repairs. In one of these, inconveniently situated in a narrow side street, he found what he was looking for—a sixteen-horse Daimler, with the number given by the garage in the Bath Road. It had a deep dint and scrape on the off-side wing, exposing the metal. Vincent called the foreman.

"Who left this car here?" he asked.

The man was inclined to be jocular. "That would be telling," he said. "You've heard of the proverb, 'Ask no questions and they'll tell you no lies.'"

"Come," said Vincent. "I can't waste time bandying proverbs. I'm here to ask questions and you're here to answer them truthfully." He produced his official card, and the young foreman stiffened with apprehension. "Now, perhaps you'll answer. Who left this car here?"

"Two gents who said they were leaving on a sea trip and would call for it when they came back. Is there anything wrong about them?"

"You can ask that question again when I've looked over the car."

The man stood back while Vincent made an examination of the seats and cushions of the interior. He was using a small square of damp blotting-paper to soak up what he thought might be bloodstains, when the foreman, who was watching him keenly, interposed with a question:

"What are you looking for, sir?" he said. "For bloodstains."

"Funny you should say that. The gent who left the car was fussing about the same thing. Very fussy he was, using a sponge and cotton waste to get it all off. He said there was nothing that damaged the fabric of the leather more than blood if it was allowed to dry on. It was his own blood, he said, from his elbow when he banged it through the window. It must have been a mighty bang to break triplex glass. He said that that was why he had his arm in a sling."

"What did they look like?" asked Vincent. "Oh, one was a big heavy man, between thirty and forty, and the other a tall thin chap, a bit older."

"Well, I want you to put this car aside and not let anyone touch her—not even the owner if he turns up again—without letting me know. I shall be at the Raven Hotel and I'll come down at once if you ring up. You can't lock it up because, I suppose, the owner has the key, but you can stop any of your mechanics from interfering with it."

"Very good, sir; you can trust me to see that your orders are carried out."

While speaking Vincent had been trying to open the box at the rear of the car, which was locked.

"Do you want to get that open, sir?"

"Yes, but I suppose the owner has that key also."

"I daresay that I could manage to open it."

"What?" asked Vincent. "Have you fellows got duplicate keys for the boxes of every kind of car?"

The foreman laughed. "No, sir, it's not as bad as that, but I served my apprenticeship with one of the firms that supply car manufacturers with these boxes and I've still got the tools for making both locks and keys. You needn't worry about my doing any damage: I'll open it all right and lock it up again."

"Very good, foreman; I'll be back again in about half an hour."

Vincent now decided to make inquiries at the quay. There he found the usual knot of fishermen and loafers in nautical costume.

"I hear you had a motor launch in here on Saturday and it picked up two men and went away with them."

A mariner nodded sourly without removing his pipe from the corner of his mouth, but chatterbox hastened to fill the breach.

"I saw those two gents: one of them had his arm in a sling. They kept asking us whether we'd seen their motor boat come in and go out again. I told them that it had been in, hanging about the best part of the day, and had then gone out again. That's right, isn't it, mates?" The rest nodded their assent. "I can tell you that the two gents were in a fine taking when they heard that she'd been in and gone out again—friends of the skipper, I suppose they were."

"But she did come in again?" asked Vincent.

"Yea, she did, and a bloke was standing

up, sweeping the quay with his glasses. When he made out the two gents waving to him he brought the launch up to the steps, keeping the engine running. He hardly waited for them to step aboard, but pushed off and went full speed ahead."

"Do you know which way they went when they'd cleared the harbor?"

"No, one can't see that from here, but when the two gents were stepping aboard I heard the skipper say: 'Hurry up, Rupert, there's a southerly gale springing up, and if you're not nippy you'll be seasick like you were last time.' So I suppose she was bound for somewhere lying south-west of us."

"What kind of a boat was she?"

"Oh, she was a smart looking craft, as fresh as paint could make her and big enough for any kind of sea."

"How many hands had she?"

"I only saw a boy besides the skipper, but the cabin looked as if there was accommodation for six at least."

"H'm! Quite a big boat," said Vincent, musing. "Anyway she could cross the Channel all right. Had she a name painted on her?"

"No, now I come to think of it she'd no name at all. That's funny. A craft like that generally has some fancy kind of name like *Sunbeam* painted all over her, but this one had nothing at all."

The taciturn smoker removed his pipe from his mouth, spat into the sea and spoke for the first time. "Shouldn't be surprised if there was something crooked about that boat—smuggling or something like that. The boy was a Frenchy—I heard him talking the lingo that those onion boys talk."

"And the skipper? Did he talk French, too?"

"When he spoke to the boy he did, but not when he took those two coves on board: then he spoke English all right, but it sounded funny."

"Thank you," said Vincent. "I think that must be the boat I wanted: I'm sorry they left before I got here."

Having finished his inquiries at the quay, Vincent returned to the garage. He found that the foreman had been as good as his word. He was obviously pleased with himself at having been able to exhibit his skill to a senior officer from the Yard.

"I was a job I can tell you, sir. I had to wait until the mechanics had knocked off work and gone home before I started on the key, but I managed it all right." He slid back the catches and raised the lid of the box. "There you are, sir, nothing in it but an old overcoat."

"Let me have a look at the coat."

It was a stout cold-resisting overcoat, evidently made by a good tailor.

Vincent went rapidly through the pockets, but found nothing in them but crumbs of tobacco. He breathed more easily when he found an outfitter's label sewn under the tab of the collar.

"I'm going to take this car away with me, foreman, because it will be required as evidence in a murder case."

"But suppose the owner comes back and asks for it, what am I to tell him?"

"I don't think he will come back, but if he does you must ring up the Newquay police. I'm going on to leave the car with them."

"Very good, sir. You'll find her in good running order. The young lady at the desk will tell you what there is to pay."

Vincent made for the window where the lady sat enthroned behind her spectacles,

with a ledger before her. The bill was quite moderate, but when Vincent made known his intention to carry off the car, she demurred.

"You see," she explained, "I gave the gentleman who left her here a receipt and if he comes back and finds his car gone, well . . ."

"You think he might make himself unpleasant?"

"I won't say that. He seemed a nice well-mannered gentleman, but he might threaten an action at law, if you know what I mean."

"You mean that if you let her go out after giving a receipt for her, you might lose your situation?"

"Well, Mr. Lutyens is a funny sort of gentleman; he might think that I was right, but he's just as likely to find fault and tell me that I ought to have rung him up before I let the car go. If you'll stop a minute I'll get on to him."

Vincent stopped a minute; the minute multiplied itself by five before the operator assured the speaker that there was no answer to her call.

Hearing this Vincent declared his intention of driving the car to the police station and invited the lady to ring up the New-quay police to prepare them. On this she removed her ban and the car was driven out.

In consequence of this telephone message Vincent found the station sergeant waiting for him on the steps of the police station. To him Vincent explained the position. An inspector was called out and the car was formally handed over to be kept by the police until the Chief Constable received a communication from New Scotland Yard.

"Have you no clue at all to the identity of the murdered man?" asked the inspector.

"Five minutes ago I should have answered your question in the negative, but I have now one clue—a London tailor's name in the collar of an overcoat—Mendel, in Back-ville Street. Luckily the manager of that firm is a personal friend of mine."

"I suppose you'll be going back to London to-morrow?"

"Yes, and I shall be starting at a god-dess hour in the morning. I have another car on my hands, a car lent to me by the Berkshire police, and as I've never learned to drive two cars at the same time I've got to leave this one with you."

Vincent returned to his hotel on foot. He spent the evening after dinner in marshalling his knowledge of shot wounds from cases in which he had helped police surgeons in their examinations of bodies that had met their deaths from revolver shots. He knew that there must have been at least two men in the car besides the murdered man, since the body had been lifted and not dragged into the barn. It was the body of a heavy man.

How had they been sitting. That was easy to determine. He had examined the body. There were two orifices in the head—one on the right side which was obviously the orifice of entrance, because its edges were torn and lacerated and blackened as if they had been burned by the heat and flame of the explosion. The orifice of exit on the left side was larger with its skin edges turned outward, and it was from this side of the car that the broken window had been taken, so the murdered man must have been sitting on the back seat of the car and his assailant must have been sitting beside him. The seat beside the driver might have been vacant. There was nothing to show this one way or the other. According to gangster phraseology, therefore, the victim must have been "taken for a ride."

But was suicide to be ruled out? A sui-

cide practically always directs his weapon at what he knows to be a vital spot—the head or the heart—because he wishes to die swiftly and with the least possible suffering after the wound is inflicted. The pistol is either dropped or, in one case that he remembered when he was a junior patrol in Soho, still grasped in the hand. But even if the pistol had been fired by the victim himself holding it in his right hand and pulling the trigger with his forefinger, the bullet would have had an upward tendency and the glass window would not have been shattered at the same horizontal level as the victim's head. All these facts went to show it was a case of murder and not suicide.

VINCENT was on the road by five minutes to six the next morning, free to plan his next move. Clearly the first thing to do was to take Lindsay, the manager of Mendel's outfitting shop, down to Oldbury to identify the body of the murdered man if he could. There ought to be little difficulty about that, but there was another question. What would his superiors and his colleagues say about the escape from justice of two men who might have been detained on suspicion if he had arrived at Newquay in time. At the Yard there were always critics of Chief Inspectors who had climbed over the heads of older men and these would, of course, be busy. They would be saying that a more energetic and experienced officer would have done something towards getting the boat followed. That kind of critic doesn't bother himself about dates or time-tables; all he looks to is success or failure. The boat had had two days' start when he took over the case; never mind, the critics would say, he ought to have found out more about her; he ought not to have left Newquay without discovering to what port she was going. But Vincent was not the kind of man to become a prey to misgivings. His own mind was clear about the course he should follow. The best thing to do was to get the identity of the murdered man established by some witness who knew him and Lindsay might turn out to be that witness.

As he had hoped, Vincent reached London in time to catch Lindsay on his return from lunch, having sent a message to Sergeant Walker to meet him near the outfitting shop.

His sergeant was pacing up and down, stopping at intervals to gaze at works of art displayed in a shop window, but he was quickly aware of the arrival of his superior. Vincent also seemed to be attracted by the statuary and the engravings. He pulled up opposite the shop window and jumped out to look at them.

"Follow me discreetly into the shop I'm going to," he said in a low voice as if he were addressing a bust of William Shakespeare.

He had previously telephoned to Lindsay to announce himself. He ran up the stairs to a little glazed office, from which his friend passed all his customers in review, and tapped on the window. Lindsay threw open the door and shook hands with his friend warmly.

"I'm always seeing your name in the papers, Vincent, and it's a pleasure to meet you again in the flesh."

"I'm afraid that when you hear the nature of my errand you will wish that you'd never seen or heard of me. I've come to ask you to run down with me to Oldbury."

"What for?"

"To identify, if possible, a murdered man. It may prove to be a wild goose chase,

but here's an overcoat found in a car in which a murder was committed and it bears your firm's label."

Lindsay took the coat and became alert. "I sold this coat myself to a man whom we know quite well—a Mr. Bernard Pitt, one of our regular customers. Do you mean to say that he's been murdered?"

"Well, either that or he has murdered someone else."

Lindsay was shocked. "Bernard Pitt couldn't have been a murderer; he could only have been the victim."

"Can you describe him?"

"He was a biggish man, taller and broader than I am—between forty and fifty and growing bald; at any rate his hair was thin."

"That description fits the body exactly," said Vincent, "but so it would many other people. Can you tell me what was Mr. Pitt's profession?"

"As it happens, I can. He was the chief accountant of the Asiatic Bank at its head office in Lombard Street. He let it out inadvertently one day."

"Have you his private address?"

"Yes, I have it noted somewhere. Here it is—7 Leicester Avenue, Hampstead. I've dined with him there more than once. It's a large house standing in its own garden, with a staff of manservants mostly foreign."

"That strikes me as peculiar—a bank cashier living in a style like that."

"I think he must have private means. Shall I ring up and ask whether he's at home now?"

"I wish you would."

Lindsay went to a telephone in another room and returned a few minutes later, saying: "The answer is that he left home on Saturday and hasn't yet returned. The servants don't know where he has gone."

"Saturday was the day of the murder. I fear that you'll have to come down with me to Oldbury to identify, or otherwise, this murdered man I've told you about. His body was discovered in a barn at Oldbury."

"When do you want me to come?"

"Immediately, if you can arrange it."

"Very well, in a case like this I must arrange it, if you'll wait five minutes while I put the baby to bed. You'll find newspapers on that table."

Vincent scorned the newspapers and moved restlessly about the tiny room during the five minutes, while Sergeant Walker wrote stolidly in his notebook. Lindsay reappeared attired for a motor journey.

Vincent's driving, careful though it was at cross-roads, occasionally exceeded the speed limit for built-up areas. On reaching Oldbury they drove straight to Hatch, the village in which the barn was situated. The body had been removed to the village hall for identification.

"You'd better jump down, Walker, and get the key to the hall from that cottage opposite."

The sergeant returned two minutes later with the village constable, who carried the key in his hand. He stopped only to shoo off a bevy of small boys who were collecting to enjoy whatever spectacle there might be to boast about to their less fortunate schoolfellows.

The body was lying on a trestle table covered with a sheet borrowed from the local joiner and undertaker. The sheet was turned back and Lindsay recognised with a shuck his former customer, Bernard Pitt, chief accountant in the Asiatic Bank.

They drove on to Oldbury to see Inspector Miller, to whom Vincent reported the identification.

"This is going to save us all a lot of work,

Mr. Vincent. Let me congratulate you," said the inspector.

"Thank you, but I can't help thinking that the work is only just beginning. We have to lose no time in trying to head off those rascals when they land in France or whatever country they may have been making for."

"The reporters have been worrying my life out. I suppose that now that the body has been identified we can give it out to the Press. It would be very kind of you, Mr. Vincent, if you would draft out something that I can get run off on a Koneo and give to the reporters."

"Certainly, Mr. Miller. I should make the announcement quite short, yet sufficiently informative to justify you in saying that you have nothing to add to it—something like this." He tore a page out of his notebook and pencilled on it: "The police have now succeeded in identifying the body of the man which was found in a barn at Hatch during the thunderstorm last Saturday. It was the body of Mr. Bernard Pitt, of 7 Leicester Avenue, Hampstead." "There! How will that do?"

"Excellent from my point of view, but not, I fear, from that of the reporters."

"Well, that's all they'll get for the present."

"I suppose that you yourself will lose no time in going there."

"My sergeant and I will go to the manager's private address this evening, so I shall be obliged if you will hold over your information to journalists until after the late editions are out and on sale."

"Certainly. The announcement shall not appear in the Press until to-morrow morning."

"Good! If you are not in need of your car to-morrow it may be very useful to me."

"Certainly, you must keep it. It is a great relief to me that you have taken over the use and I have my Chief Constable's authority to lend you the official car for as long as you need it. For my part I shall give you every assistance that lies in my power."

The two officers shook hands warmly and Vincent resumed his seat at the wheel.

"Where shall I drop you?" asked Vincent. "At that shop of yours?"

"No. I've put the baby to bed. Why shouldn't we dine together and make a night of it?"

"Nothing doing. I've my hands full this evening."

"WHAT a man! I tell you, I wouldn't take on your job for four times my present screw. No, give me the quiet, regular life of a shop-keeper with no watches to keep."

"I haven't forgotten that you were once a naval officer and that presumably you must know a good deal about motor boats. Given a motor boat about twenty-five feet over all, could she safely cross the Channel to the French coast from North Cornwall?"

"That depends on the weather. In a calm sea of course she could. But why these intriguing questions?"

Vincent explained what had happened at Newquay and his companion frowned when he heard that the launch had no name. "That longshoreman with the foul clay pipe wasn't far wrong when he said that there was something crooked about that boat. I wonder what it was. But don't worry. You'll get to the bottom of it all right. You might put me down in St. James' Square. You'll know where to find me to-morrow if you want me."

As soon as Vincent had set down his pas-

senger, Sergeant Walker took the vacant seat beside him, and he asked: "What did they say at the Lab about that broken window?"

"That the glass was perforated by a pistol bullet."

"As we thought. Well, now we have got to see the manager of the Asiatic Bank. We have his name from Lindsay, but it is after closing time. Here's a phone box. Jump down and look up his address in the directory."

Sergeant Walker found the address without difficulty and they were fortunate enough to find the manager at home and at liberty to see them. The poor man listened gravely to what Vincent told him.

"I've been expecting this," he said. "I think that you will find that it was a case of suicide. For some time past the auditors have been working late hours at the bank—in fact they are there at this moment—and they have reason to believe that they have found evidence of extensive defalcations in the accounts, very cleverly carried out, but none the less capable of proof."

"Have you had suspicion about him for long?"

"No, only for about ten days or a fortnight. The discovery came as a great shock to the directors and to myself. He was entirely trusted and no doubt he had greatly extended the bank's business."

"What first made you suspect him?"

"I received an anonymous letter."

"Do you know anything about his private life?"

"No, not very much. He seemed to be living on a scale within his salary. He had a small flat in Bloomsbury."

"I may tell you confidentially that his tailor gave me a different address—that of a large house standing in its own grounds in Hampstead."

The manager stared at him aghast. "You mean that he was leading a double life?"

"Certainly the house of which I speak was costing him far more than his salary as your cashier would run to. He had a staff of menservants—mostly foreigners."

"Good Lord! . . . This will be a shock to the directors when they hear of it and I suppose that most of the blame will fall on me. Still, you'll have to tell them of course, unless you leave me to do it and so save my face a little."

"I've only just started my inquiries; probably I shan't see the directors myself for a day or two and if you like to prepare them, I shall have no objection at all. In any case it will be in all the papers to-morrow that he's been found murdered. It may even be in the stop press news to-night."

"Have you established the fact that it was a murder and not a suicide?"

"Only to my own satisfaction; the inquest has been adjourned."

Although it was obvious that the manager was bursting with questions to which he wanted answers, Vincent firmly took his leave.

His next visit was to the house in Hampstead. He waited in the car while Walker rang the bell; a deferential foreign butler or valet opened the door. The man had a startled look and Vincent caught a glimpse of a knot of other menservants huddled together at the top of the back stairs, listening. He guessed that they had already seen the stop press news in their dead master's evening paper.

Walker's first question was: "Can we see Mr. Pitt?"

"He is not at home, sir."

"Indeed? When did he leave home?"

"On Saturday, sir."

"For long?"

"I do not think he will come back ever."

If you wish I will show you the evening paper."

"You mean that he is dead?"

"Yes, sir."

Walker turned towards the car. "It did get out in the stop press news: these people all know about it."

Vincent alighted quickly and addressed the man at the door. "Are you Mr. Pitt's butler?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I am a Chief Inspector from Scotland Yard and I have come to look up and seal the rooms containing his property and also to take down the names of you and your staff."

"Will you come in, gentlemen?"

"Where is the dining-room. I will see you all in there."

The man threw open a door on the right. "This is the dining-room, sir."

AT a sign from his chief, Walker sat down at the highly-polished table and took out writing materials. The room was very expensively furnished; it was obviously far beyond the means of a bank cashier.

"Your name, please," said Walker.

The man gave a name that sounded like a guess and Walker asked him to write it down. Instead he produced the envelope of a letter on which the name and address were clearly inscribed. While Walker was copying this the man said: "You need not call me by those names. Everybody knows me as 'Anton.' The postman also, he knows me by that name."

"Well, Anton, how long have you been here in Mr. Pitt's service?"

"About ten months. I came in September last year."

"When did you enter the country?"

Just after the war. I was treated as an ally. I served many distinguished noblemen. I have all my references upstairs. Shall I show them to you?"

"Later we will see them, but now I want you to bring in the other servants one by one and act as our interpreter."

"Very good, sir."

Anton proved to be an efficient master of ceremonies, though his manner of proceeding might not have satisfied a Master of the Household. His summons to his subordinates was a snap of the fingers, reinforced by a whistle through the teeth and the hissing of a name. One by one his myrmidons were brought in. Their names and duties were recorded by Sergeant Walker, and not one of them omitted to mention the amount of wages due to him. When the list was complete this question of wages became acute.

"The police cannot pay your wages, nor provide you with lodgings for the night. You may remain in the house for the time being, but you must not attempt to enter any of the rooms that are locked."

Vincent then dismissed all the servants except Anton, telling them that they were free to come and go and to seek other employment. To Anton he said: "I'm going to leave you in charge of the house. You must not admit anyone without first ringing me up at Scotland Yard—Whitehall 1212. Now, I want you to answer a few questions. Did your master leave this house alone, or had he a friend with him?"

"He went alone, just as he did when going to his office, and at the same hour."

"Did he go by car?"

"No, sir; he went never to his office in the car. That stop here till the evening, and he did not take it out often in the even-

"Did I not? That's the rule with everyone who hires a car, unless he's personally known to me, and Mr. Pitt was not."

"In what form did Mr. Pitt make his deposit with you?"

"In treasury notes. Thirty pounds was the amount of the deposit. To tell you the truth I didn't much like the look of those two Americans. They seemed to be slippery customers somehow, and if it comes to that, Pitt himself was a queer fish. What had a bank cashier to do with a big house full of foreigners in Hampstead? I suppose you could tell me something about that."

"What I'm concerned with is to find the murderer," said Vincent, ignoring the last remark. "Can you remember anything that would be likely to help me—for example any conversation between the three men?"

"No, but after they'd gone a man came in; he said that he had a garage and that the three men had been round to him but that he didn't have a car smart enough for them. He asked me what kind of car I'd lent them and I told him; that was all."

"He didn't say where his garage was?"

"No, he didn't. I'd never seen him before, but there are lots of little garages about here."

Vincent decided that for the moment it was not worth while to hunt up this second garage. He thanked the man and left, hoping to head off his sergeant. To his relief he saw him coming down the street.

"It's all right, Walker; this is where the car was hired and the description of the men tallies with the description of the fellows who embarked from Newquay. I shall have to see Richardson at Head Office, and let him decide the step that ought to be taken. While I'm at the Central Office you might make it your job to find out whether those two racials have registered as aliens. The landlady gave you their initials."

"Yes, I have them; G. Lewis and R. Blake. I'll be off now."

CHIEF - CONSTABLE RICHARDSON was startled when his messenger announced that Chief Inspector Vincent wanted to see him. "I thought that the Chief Inspector had been lent to the Berkshire Constabulary. Well, show him in."

Vincent presented himself and Richardson looked up. "I thought you were down in the wilds of Berkshire, or was it Cornwall?"

"Both, sir," replied Vincent, with a smile, "but my inquiries indicate two Americans as having been guilty of murder in this country. In order to get further evidence I am asking your leave to go over to Paris."

"To Paris? I'm rather out of touch with what you've been doing. Before I authorize you to go so far afield I think you had better give me a verbal resume of the case as far as you have got in it."

Vincent had a gift for terse narrative. He omitted nothing from his story and yet he reduced it to reasonable length.

"You didn't yourself see the motor launch at Newquay?"

"No, sir."

"And yet you are satisfied that it could cross the Channel even in rough weather without danger?"

"I had to depend on what the sailors at Newquay said about her, but they satisfied me that she was a safe sea boat and I gathered that they were competent judges. I recommend that I should leave immediately for France, in pursuit, sir," Vincent concluded.

"One has to be careful of the Receiver may get on his hind legs. All the expenses you have incurred for the Berkshire Constabulary now come out of the Metropolitan Police

Fund, and if we add your expenses abroad without special authority, he may have a good deal to say. Why not go and explain the case personally to him, saying that I have sent you?"

"Very good, sir, I will."

"You may quote me as saying that personal inquiry in the country itself is a secret of success in cases like this. He will remember that it was in this way that I succeeded in clearing up two of our biggest cases."

The man who had come from the Home Office as Receiver was no dry-as-dust accountant. On the contrary he was keenly interested in police work and ready to make any concession that seemed likely to bring about success. In the hands of Vincent the story was convincing; it is evident that without this visit to Paris the ship would be spoiled for a halfporth of tar, but when Vincent suggested taking a subordinate with him he drew the line.

"I can quite understand your case, Chief Inspector, that when you are making inquiries you must have someone with you to do the fetch and carry jobs in a big case, but to take a sergeant, ignorant of French, across the Channel would be, in my opinion, an indefensible waste of money. If you find it necessary to go, you'll have to go alone."

"Very good, sir," said Vincent with a sigh. He returned to Richardson's room and was fortunate enough to find him alone.

"Well?" asked his chief, looking up with keen eyes. "Did you melt the hard heart of the Receiver?"

"No, sir, but he was very nice about it. I'm sure that he would have given way if he could. I can go over to France myself, but I cannot take a junior officer with me. Happily, I'm on very good terms with an officer of the Surete with whom I worked during the war."

"That's all right then. You can go over to Paris as soon as you like; in fact, the sooner the better. While you are there you had better call upon two friends of mine, M. Bigot and M. Verneuil, both of them members of the Paris police. They will remember having worked with me and I trust you to give them the usual friendly messages."

Vincent found Sergeant Walker waiting for him at the basement entrance. There was an expectant look on his face which his chief dispelled by a shake of the head.

"Nothing doing for you, my friend. I have to go alone to save expenses."

"That's all right, Mr. Vincent. I was never one for foreign travel. You look such a fool in a country where you don't even know how to ask for a light for your pipe. The good old Metrop. is where I belong. I've made inquiry about those two men; they didn't register."

"All the better for us, because if they show up here again we shall have something to hold them on."

"Another thing I've found out is that the passport carried by the dead man had been tampered with. According to the Foreign Office records it had been issued to Bernard Pitt and the name had been obliterated with chemicals and John Whitaker had been substituted."

"I know the stuff they use; they employed it a lot during the war. It will take out ink from any document without leaving a trace. Well, keep your eyes open while I'm away and if you hear anything that I ought to know, write to me at the Hotel du Louvre. I'll write it down for you. I ought to be back at latest in two days."

It chanced that during the war Vincent had had to work with a very intelligent and well-educated French Commissary of police named Goron, who had lately married.

They had since kept up a desultory correspondence and the Gorons had invited Vincent to come over and enjoy their hospitality. It was certainly an opportunity, since a ladies' hat shop in the rue Duphot which demanded 100,000 francs for a hat was new to his experience. He telegraphed to his French friend to expect him on the following morning, and he crossed the Channel by the night boat. Arrived at St. Lazare Station, he took a taxi to the little apartment in the rue St. Georges and found a warm welcome from Goron and his wife, a lively little woman from Normandy, who spoke a pretty broken English. Goron spoke no language but his own.

"To what are we indebted for the pleasure of seeing you, my friend?" asked Goron.

"It's a long story," began Vincent in French that was fluent but not impeccable.

"Pardon," interrupted Jacqueline Goron; "we can have no long stories until you have been fortified by a cup of my coffee after your journey."

"I must explain," said her husband in a whisper that was intended to be overheard, "that the salic law does not hold good in this flat; it is ruled exclusively by a female sovereign."

BE careful, admonished Jacqueline, shaking her forefinger at him; "or I will tell Monsieur Vincent home truths about you that you will not be able to contradict because you are too lazy to learn English. As for example . . ."

"Enough! I capitulate." He held up both hands above his head.

"Take care what you say, my friend," put in Vincent. "We must do nothing to offend madame when I am so soon to beg her help. This is the only clue I have for solving the problem that has brought me over to Paris."

He showed them the milliner's bill from the Maison Germaine.

Goron knitted his brows over it. "Whatever this is for it is not a hat," he said emphatically.

"Don't be so positive, Edouard," protested his wife. "I have seen hats for which I would willingly give a hundred thousand francs if I had had them to give."

"The question is," said Vincent, "whether madame will consent to go to that hat shop and see who is running it and what their real business is."

"I can answer for her that she will," said her husband. "The only danger is that Madame Germaine may bribe her with a new hat."

Jacqueline made no answer to this gibe; she was in deep thought. "Ecoule," she said suddenly; "my plan is made. You, Edouard, will be loitering on the opposite pavement looking into shop windows or what you will. Monsieur Vincent will be standing irresolute at the corner of the rue St. Honore. I shall enter the shop boldly to investigate and shall choose a hat—I need one—but before buying it I shall have to seek the approval of my husband who is waiting for me outside. He will accompany me to the shop to pay for my hat and draw his own conclusions about the saleswoman. This concluded, we shall walk together to the rue St. Honore and Monsieur Vincent, posing as an Englishman exploring Paris, will ask us the way to the Invalides. We shall then show him the way and walk with him down the rue Cambon and give him our impressions. Does my plan please you?"

She was evidently so pleased with it herself that Vincent would not have dared to pour cold water on it, but her husband had something to say.

"Your plan is admirable with one exception. It is not necessary to buy a hat;

you could take me over to the shop and I could declare that the hat doesn't suit you."

"But that would be a manifest statement. The hat I shall choose will be most becoming. We will start immediately."

They shared a taxi to the Boulevard Madeleine, where Jacqueline left the two men and walked down the street by herself looking for the Maison Germaine. She stopped for a moment to look in the window and then went in. The opening of the shop door rang a bell. The little shop itself was empty, but the persistent ringing of the bell until the door was closed brought from an inner room a tall, good-looking woman in the thirties, beautifully dressed and groomed. Jacqueline proceeded to business at once and pointed to a hat in the window and asked its price. The modest sum quoted convinced her that this was not the shop where vast sums were spent on hats. She detected a slight foreign accent in the saleswoman and asked whether she were English.

"I myself am learning English and I love to practise it," she explained.

"No," said the lady pleasantly. "I am Austrian and I speak no English."

By this time, Jacqueline had fitted the hat on her head before a glass and was given up to the strange ecstasy which takes possession of every well-dressed woman when she tries on becoming headgear with a competent saleswoman at her elbow. She felt a prick of conscience when she thought of her husband and his English friend waiting for her to come out full to the brim with information, and put a tentative question:

"Surely, you have not been here very long madame. I have often passed down this street and I could not have failed to see the ravishing hats displayed in your window."

"I have been here six months."

"With such talent as yours, I feel sure that you will succeed—unless this lamentable crisis affects you."

"On the contrary, madame, the crisis aids me, for clients accustomed to pay five hundred francs for a hat are glad nowadays to come to be and be supplied with hats to their taste at a far more moderate figure."

Jacqueline was so much interested that she continued the conversation for her own satisfaction until the sight of her husband pacing up and down on the opposite pavement brought her back to realities with a start.

"Oh, there's my husband!" she exclaimed. "I cannot finally decide on a hat without his approval."

She ran down the street to Goron. "Madame Germaine herself is serving me. She's an Austrian and her hats are a revelation and so inexpensive. I'm quite sure she must be all right, but come and see for yourself."

They spent about twenty minutes in the shop, finally buying a hat at a quite moderate price, and Jacqueline walked proudly out wearing the new hat and leaving the old one to be sent home.

"Well," she asked her husband eagerly, "am I not right about her? Such an artist could not be a criminal."

"In my career," said Goron, "I have had to deal with ladies quite as disarming as your Austrian friend and found them steeped to the lips in duplicity. I agree with you that it is hard to believe that this one is not up to her face value, but we must join our English friend who is waiting for us ponder."

Having acquainted Vincent with the experience of Jacqueline in the hat shop, Goron made a suggestion.

"I propose," he said, "that we send Jacqueline home in a taxi and that you and I visit the police of the 8th arrondissement to inquire about the status of Madame Germaine."

Vincent jumped at the suggestion and the two men betook themselves to the police office in the Exhibition building. They had one disappointment. Monsieur Bigot, the chief, was absent on holiday but Monsieur Verneuil, who was acting for him, could be seen if the business was in any way urgent. They were ushered into the acting-chief's room, who rose to receive them.

Goron introduced Vincent as a British colleague who had come to the French Surete for help.

"You are perhaps a colleague of my esteemed friend, Monsieur Richardson?"

"Monsieur Richardson has climbed high," said Vincent. "He is now one of the chief officers of Scotland Yard."

"I am not surprised; he was one of those marked for promotion."

"I hear that your comrade, Monsieur Bigot, is absent. Has he also achieved his promotion?" asked Vincent.

"You have employed the exact word—achieved, monsieur. He has indeed achieved it, but if you think that it has made him happy and contented you will be mistaken. He has become a slave and a beast of burden."

Vincent smiled, without committing himself to a reply.

"Now, Monsieur Verneuil, let us talk business. We have come to ask to have the dossier of Madame Germaine, the Austrian milliner in the rue Duphot, examined."

"Nothing easier," replied Verneuil; "if those rascals of mine have kept their files up to date." He stamped on the floor with his heel. A hang-dog police clerk stood waiting in the doorway. "I want the dossier of an Austrian milliner in the rue Duphot, a woman named Germaine."

"Very good, monsieur."

When the dossier was brought, Verneuil scanned the pages with a whimsical air of surprise. "Tiens!" he said; "not a word recorded against her. Madame Germaine is of course her professional name—she is Fraulein Koller—an Austrian from Vienna."

"We on the other side of the Channel have nothing against her unless it be that she is selling hats on an almost incredible scale—to the tune of a hundred thousand francs to a single customer."

"You think that she was smuggling them into England? That, surely, would be a matter for your Customs Officers, not for us."

"The man who had the bill which I am going to show you was not at all the type of person who would be trading in women's hats."

"But can you say of any man that he would not trade in women's hats if he had a pretty woman friend?"

"Not to the tune of one hundred thousand francs."

Verneuil shrugged his shoulders. "Not being married I have no first-hand evidence to go upon, but I understand that if a woman were condemned to change her hat ten times a day she would gladly forfeit her chance of eternal salvation. May I see this bill for one hundred thousand francs?"

Vincent put the bill into his hand. Verneuil scrutinized both the handwriting and the paper.

"Here is a bill my wife received from

Madame Germaine this morning," said Goron.

Verneuil spread both bills out upon the table and compared them. "They are not in the same handwriting. Tiens, my friend, I myself will call on Madame Germaine and ask her the meaning of this large quantity of hats sold to England. Unless I am much mistaken, she will tell me that she knows nothing about it. If you gentlemen have no objection I will go alone and report to you afterwards the result of my inquiry."

"There is one other service that you might do for me, monsieur," said Vincent. "It is to ascertain whether two Americans—G. Lewis and R. Blake—have taken out cards of identity at any time."

"Nothing easier: I can give you that information from the telephone." He picked up his receiver and called a number. "Verneuil speaking. It concerns two Americans G. Lewis and R. Blake." He spelt out the names. "Have they taken out cards of identity at any time? Ring me when you have the information."

He replaced the receiver and looked triumphantly at Vincent as if to say: "You see how wonderfully things are organized on this side of the Channel." While the telephone was being used Vincent had a brain wave. He knew that the road to a Frenchman's heart was down his throat. He would ask Verneuil to meet him and Goron for lunch and let him choose his pet restaurant. As he had expected, the ex-petty officer turned detective accepted with alacrity.

"THIS falls well, monsieur. I shall have seen Madame Germaine and can make my report to you over the hors d'oeuvres."

The telephone bell began to tinkle. Verneuil took up the receiver and then turned to Vincent and said, not without pride in his tone: "Two Americans—Rupert Blake and George Lewis—look out cards of identity in the fifteenth arrondissement last January. Their address at that time was 6, rue Violet. There, my friend, our system may not be perfect but at any rate it works."

"Thank you, monsieur; that information may be very useful to me. And now we will say 'au revoir' until twelve-thirty, when we meet at your pet restaurant near the Quai d'Orsay."

As the two friends left the office, Goron said: "We are in luck, my friend. That restaurant Verneuil is taking us to is kept by the ex-maitre d'hôtel of a cardinal famous for his cuisine. Now I must go and make my peace with Jacqueline and get her permission to lunch out."

"And I must return to my hotel to make myself fit to be seen. I came straight to you this morning from the boat train."

Vincent, looking immaculate, was the first to arrive at the restaurant, where he was received with ceremony by the proprietor who, as he remarked later, treated him, as he would have treated a foreign diplomatist with a string of titles before his name. Goron, with meticulous punctuality, was close on his heels: Verneuil was ten minutes late and they sat down at their reserved table to wait for him. He came bursting in full of apologies.

"You will forgive me when I tell you the cause. I was right when I said that in my opinion that milliner knew nothing about that extravagant bill."

"You mean that someone must have stolen one of her bill heads?"

"So she said. She assured me that she

had no export trade with England, that being a great admirer of your country she often wished that she had, though not to the extent suggested by this invoice because that would mean employing hands in a factory to cope with it."

"Had she any suggestion to make about how one of her bill heads could have been abstracted?"

"She said that nothing could be easier. The customer would merely ask to see a model from the window and while she had her back turned, an invoice could be taken from the desk where there are always several lying ready. She said that none of her customers spend that amount of money even in a year."

"The question before us," said Goron, "is what could have been the object of sending a bogus invoice to England if the hats were not to be supplied."

Vincent pondered. "Two possibilities suggest themselves to me: the first that the invoice was intended to cover a sum of money that had been used for other purposes than hats; the second that it was to conceal the true nature of merchandise of another kind."

VERNEUIL'S eyes narrowed. "I think that the second of your explanations will prove to be the true one."

"But we have not yet dismissed the first possibility," said Goron; "that the invoice was intended to cover a sum of money that had been used for other purposes. My wife has a Spanish friend, a lady with a rich husband. She told her that Spanish husbands, however well-to-do, dislike handing over money to their wives, but that such is their love of outward show that they like their wives to be better dressed than other women and will cheerfully pay extravagant sums to their wives' dressmakers and milliners. The wives require money to indulge their little weaknesses, so they enter into an unholy alliance with the dressmaker or milliner, who charges the husband an exorbitant price and when he settles the bill the two, that is the wife and her milliner, divide the surplus between them."

"Tiens!" said Verneuil; "I did well to remain a bachelor. All the same, Madame Germaine has all her goods plainly priced and it would be difficult to deceive a French husband. What is the position in your country, Monsieur Vincent?"

"You must not ask me, for I, too, like you, am still a bachelor and know nothing about the expedients of married ladies who are kept short of cash."

"Well," said Goron; "as the meeting has decided against the first proposition by a majority, let us turn to the second; that this invoice covered other merchandise than hats."

"Now," said Verneuil; "we are upon the fringe of the truth. What merchandise can run into those figures? There is only one."

Goron, with a quick movement of his thin, lithe body, turned upon him. "You mean drugs?" Verneuil nodded significantly without speaking. "Then, Vincent, my friend, I must warn you that you have before you the most difficult case in your career?"

Goron's excitement was infectious. Vincent, himself on wires, caught some of it. "Then all the more fun in solving it."

"That's the spirit! We'll have the fun of solving it together." They shook hands.

An amused smile curved Verneuil's lips. "It is easy to see that you two have preserved your youth."

"You see," explained Goron; "we were opposite numbers as Intelligence officers on

the French and British General staffs during the War, and my friend will agree with me that we worked together like brothers."

"Ah. Then you had what you call your fun even in those tragic days?"

"Yes, if you call it fun to be obsessed with the weight of responsibility for every bit of information we supplied to our chiefs."

For the rest of the meal Verneuil was content to remain a listener as the two younger men "swapped yarns" about their service nearly twenty years before. When they had no further excuse for lingering, Vincent said:

"I think that as Monsieur Verneuil has been good enough to find me the former address of those two Americans, I ought to go to the rue Violet this afternoon."

"Then I'll come with you," said Goron; "in a case like this, when American gangsters are not that the world—are concerned, two are better than one."

Having arranged to report the result of their expedition to Verneuil a little later, the two friends hailed a taxi.

"Tell me," said Goron when they had given the address to the driver, "what type of man was this in whose room that invoice was found?"

"He was the cashier of an important bank in London. It is now known that for many months he had been robbing his employers, and the day came when the thought it more prudent to abscond abroad, but he was murdered on the journey."

"Tiens! Then you have indeed a problem. Hats and bank securities. At first sight they seem ill-assorted. It will be a problem after my own heart."

"And according to Verneuil, drugs must not be ruled out."

"Ah! Verneuil has been working at the drug business a good deal and it threatens to become an obsession with him. It is well that we go together to the rue Violet, because I shall be able to extract more from the concierge and the chambermaid than you would as a foreign police officer."

The concierge proved to be a woman who had a constitutional dislike of betraying her lodgers to the police.

Goron had drawn conclusions from her accent, though her colloquial French was fluent.

"You are not a Frenchwoman?"

"Sir, I have lived here for the greater part of my life; my sympathies are French to the core."

"That may be, but you have your card of permission to work in France?"

"I can show it to you, monsieur; there is not a mark on it against me."

"That may be, but let me remind you that a foreigner who declines to give necessary information to the police runs a risk."

The woman's manner changed; she began to cringe. "Will you gentlemen give yourselves the trouble of passing into my little room?" She threw open a door at the back of her glazed box and ushered them into a tiny cubicle of a room spotlessly clean and neat.

"Doubtless monsieur has come to make inquiries on the part of some husband, or it may be of some wife."

Vincent was about to make a disclaimer when Goron touched him on the sleeve.

"These two gentlemen did not stay here unaccompanied, I think?"

"Oh, no; each of them brought his wife, or at any rate a lady companion."

"Were the ladies known as Madame Lewis and Madame Blake? I presume they had no letters, but they may have received parcels from shops. Were these parcels addressed 'Madame Lewis' and 'Madame Blake', respectively?"

"Certainly, monsieur."

Vincent had been a little impatient of his colleague's line of questioning, since the women seemed to him negligible, but now he began to see whither they were leading.

"Now," pursued Goron, "let me have a description of each of these ladies. Madame Lewis, was she a Frenchwoman, smart and well dressed?"

The woman became voluble and assured them that both ladies were beautiful and very smart; their husbands were generous; that one could judge, probably they were not Frenchwomen, at any rate one of them was reading a Russian newspaper one day.

"I myself am a Russian, monsieur, and so I know."

"When were they last here?"

"In February." (She consulted a ledger.) "On February 23rd."

"Did you hear where they were going when they left?"

"No, monsieur, they all went away together in the same taxi. I can give you the address of the taxi driver, it was the man whom I always employ for my lodgers."

"Has he a particular rank for his taxi?"

"No, monsieur; he plies for hire privately and when he is not out with a fare one finds him at home."

Vincent put his first question: "When ladies leave your rooms there are cardboard boxes and wrapping paper to clear away. For example, did these ladies leave hat-boxes?"

"Every kind of box; as I tell you, the husbands were generous."

"And you put the boxes with the rubbish of the house to be cleared away?"

"Not at all, monsieur. Here is a box superior to the ordinary run and I've kept it for storing my papers." She brought forward a cardboard box.

Goron took it from her and pointed significantly to the address printed on the lid. Vincent read the words: "Germaine, rue Duphot, Paris."

GORON looked at the address of the taxi driver and pronounced it to be within easy walking distance.

"That interview was not entirely barren, I think," he said as they walked.

"Indeed it was not. Either of those women might have been a customer of Madame Germaine and might have abstracted the bill head of the note for one hundred thousand francs. I suppose that it will be possible to trace them?"

"If they registered as the law requires, it would be a matter of only a few minutes but with foreigners engaged in shady business it may not be so easy. Some of them are very clever and we have only the names of their reputed husbands to go upon. If they were not legally married they would have registered under their maiden names which we don't know."

"The next question is whether a taxi driver would remember the address to which he drove people last February; it will be surprising if he does."

The taxi driver, as it appeared, lived on the fifth floor of a house without a lift. The concierge explained that orders for his taxi were telephoned to her and that she received a small commission on the fares he charged, for his taxi was to all intents a private carriage which did not ply for hire and was therefore not registered with the police; the proprietor charged what he liked. Fortunately the man was at home and he was gifted with a remarkable memory. He recalled without having to consult any diary that at the beginning of the last week in February he drove the American gentlemen and their wives from the Rue Violet

to St. Lazare Station. They had with them suitcases, but no heavy luggage. He was glad to note this because they had been good clients of his and the absence of heavy luggage implied that they were crossing to England only for a few days.

"Did they return?" asked Goron.

"No, monsieur. They talked of returning, but they cannot have come to this district, otherwise they would have employed me."

"You say they were good clients?"

"Yes, monsieur. Not a day passed without their telephoning for me. All the shopping by the ladies was done with my vehicle."

"They were light-hearted people then? They dined out every evening. Had they a favorite restaurant?"

"Yes, monsieur. Most frequently they drove to the Restaurant Ruane in the Rue St. Honore."

"If they come back to this neighborhood and employ you again you would find it worth your while to communicate with me. This is my card. Put it in a safe place and don't forget."

"Very good, monsieur."

THEY ran down the five flights into the street and there Vincent took up the direction of their next move.

"The time has now come," he said, "for an interview with Madame Germaine, and in order to save time I suggest that we take a taxi as far as the corner of the Rue Duphot. There we will pay off our taxi and proceed on foot to the lady's shop. We will come out into the open and tell her what our mission is. Monsieur Verneuil has already told her about the stolen bill head so she will not be unprepared."

As Goron nodded his agreement, they hailed a taxi and carried out the first part of their plan.

They entered the shop together. Madame Germaine recognised Goron immediately. She smiled diffidently showing a row of beautiful teeth.

"Is Madame already disillusioned with her hat?"

"Not at all. She thinks it charming. But we are come to you on official business. This gentleman is a British colleague from Scotland Yard. I think that Monsieur Verneuil has already seen you about that bill head printed with your name."

"As, yes! the gentleman called on me this morning. I am shocked that a bill head of mine should have been stolen and used for criminal purposes."

"Criminal purposes?" queried Vincent with a puzzled expression that he could assume at will.

"Well, when three police officers from two different countries come on the same day to question me, it is natural to assume that it has become a criminal affair."

Vincent registered an inward conviction that if the lady proved to be not all that she pretended she was the finest actress off the stage that he had ever encountered. Nothing seemed to disturb her calm serenity.

"We have called to inquire the addresses of two of your customers, madame," he said. "Two ladies who are American by marriage, but probably not by birth—Madame Blake and Madame Lewis."

"I fear they are no longer in Paris—at any rate they have deserted my shop for some months."

"They were good customers of yours?" She made a becoming little grimace. "Yes, up to a point they were, but as customers

one has to admit that they were exacting, always demanding little alterations in the hats they bought."

"But they were willing to pay good prices for them?"

"Yes, monsieur, they did not quarrel with the price, and on my side I was careful to be moderate in my charges."

"Will you permit us to enact a little comedy in your shop, madame?" said Goron. "My friend, impersonating you, will go to the window and make believe to take out a hat; I will take the liberty of abstracting one of your bill heads." He turned to the desk. "Ah, the stage is not properly set for the comedy. There should be a pile of bill heads lying on this desk."

"They are in the drawer, monsieur, and it is not locked."

"Are they always kept in the drawer?"

"I will not be sure of that, monsieur. It is very possible that on busy days one or two or even more may have been lying on the desk."

"Will you put them as they might have been lying?"

Madame Germaine took out a sheaf of bill heads and laid them on the desk. Goron, acting as stage manager, signalled to Vincent to go to the window. Then while his companion's back was turned he snatched up a bill head which he stuffed into his pocket.

"Eh bien! my friend. Did you see my felonious act?"

"I saw it perfectly in the mirror on the right."

There was a light laugh from Madame Germaine. "It was a neat little comedy, monsieur. All the properties were in their places and this gentleman was looking in the mirror. Now, if I had been going to the window for a hat I should not have been looking in the mirror; all my attention would have been centred on the hats."

"Madame laughs at the antics of two clumsy men in a hat shop," said Goron. "We must crave pardon for having taken up so much of your time, madame, and take our leave."

When they were out of sight of the shop Goron remarked: "Charming woman, that. Don't you think so?"

"Clever also," agreed Vincent; "and that makes it all the stranger that she should not have seen what was taking place under her nose."

"You mean?"

"I mean that I saw you, in the mirror, abstracting a little book as well as a bill head."

Goron laughed. "Yes, I have it here, and I propose that we study it together, but I won't swear that she didn't see me take it. Let us go round the corner to the Cafe Veil and look through it together."

It was an ordinary address book, not a commercial ledger. When they had given their order to the waiter, Vincent asked leave to look for an address in the book. He turned to the letter H and pointed triumphantly at Hedouin Belfort. "This name convicts Madame Germaine. They are the great manufacturers and exporters of drugs to the East, but their time is nearly up. The French Government is on their track."

"How do you come to know so much about the drug traffic, my friend?" asked Goron. "Because I happen to be the officer at Scotland Yard who is in charge of the drug question, and in consequence of this I am sent as the British representative to these periodical International meetings in Geneva."

"Not only on account of your special knowledge of the drug question," suggested

Goron; "but because of your fluency in our language."

Vincent dismissed the compliment with a gesture and said: "I cannot speak too highly of the behaviour of the French authorities in Syria, which was one of the plague spots of the world in the matter of narcotics. As soon as your government became aware of what was going on they completely destroyed the new crop of hashish which was coming to maturity, and you know that sixty thousand kilograms of hashish a year were being grown in the Lebanon. The Roessler factory of Mulhouse was not the only offender. A certain Dr. Heftl had started a flourishing business in Zurich to manufacture dionyl, which was not against the Swiss law, though it is a derivative of hashish."

"I have heard people say that an unnecessary fuss is being made about narcotics; that if the rich choose to indulge in them, no particular harm is done."

"That is the trouble. Let me give you a figure. In Egypt it is estimated that out of a population of fourteen millions, over half a million addicts are to be found, not only among the rich but even among the peasants and laborers. Every village in Egypt, if one may accept the statement of Russell Pasha, who ought to know since he is a chief officer of police, has its heroin addicts and they are the youth of the country. It has been calculated that these are as a rule men between twenty and thirty. Happily so far, the women are free from the vice. But this is only a digression from the business in hand; we have to see whether we can trace any of our friends. To me, of course, the most important one is Pitt. Let us turn to the P's." He turned the pages and shook his head. "No, the name is not here."

"And yet Germaine's bill head was found on his premises, I believe you said."

"Yes, we found it in the pocket of one of his coats. Then it is evident that Germaine did not deal directly with him, but with an intermediary—probably Blake or Lewis. Let us look for our friend Blake. Why, here he is as large as life, Blake, Hotel Medusa, Cannes. There is no initial; probably it is Madame Blake, acting as a commercial traveller for her husband. Let us see whether Madame Lewis is mentioned?" He fluttered the pages. "Yes, here we are—Lewis, Hotel Medusa, Cannes. They hunt in couples and go to the same nest."

"GOOD! Then we must pursue them without losing a moment."

"Not so fast, my friend. It's the husbands that I am concerned with—not the wives—and I doubt whether the men could have reached Cannes unless they berthed their boat at the nearest Breton Port and took a train southward to the Riviera. How does this idea strike you—to send a telegram addressed Madame Blake, Hotel Medusa, Cannes. Has monsieur arrived? Reply Poste Restante, Rue Cambon, Paris, Germaine?"

Goron nodded his head. "It can do no harm. If you extract a reply that Blake is there you will follow him up, and if there is no reply I suppose that you will turn the matter over to us and return to England? Is it your intention to apply for a warrant of extradition for murder? It would make our task easier if we had that?"

"That was my idea. If I can leave the question of hunting down these men in your hands, I will go back and obtain the necessary warrant."

The waiter supplied them with a tele-

graph form and they wrote out their message on the little marble-topped table, paid their account and crossed the Boulevard to the Rue Cambon.

"While we are waiting for a reply, I suggest that we go to Monsieur Verneuil and tell him what we have done," said Goron.

"Yes, I confess that the ex-petty officer inspires me with confidence. I don't know where he picked up his knowledge of police work, but the French Navy was his school for knowledge of human nature. He must have had curious experiences in his career."

"Yes," said Goron dryly. "I've heard some of them. If you want to lose your appetite for dinner, get him to tell you of his adventures in Saigon."

Having sent their telegram, they went on foot to the Exhibition building, along the road that borders the Champs-Élysées as far as the Rond Point. Verneuil received them with a cordonic smile.

"I see that your case is already solved, gentlemen."

"We hope that we are on the way, Monsieur Verneuil; that is if we may continue to count upon the help you've so freely given us."

Verneuil's eyes narrowed to the merest slit; one might almost say that he winked at the compliment.

"May I assume then," he said, in his guttural southern accent, "that you have come to ask me for further services?"

"It is always better to lay one's cards on the table," said Vincent. "Your conclusion is correct, monsieur: we have come to ask you for further help. The information you gave us about the two Americans, Blake and Lewis, was valuable. They had two women with them, presumably their wives; one was seen reading a Russian newspaper; they were passing under the name of Madame Blake and Madame Lewis. Would it be possible for you to trace them?"

Verneuil was toying with a pencil and Vincent was glad to notice that it was no longer being employed in drawing diagrams, but was writing.

"You may count upon me to do my best, messieurs. If it were not for the tiresome complication of this attack upon the ear of our worthy Socialist leader, I should have more time, but you know what it is with the Paris journals. Some of them love to have a stick with which to belabor the police. I will put your inquiry into competent hands and I suggest that you call upon me again to-morrow."

"Yes, Monsieur Verneuil, but before we go I have something to give you. This little book contains a number of names and addresses."

"Where did you get it?"

"Out of the desk of Madame Germaine at that hat shop."

"You mean she didn't see you take it?"

"I won't be sure of that, monsieur. There is not much that misses the lady's roving eye. But in any case she must by this time have noticed that the notebook has disappeared. In the meantime we suggest that nothing should be done to alarm her, because she may be acting as a magnet for our two men. But you may care to look through these names and addresses in case they link up with your speciality—the drug traffic. Turn to the page with the letter H, for example, and see whether you recognise a name on that page."

Verneuil ran his eye down the page and stiffened suddenly in his chair. "Hedouin of Belfort. Ah! par exemple! Here we have it. The people that I've been trying to trip up for months. We have practically all

the evidence that is required, but this woman must be watched."

"Yes," observed Vincent; "when she discovers that her notebook has vanished she may take to flight."

"If she fancies that she will escape from my observation of her, she will deceive herself. You will leave this book with me, gentlemen? I may find other names."

"Certainly, keep it as long as you think necessary. We do not propose to restore it to the lady."

As they left Verneuil's office Vincent said: "If we go to the rue Cambon on foot would there have been time for a reply to our telegram?"

"It was marked 'priorite'; it'll be a near thing: we can but try."

The magic word *priorite* had done the trick; they found a telegram in the Poste Restante also marked *priorite* and addressed to Madame Germaine. Goron asked to see the chief of the telegraph bureau and explained to him that he was in fact, for the moment, Madame Germaine, though the postmaster might find it difficult to believe it. Men charged with the dreary round of postal work are always agog for sensation, and here essentially was a case that bristles with drama. Accordingly, as soon as he was satisfied about Goron's identity, he allowed him to have a copy of the telegram.

The telegram read: "Monsieur still absent abroad, Blake."

"Good," said Goron; "they have fallen into our trap and think that that telegram was sent by Madame Germaine."

"It is possible," said Vincent; "but we must not forget that Germaine is a very clever woman. She may have mislaid her little book and, assuming that we stole it, may have spent the afternoon calling up her dubious 'customers' on the long-distance telephone, warning them that their addresses are known to the police, who are making inquiries about them."

THEY had finished dinner; Goron had produced for his guest a bottle of age-old brandy to drink with their coffee. Jacqueline had withdrawn to superintend the woman in the kitchen.

"To return to a question of shop," said Vincent; "there is one point that I should like to study from the map. We will assume for the moment that that telegram was genuine and that Madame Germaine had not put these people on their guard. Have you a map?"

"I have," said Goron, jumping up and laying a motoring map on the table. "You want the coast towns, no doubt."

"Yes," said Vincent. "We may, I think, rule out all ports east of Cherbourg. These men were crossing in a motor boat from Newquay. You will see from the map that there was not much difference between the voyage to Brest or to Cherbourg. In which of these two towns do you think it would be easier for a motor boat whose papers were not quite in order to make a landing without exciting remark?"

"Personally, if I were engaged in any illicit business, I should choose Brest. It is a big town traversed by docks and waterways. An idea strikes me. I have a friend who acts as Intelligence Officer to the Customs at Brest and is well in with all the port officials. If you think of going down I will come with you and introduce you to him."

"That is certainly an idea. As you see, if I stay in Paris I shall merely be twiddling my thumbs with nothing to do, and when I get home I shall be asked why I stayed so long in France with nothing to show for my expenses. The port officers in

Brest will know something of this mysterious boat if she went there, and my reason for being in France is to trace that boat and the people who were in it."

"Then let us have a look at the timetable. There is a morning train."

"I must take the night train this evening. It is imperative that I lose no time, but why should I drag you off to the West?"

"Oh, that's all right. I travel free when I'm on duty, and this is duty. I am accustomed to night travelling, and I can always sleep in the train."

The train they chose left them but a bare hour for preparations. Both men were for quick action at all times, nor was their keenness blunted when they alighted on the Brest platform in the early morning.

In response to a telephone message overnight from Goron, Monsieur Andre Lalage met them on the platform and the introduction was made. Lalage proved to be an alert little man with close-cropped hair standing on end and a huge moustache. He was a Breton born and bred in Brest, who had outshone all his colleagues in the Customs' Service by his intelligence and alertness.

"We have much to ask you," said Goron; "and we are trusting to you to find us some bistro where we can talk in private."

The little man laughed sardonically. "If you don't mind a bistro frequented by dockers, I know of one where we can engage a private room on the first floor."

"Lead on then," said Goron; "we can drink our morning coffee there, I suppose."

"There the coffee is . . ." he pivoted his hand with fingers outstretched, meaning that he did not answer for the quality of the beverage, "but the bread and the butter are good."

Lalage appeared to be a power at the docks; the groups of dockers made way for him; one or two of them saluted; he had a kindly word for each.

When the wife of the proprietor of the little cafe had served them with breakfast and had clamped down the stairs, Goron made a sign to Vincent to explain his business. There was something about the personality of the Englishman that commanded itself to Lalage. He found his French listeners strongly impressed with his manner of relating the story he had to tell. Even Goron, who had heard it all in Paris, was keenly alive, and Lalage could scarcely keep still. He made Vincent repeat the description of the motor boat and nodded his head after each sentence.

"You did well, gentlemen, so come to Brest. It is a port peculiarly adapted to smuggling of all kinds, and as for that motor boat without a name I will tell you how they work. A ship comes in and is examined by the Customs officer, who finds the manifest and all the other papers in order. Good! That night a motor boat steals noiselessly up to the seaward side of the ship and throws a parcel or two to the deck hand. Who is to know it except the deck hand, who, of course, is in the swim? Some owners employ sworn watchmen, but what is an oath against the flutter of a few notes slipped into his hand on the gangway?"

"You mean that the motor boat is owned by somebody in Brest?"

"Yes, there are three or four private motor boats of that kind in the port."

"Without names?"

"Oh, they have a name on their papers, but not always painted on the hulls. A favorite trick is to have alternative names painted on little boards which are hung over the sides and the taffrail."

"The boat we are interested in brought

two American passengers to France. Supposing that they landed in Brest, could that be done without the knowledge of the port officers?"

"If it were done at night I think it could. I am speaking to two police officers, so I can speak openly. Money talks and it talks not only to the man who accepts it, but also to his superiors in the Service. That is why I have been busily employed these last few weeks. A Customs' officer—we will call him 'A'—is living in a house above his means, or he has purchased a car to give his wife a taste of country air on Sundays. The money must come from somewhere, and it is my job to follow the scent of it to its source. Generally I succeed, but it entails trying work, I can tell you."

"Then," said Vincent, "if we examine all the motor boats that you have registered in Brest, we shall come upon the craft that we are in search of. The captain speaks English."

Lalage's eyes narrowed. "I know a shorter way than that, monsieur. I have in my service an intelligent young man who made one false step a year ago which merited dismissal. I did not dismiss him; I did not even report the case. I told him that dismissal still hovered above his head like the sword of Damocles, but that as long as he made himself useful to my department the sword would not be permitted to fall."

"He acts then as a spy?"

"SPY is an ugly word, monsieur; we prefer to call him an informant. I can get in touch with him by telephone and in ten minutes he will be here."

The message from the chief of his department had had a nerve-shaking effect upon the informant. Evidently he had feared that another of his sins had found him out. His attitude as he stood in the doorway of that upper room was cringing, and his breathing was labored as if the steep stairs had been too much for him.

"Jules," said Lalage, "you never reported to me that on Sunday last two Americans landed from a motor boat."

"No, monsieur. I did not report it because their papers were all in order and I told them how to get their passports stamped."

"Whose boat did they come in?"

"The Rosamonde, Captain Duprez."

"Is the Rosamonde still in the harbor?"

"She is. The captain lives on board always."

"That will do, Jules; if I want you again I'll send for you."

It was with a light-hearted step that Jules descended the stairs from his chief's presence.

"It is possible," said Lalage, "that these two men left the town by train; if they are still in Brest I can find them for you. If you will give me the morning for the job, I may even be able to find, if they did leave by train, where they booked to."

"That's very good of you. Meanwhile can we interview the captain of the Rosamonde?"

"I was going to suggest that course myself. I will set my men to work and if you will come with me you shall have an interview with the captain; I know where the boat is tied up."

He was as good as his word. In less than a quarter of an hour he returned and conducted them to the quay at which the motor boat was moored.

"There is the Rosamonde," he said, pointing to a dark-painted motor boat of considerable size. A boy was swabbing down the deck. Lalage hailed him.

"Where's your captain?"

"He's gone ashore, monsieur."

"So you're back from England?"

The boy looked confused and made no answer.

"Come," said Lalage sternly, "it's no good pretending to be dumb. You were in England on Saturday and you brought back two passengers."

The boy remained silent.

"I can tell you more than that: you anchored in Newquay to pick up those passengers. We know all about it, so it's no good for you to deny it."

"It's not for me to answer: you must ask my captain."

"Where is he?"

"Probably he's in the market. That's where he goes for his provisions."

"How long does he generally take to do his shopping?"

"About half an hour."

"Then we'll come on board and wait for him."

The three police officers had no desire to advertise their presence. They went down into the cabin and Lalage sat down in a position where he could observe the proceedings of the boy. They had not long to wait. Five minutes later the boy converted himself into a human semaphore, pointing significantly to the cabin. On this Goron ran swiftly up on deck and was in time to see a thick-set bearded man stop irresolute on the quay and then turn on his heel and walk away with a seaman's rolling gait.

Goron overtook him and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Good morning, Captain."

The man turned savagely upon him. "What do you want with me?"

"A few minutes' conversation. We have taken the liberty of going on board your little vessel to wait for you. Two of my friends are in your cabin at this moment."

For a couple of seconds the man's eyes gleamed.

"Do you want to charter me for a pleasure cruise, or what?"

"I want to discuss business with you."

"Freight?"

"In a sense, yes."

"I don't run freight for anybody that I don't know."

"But you've just been over to England."

"How do you know that? And what else do you know?"

"I know that you picked up a couple of passengers in Newquay on Saturday."

"What if I did? Is it any business of yours?"

"No, but I thought that you might give me an idea of what you charge for a run across the channel."

"I'll come on board and see your two friends before we talk business."

They returned to the spot where the launch was tied up and jumped on board.

At the sight of Lalage, the captain gave a sardonic grin.

"I see that I've been honored," he said. "I suppose you've searched my little craft from stem to stern, Monsieur Lalage? You look a little downcast so I presume that you found nothing compromising. I'm sorry to have disappointed you."

"I did not come to search your vessel, but only to ask you a question or two about your late passengers. I have their names, of course, but only you can tell me why they chose to come over in your little vessel instead of by one of the ordinary cross-Channel boats."

"How can one guess why these eccentric English and Americans choose to cross in

a launch; they wanted a new experience, I suppose. But their papers were quite in order."

"Yes, but who told you that they wanted to cross the Channel in this way. Did they write to you, or what?"

"I took them over to England last May, and they enjoyed the voyage so much that they took my address and wrote to me, giving the day for their return passage."

"When you were at Newquay," put in Vincent, "you had no name on your boat. Why was that?"

The captain laughed. "I see that you know very little about the vagaries of holiday-makers. If they have ladies with them it is a game among them to name the boat. Look, monsieur," he opened a locker and showed little boards with names painted on them. "If a majority of the ladies is in favor of Rosamonde then I hang out these boards and the boat becomes Rosamonde as she is registered, but if they prefer the name of Iris, well, here are the little boards to hang out."

Lalage became stern. "Your boat is registered as Rosamonde, and you change the name at your own risk. The whims of lady passengers do not count in a matter like this. See to it that the name Rosamonde is painted on the boat or there may be trouble in store for you."

"Very good, monsieur," replied the captain in a surly tone.

Vincent interposed with another question. "Where is the letter you received from these Americans asking you to meet them at Newquay?"

"I never keep letters; they go overboard when I've read them."

"What address did they give at the head of the letter?"

"None that I remember."

"And, of course," suggested Lalage sarcastically, "you don't remember the name of the hotel they went to in Brest."

"I never knew where they went to. They just took their handbags and walked off."

When they were on shore again, Lalage remarked: "I never expected to get any admission from that rascal. Clearly, he has been squared by the gang, but this interview may make him think twice before he accepts those Americans as passengers again."

A telegraph boy was approaching. He was scrutinizing the names on the small craft as he went. Lalage stopped him.

"Who's your telegram for?"

"Captain Duprez, of the Rosamonde."

"I'VE just come from the Rosamonde. You know me, my lad. I will take charge of this telegram."

"Yes, I know you, monsieur, but . . ."

"That's all right. You can tell the postmaster that I took charge of it."

The boy handed over the telegram and required Lalage to sign a receipt for it. He went off whistling some kind of tune. As soon as he had turned the corner Lalage tore the confining strip of blue paper and read aloud:

"Bring boat to St. Malo. Urgent."

"Good!" exclaimed Vincent. "We'll go to St. Malo. What's the quickest way?"

"If you come to my office the timetable will tell you. I don't carry all the cross-country trains in my head. We will also see whether my men, who have been out tracing these men, have brought in any report."

They found a man in plain clothes waiting in the office.

"Any news, Henri?"

"Yes, monsieur, those two Americans were staying at the Hotel des Cloches and left

early this morning—in haste. Fortunately their room had not been touched since their departure and in the empty fireplace we found this." He brought out a piece of blue paper screwed into a tight ball.

Lalage smoothed it out. "Tien! Yet another telegram. Ah! you must read this monseigneur; it is in English." He handed it to Vincent.

Vincent interpreted the telegram into French. It ran:

"Caution. Scent is strong. Germaine."
"Ah! Madame Germaine assured us that she understood not a word of English, yet she writes her telegram in that language."

"If I might make a suggestion," said Vincent, "I think that the best route for us to St. Malo would be by motor boat—the boat of Captain Duprez."

Goron threw up his arms and brought his palms heavily down upon his knees. "You've hit it, my friend. The sea is calm, and during our little voyage there would be time for conversation. Who knows but that our sturdy sea-captain may experience a change of heart in the course of the voyage. We could leave it to our English friend here to apply the necessary mental treatment."

"Do you suggest that I should give him the telegram?" asked Lalage.

"On no account," exclaimed Vincent. "If he had that telegram he would not take us. But which of us is going to charter the boat?"

"I think that Monsieur Lalage is the obvious person," said Goron. "There is no time to lose. Will you go back alone and make the necessary overtures?"

"I will," said Lalage, "and I'll apply pressure if necessary. Give me ten minutes and then you can come along to the boat to hear what is decided. If all goes well I will make an unobtrusive signal to you by lifting my hand to my face and rubbing my right eyebrow."

In ten minutes by Vincent's watch the two police officers sauntered along the quay towards the launch. When they came in sight of the Rossmoude, Goron murmured: "Keep your eye on Lalage." Almost as he spoke both saw Lalage bring his right hand to his eye and begin a vigorous rubbing of his eyebrow.

"Good!" said Vincent; "we're over the first fence."

"The second offence will be your affair, I am curious to see how you will set about it."

The first part of their voyage was quite uneventful. They stopped to take in motor fuel and then continued on their way along the coast towards St. Malo.

Vincent was regarding the captain with a fixed stare. The man had his hand on the tiller and it was obvious that the scrutiny disconcerted him.

"You seem to be uneasy, my friend. You think that I am looking at you more closely than is consistent with good manners. You must excuse me. I was speculating how you would look in the striped overall that they wear at Cayenne."

The man stiffed an oath and the boat lurched dangerously towards the rock-bound shore. Vincent made a leap towards the tiller and seized it firmly, obliging the head of the launch parallel to the coast.

"Your steering is erratic, my friend. Let me remind you that we are bound for St. Malo, not for the next world. You had better leave the steering to me."

The Breton captain still kept his hand on

the tiller for the sake of appearances, but he allowed Vincent to control the steering.

"I am always sorry when I see a man making the wrong horse at the races and I grieve me when I think of a man accustomed to the wild fresh air and liberty of the sea heading towards a narrow little cubicle in a cell of corrugated iron, deprived of such amenities as tobacco. They tell me that that deprivation is the worst part of imprisonment; that men would sell their souls for a twist of tobacco leaf. The pity of it is that if you were working for the lawful authorities you would have a quiet life and an easy conscience."

"I don't know what you're talking about. I'm a plain sailor."

"Then let us talk in plain language as man to man," retorted Vincent. "You have been carrying passengers from England with dangerous contraband about their persons."

"I know nothing about that. People take their passage and that's all that concerns me."

"Then why not prove your innocence by helping the police to do their duty?"

"What do you want me to do?"

"I'll tell you. We hold a telegram sent to you by those two men, telling you to come to St. Malo for them. They are expecting you. What we want you to do when you catch sight of them on the quay is to signal that all is well. Probably you have a code of signals."

"You are an Englishman. You couldn't arrest me."

"I might have to denounce you to the French authorities and they have a short way with their nationals who engage in the drug traffic. You might find yourself languishing in a prison cell for months before being brought to trial, and all that time you would be on a prison diet, with nothing to smoke and aid digestion. Why, man! your health would break down under the strain."

"Do those gentlemen in the cabin, who are French officers, want me to do this?"

"They do, and they will tell you so." He signalled to Goron and Lalage to come out of the cabin. The captain now proved to be amenable and their plans were made.

As they neared the quay at St. Malo, Vincent's heart beat fast when he saw two men waving. They answered the description of those of whom he was in search. It was possible that they were armed and would resist capture, but that was a risk that every police officer had to take. He was relieved to see that there were other people on the quay. The presence of so many witnesses might restrain the two criminals from using their revolvers.

The three officers remained out of sight in the cabin as the captain steered his launch to the steps. The two men advanced confidently and Vincent leaped for the lowest of the granite steps, followed by Goron and Lalage. The men had not a chance to make off.

Goron laid his hand on the shoulder of the nearest, saying: "You are wanted at the police station."

"What for?"

"They will tell you that at the station."

"I demand first to be taken to the American consulate," said the man. "You have no right to interfere with American citizens."

"You are now on French soil, monsieur, and you may both have to answer charges of breaking French law, but you shall have an opportunity of telephoning to the American consulate from the police station."

"What is the charge? We have a right to know that."

Vincent caught a quick glance in the

eyes of one of the men towards one of the little streets that debouched upon the quay. He was measuring his chance of escape. It was the moment for a word of warning in English. "You had better not try to do a bolt," Vincent said. "They have a short way over here with prisoners who resist arrest. I advise you to go quietly."

"You hear that?" shouted the man to his companion. "This guy is a cop from Scotland Yard. These Britishers won't let the French do their own dirty work without interfering. O.K., we'll go with you, but you'll get trouble from the State Department in Washington when they get to hear of it, I warn you."

Vincent interposed quietly. "There are charges pending against you in England, and there may be extradition proceedings. I can tell you no more than that at this stage."

The men now appeared to accept the inevitable and followed Lalage without another word. Vincent did some rapid thinking. He drew Goron out of earshot.

"I shall have to get into communication with my chief at Scotland Yard."

"By telephone, you mean?"

"No, I think it best that I should return to England if you can assure me that the men will be held safely in custody here until their extradition is arranged."

"Have no fear," responded Goron. "You can safely leave them with us."

"Then I will lose no more time. I must make inquiries about the boat."

"I must accompany M. Lalage and these men. If you don't get a boat for this evening come round to the little bistro and we'll meet again there."

"I will. In case we don't meet again, please accept my warmest thanks for your help."

He shook hands with both his French colleagues and made his way to the steamship office. He was just in time to get a passage on a boat that was leaving within an hour.

ON arriving in London, Vincent reported himself to his immediate superior, Chief Constable Richardson, who listened patiently to his story and said that the proper course was to go over to the Director of Public Prosecutions to lay the whole case before him.

The Director himself was in his room and disengaged. He was a curious product of the departmental machine. His name had been prominent in the newspaper reports of most of the important criminal cases as Prosecutor for the Crown; his appointment as Director of Public Prosecutions had therefore occasioned no surprise and very little heartburning from those of his profession who aspired to the appointment.

He had been knighted; he was now a permanent official like any other Civil servant but he had retained the forensic mannerisms of his earlier days at the Bar, being neither fish nor fowl, since he had not been through the Civil Service mill that grinds all men to something of the same pattern. Sir John Manning wore a fringe of grey hair about the conical dome of his skull; otherwise his skin was naked, not, it was alleged by the subordinate members of his staff, through the attentions of the razor, but because Nature, in designing him, had taken the hen's egg for the model to work upon and had denied him the minute adornments that decorated his fellow men. But best anyone should think that there was anything feminine in his make-up, she had endowed him with the deepest of bass voices, at which timid solicitors' clerks introduced

without warning into the presence had been known to leap three inches from their chairs.

It was not the first time that Vincent had been required to undergo the ordeal. Indeed he found that he was a persona grata with the great man.

"Well, Mr. Vincent, what are you bringing us to-day?—something interesting, I feel sure. Some one told me that you had gone abroad on a confidential mission."

"Yes, Sir John, and I am just back."

"Did your travels take you as far as Geneva? I was there the other day and I was immensely struck with that great building they have erected for the League of Nations. You have seen it, of course?"

"Yes, Sir John, and I have attended little international conferences in one of the rooms there."

"On criminal questions, I suppose?"

"Yes, Sir John. On the drug traffic and on the question of the form of cheque which would be proof against forgery. The interest lay in the fact that even the Americans had deputed their expert police officers to attend."

"I am glad to think that the League of Nations is serving some useful purpose; otherwise there will be nothing for it but to convert that building into a hospital for incurables."

"I am not sure, Sir John, that it has not already gone some way in that direction. Judging from the curious long-haired people that one meets in the corridors."

"But we are gossiping about international politics when we ought to be talking business. You have something to tell me."

Thereupon Vincent gave him a succinct account of the problem that was facing him. When he had finished, the fingertips of the Director came together. "If I understand you correctly you suggest that there are grounds for applying for extradition on the charge of wilful murder. Is that correct?"

"Yes, sir, it is."

"The evidence, as I see it, is purely circumstantial—the hiring of a car, the breaking of one of the windows by a revolver bullet, the finding of the body of a murdered man by a witness who can be produced, and this coat that was found in the tool-box of the hired car. I confess that I have known stronger cases; but when I have your report I will go very carefully through it and send for you again. In the meantime I understand that the men in question are being safely held by the French authorities."

"That is so, sir. Thank you very much. I will go and write my report at once."

On his way to the Chief Inspector's room Vincent knocked at his Chief Constable's door and was at once admitted.

"Well," said his chief, "what did the Director say?"

"He told me to go and write my report, sir, and he would consider whether there were sufficient grounds for charging these men with murder. In that case he did not anticipate any difficulty in obtaining an extradition warrant."

"Very well," said Richardson, "you had better lose no time in writing your report, but let me see it first."

To Vincent, writing a convincing report was child's play. He was a strict economist in words, but that was so refreshing a contrast with the reports of many of his colleagues that he had no fear about the verdict of the Director, nor did his Chief Constable find any fault with it.

"Right. You can take that round to the

Director and tell him, if you like, that I have seen it."

All this had eaten away the morning and Vincent was beginning to feel the pangs of hunger. He was about to make his way up to the floor where dinners were served when a telegram was put into his hands. He tore open the envelope and felt on reading the message that all appetite for food had deserted him. The message was signed "Goron." It was quite brief.

"Both men escaped from custody during the night."

There was nothing for it but for Vincent to take the telegram to his chief and ask for further instructions. For once, Richardson betrayed impatience. "Thank Heaven," he said, "that our men know how to hold their prisoners without giving all this trouble. You'll have to run over to France again."

"To Paris, sir?"

"Yes, because by this time Goron must have returned to duty in Paris and rascals of this kind would find Paris their safest hiding-place."

"Very good, sir; I'll cross by the night boat to Dieppe—unless you think that it would be better to take St. Malo on the way?"

"No. You must go to Paris. Get into touch with Verneuil again, as well. He is not very quick in the uptake but when the scent is strong he never abandons the chase."

ON arriving at the Gare St. Lazare, Vincent's first objective was the Ministry of the Interior. He went straight to Goron's room and was fortunate enough to find him alone.

"Come in, my friend. I am very glad to see you. I thought it not improbable that my telegram might bring you again to Paris, where you are always welcome."

"Thank you. The atmosphere of Paris is always exhilarating to the jaded Londoner; but, on this occasion, it has been your bad news that has brought me. Those rascals have escaped?"

"Yes. I can scarcely contain myself when I think of the laxity of these provincial police officers, if indeed it was slackness and not bribery."

"I should not have dared to make that suggestion myself, but since you have made it . . . One must remember that the profits in the drug traffic are so considerable that bribes can be offered on quite a liberal scale. M. Verneuil may have found some corroborative evidence in Madame Germaine's address book showing that our surmise that drugs are concerned in this case was correct."

"Then let us go and see M. Verneuil."

By this time they had become familiar figures to the doorkeeper, who saluted them with a forefinger and indicated the lift. Verneuil received them with his usual bluff welcome and inquired after their health. As usual, in the public offices in France, minutes were expended in the perfunctory courtesies.

"Pleased as I am to see you, my friend," said Verneuil, "I feel sure that it is the laxity of those miserable police in St. Malo in allowing those rascals to escape that has brought you back to France."

"It is," put in Goron, "but I have assured our English colleague that they shall be recaptured if they are still on French soil. Orders have been given to all ports and frontier towns to stop them. And now, to turn to another phase of the case, did you find that little book of any use to you?"

"Yes. The most important bit of evidence

it contains is the name of that suspected factory in Belfort. As you were averse from alarming the lady by direct interview, I put her premises under observation and my man is instructed to make notes of every visitor to the shop. He is one of my most trusted officers, so you need have no misgivings."

He had scarcely finished speaking when there was a tap on the door and a young man with deep anxiety graven on his features exposed his head to view and at once withdrew it on seeing that his chief was not alone.

"Ah, this is the man I posted to watch those premises. Come in, Andre," he shouted. "What have you to report?"

"Monsieur, in some mysterious way, that woman in the rue Duphot has disappeared. Yesterday afternoon and this morning a number of people came and tried the door of her shop. Some of the more impatient thumped on the door. This morning the baker called with bread but could get no one to take it in."

"But there are no back entrances to those old shops in the rue Duphot."

"That is true, monsieur."

"And yet you are satisfied that she did not leave by the front door?"

"Quite satisfied, monsieur."

A flush began to suffuse Verneuil's weather-beaten countenance as a horrible suspicion assailed him.

"Did no vehicle stop at the shop door while you were on duty?"

"No, monsieur, except of course the baker this morning, who tried the door and went away."

"And yesterday?"

"Only the laundry van, late in the afternoon."

"And the driver carried into the shop an empty basket—a basket large enough for a week's family washing?"

"Yes, monsieur, it was a large basket: it required the driver and another man to carry it."

"And after a few minutes they came out again with the basket and loaded it into the van?"

"Yes, monsieur," replied the watcher, surprised at the intuition of his questioner.

"Great Scott that any Parisian should be so lacking in intelligence as to let that basket pass unopened!"

"Why, monsieur? It was an ordinary laundry basket."

"AND I suppose that you would describe yourself as a man of ordinary intelligence? But if you had raised the lid of that basket you would have had the shock of your life. It had a woman in it."

The poor constable looked as if this last remark was all the shock he needed.

"Well, you will say that you were only told to watch for people who came and went on their two legs—not for ladies who chose to be carried out in laundry baskets. But there it is. The harm is done. Can you give me a description of the people who tried the door after the laundry man had gone?"

"Well, monsieur, now I come to think of it, I remember only one; a tall, thin man, with a face like a hatchet."

"Come, you can give me a better description of him than that. What age was he?"

"Between thirty and forty, I should say. He was dressed like an Englishman."

"You mean that he went to a good tailor for his clothes?"

"Yes, monsieur, the clothes were certainly not sold to him ready-made."

"Thank you, Andre. I shall want nothing more for the present," said Verneuil.

The man's air was crestfallen as he went out; he knew that there would be more to come about his lack of intuition.

"Mon Dieu!" said Verneuil. "We seem to be distinguishing ourselves in this affair, but it may not be so difficult to find the lady as you suspect. We have first to trace that laundry van."

"Her uneasiness is not difficult to explain," said Vincent. "She must have missed that little book of hers and the man on observation was not canceling the fact that he was posted to watch her. She thought an unobtrusive disappearance was the safest card to play. Now I'm wondering if the tall, thin man who called at the shop could have been Lewis."

"Would he be such a fool," said Goron, "as to run his head into the lion's mouth by calling at the shop?"

"Well, Germaine had warned the wives, but the women could not pass on the warning to the men, as apparently they were not in touch with them."

"Listen," said Verneuil. "I mean to get to the bottom of this escape from St. Malo. In this little book," he fluttered the pages of Madame Germaine's notebook, "there is an address P.H., 9, rue de la Couronne, St. Malo. Who can P.H. be?"

WHY not telephone to the St. Malo police?" suggested Vincent. "I was on the point of doing so when you gentlemen came in."

The telephoning did not take long. Within ten minutes they were in possession of the fact that the address was that of the Mayor himself, Philippe Henriques.

"Things are beginning to warm up," murmured Goron. "In a Port such as St. Malo the Mayor has opportunities—very profitable opportunities—and if those two criminals could get into friendly touch with him we need be surprised at nothing."

"Well," said Vincent, "assuming that money has passed and that the Mayor was at the bottom of the escape, what is to be our next step? My own concern in this matter is to get hold of those two men and see that they are safely held in custody in France, leaving me free to go over to London and get extradition warrants signed. As I had to return on receipt of your telegram there was no time to get them."

"You can rest assured," said Verneuil grimly, "that the next time they are caught, they will not escape."

"If one of them, as we believe, called on Madame Germaine as late as yesterday evening, probably both the men are in Paris at this moment. It seems to me that the obvious step is to call upon that concierge in their old lodgings and the driver of the taxi which they were in the habit of using."

"I could get these inquiries done at once in the arrondissement, but I don't think that we had better spread this business too widely," said Verneuil.

"My main interest," said Goron, "is in the drug traffic now that the connection of these men with drugs is established. You, my friend, are concerned only with getting these men arrested on charges of murder. Is that not so?"

"I feel that we are all sailing in the same boat, gentlemen," said Vincent, "for we are all concerned—deeply concerned—in the arrest of these two rascals, Blake and Lewis."

"I think we may safely leave the inquiries in Paris to our friend here, who, when once he undertakes a delicate inquiry, never lets go until he gets what he wants," said Goron.

Verneuil acknowledged the compliment with a curl of the lip, intended to indicate

that he did not accept compliments at their face value. He knew his own value—none better—and he knew where he was likely to fall in inquiries that required the delicate touch of a trained diplomatist, but he could well imagine what a mess most trained diplomatists would make of police inquiries. In private conversation he was apt to describe the Foreign Office clerks as "those young ladies."

"Well, Vincent," continued Goron, "I think that you and I will take one of the official cars to St. Malo and engage in a friendly conversation with his Worship the Mayor. I suggest that messages should be sent to the Port officers and the officers on all frontiers to exercise very special vigilance. I will get that done. If you'll come with me to the Ministry of the Interior we'll commandeer our car and start as soon as possible."

When the other two had gone, Verneuil resolved to leave nothing to subordinates. He would undertake the business single-handed. His inquiries at the lodgings and of the taxi-driver met with no result. Neither the concierge nor the chauffeur had seen either the men or their wives since February. Verneuil knew how to extract the truth from people like this and was satisfied that they were not lying. His next visit was to the rue Duphot. He was well provided with all that was needed for dealing with locked doors. In this case the door was furnished with a Yale lock that snapped to. But what Verneuil did not know about Yale locks and the manner of bringing them to a friendly understanding was not worth knowing.

He was going to make a thorough search of the premises, but he turned first to the letter-box. Empty? No. One letter. And there was no need to steam it open, for the addressee would never come to know of the outrage to her correspondence perpetrated with the grimy thumb of an ex-petty officer.

The letter was quite short and would have puzzled an unauthorised reader who did not know the facts with which Verneuil was acquainted. It was signed "P.H." and it read as follows:

"The carrier pigeons have been released and if their instinct guides them aright you may find them roosting on your windowledge even before you receive this letter. They will need food and drink and a little kindness from you."

Verneuil's comment was terse. "Pigeons," he calls them! Why stop at "pigeons" when he might have said "doves"? Oh, these provincial mayors, they make me tired.

Would there be time to catch Goron and Vincent before their departure for the North? He did not stop to search the rest of the premises but hailed a taxi, directing the driver to the Ministry of the Interior.

He was in time: a car was taking in petrol in the courtyard of the Ministry when his taxi drew up.

Goron was about to take his seat when Vincent touched him on the arm.

"Here comes Verneuil. I think he wants us."

The ex-petty officer, a little out of breath, came hurrying up.

"I have brought you this letter, gentlemen. You may find it useful when interviewing his Worship the Mayor."

"Where did you get it?"

"Out of Madame Germaine's letter-box. She was not there to receive her own correspondence; that is the obvious objection to leaving home in a laundry basket. Good hunting!" said Verneuil. "I need not detain you longer. I have my work cut out in

tracing the laundryman who received Madame Germaine in his basket."

He turned on his heel and was gone.

The journey to St. Malo was uneventful. They arrived at the chief police office at half-past four, for Goron had a bone to pick with the police officers. He made himself known to the inspector in charge as Commissaire Goron of the Surete Nationale.

As when a sudden gust of wind stirs the growing corn the announcement of his rank produced consternation among the men in the police office. He asked to see the principal Commissaire, who made his appearance unshaven, in an unbuttoned tunic. There was a hunted look in his eyes, the look that a man wears when his sins have found him out.

"So the men that I handed over to you, monsieur, for safe custody contrived to escape? In order that I may be in a position to make my report to the Minister, I should like to be shown the cell from which the escape was made and hear your explanation of how it occurred."

"Very good, monsieur; if you will give yourself the trouble of following me, I will take you down to the cells."

The door was unlocked and a recalcitrant Norwegian sailor, who had been sampling French wines too lavishly, was removed into the corridor while Goron inspected the window bars. He could find nothing wrong with them. He turned upon the police officer and demanded how he explained the escape. "Those window bars were intact?"

"Yes, monsieur, I am even now inquiring from my staff how the escape could have been contrived."

"I think I can tell you," said Goron dryly, "how it was contrived and who contrived it, but let that pass. Tell me, M. le Commissaire, did the Mayor visit the prisoners on the evening of their arrest?"

"He did, monsieur. You had said that they might telephone to the American Consul, so naturally I allowed them to telephone also to the Mayor when they asked."

Goron drew Vincent a little aside and said: "You see, I was not far wrong. These men hold their appointment from the Mayor. It would serve no good purpose for us to drag out the details of this discreditable proceeding. It is the Mayor whom we want."

THE Mayor lived in a flat on the second floor, filled with a heterogeneous mass of second-hand furniture of various ages and styles picked up at sales. In private life he was an advocate, though his practice in a place like St. Malo could not have been remunerative. It was obvious that he depended on other sources for his income. All this Vincent and Goron took in at a glance while they were waiting for the Mayor to make his appearance.

When he did appear he was obviously nervous and ill at ease. Goron's card was sufficient to account for this, for any communication from the Ministry of the Interior always sent cold shivers down his spine and this card indicated that Goron was a police functionary.

"We have taken the liberty of calling on you, Monsieur le Maire," said Goron, "in connection with the escape of two prisoners from the cells in the police station."

"Yes, monsieur; it was a most lamentable occurrence."

"So lamentable, that the Minister of the Interior will want to know from me exactly how it happened. I am told that you had an interview with these two men while they were in the cells. May I go so far as to inquire what was the object of this interview?"

The Mayor gulped and swallowed. It gave him time to prepare the answer to this embarrassing question. "I was doing my bare duty, monsieur; the police of the municipality being under my control, I felt that I should be failing in my duty if I did not satisfy myself that the prisoners were being properly treated."

"I am pushing my inquiry a little further than I should have done were it not for a letter signed 'P.H.' found by the Paris police in the letter-box of a lady whose conduct I fear, leaves something to be desired. It occurred to me right to show this letter to you, since it bears your initials and ask you whether it was typed on your machine?"

The Mayor took the letter with trembling fingers and made as if to read it. Vincent watched him narrowly the while and satisfied himself that his eyes were not following the lines and that his mind was engaged in speculating about the reply that would be most likely to find acceptance.

"It is most unlikely, monsieur, that anyone should have had access to my machine. It is used occasionally by my clerk, but she could not have written a letter of this kind. For one thing, I have no carrier pigeons, nor have the police."

"I don't think we need trouble you further, Monsieur le Maire," said Goron; "I have sufficient material for my report to the Minister. I will only trouble you further in asking you to let me use your typewriter for a moment. My case will then be complete."

The Mayor stammered an inarticulate reply, but Goron maintained his bland attitude. "You will not refuse to allow me to use your machine?"

It was useless to attempt concealment, for the machine was standing in full view in a corner of the room. Goron swept off the cover and proceeded to type with unexpected agility a copy of the letter signed 'P.H.' found in the Germaine hat-shop in the rue Duphot.

He compared the two, noting all the defects in the typescript of both and marking them with a blue pencil.

The poor Mayor was not made of cast steel. The Day of Judgment had come upon him without any preparation. The power of speech had abandoned him; he could only bleat inarticulately.

"You wish to tell us something confidentially, I think, Monsieur le Maire?" said Goron.

"Yes, monsieur. There is much to tell, and if I have a solemn promise from you two gentlemen that I shall be exempt from prosecution, and that nothing that I say will be disclosed to any journalist, I will tell you everything that I know."

The Mayor hesitated. He appeared to be putting a strain upon what he would have described as his brain. But once he had got under way the information which he vouchsafed was of absorbing interest to Vincent. To begin with, he admitted quite frankly that he was in league with drug traffickers and that Madame Germaine, in Paris, was mixed up with those chartered to distribute the poison. A few tactful questions brought out further admissions. His special duty was to keep watch on the ports of the northern coast through colleagues who were concerned to some extent in the same traffic, and to give facilities to boats entering or leaving. Moreover, he had agreed to be at the disposal of foreign drug runners—such as Blake and Lewis, whose names were well known to him.

Goron had taken charge of the questions up to this point, but now Vincent broke in.

"When these men escaped, where did they go?"

The Mayor hesitated. "I do not know."

"Think again, Monsieur le Maire. You knew that they were going to Paris because you wrote to Madame Germaine to warn her of that, did you not?"

The Mayor inclined his head. He seemed to be beyond articulate speech.

"You could not be doing all this unless you had some influential person in Paris to cover you in case of trouble."

"You are perfectly right, monsieur; I am old that there is no less a person than a Deputy who will protect us when things go wrong."

"His name?"

"That I cannot tell you. I have never heard his name."

"At present I shall not insist; but it will have to come out. He is your protector."

"Yes, monsieur, he is more than merely our protector; he gives us advice."

"You mean advice for nothing?"

"Oh no, monsieur, the advice, I believe, is very expensive, but that does not concern me. The gentleman has access to Ministers, he is a person that counts in the political world; occasionally he visits the Prime Minister, if not the President of the Republic."

"And who provides the money for doing his palm?"

"I understand that it comes from America, but in such a form that it cannot be traced."

"Who brings it?"

"These men Blake and Lewis were expected to bring quite a formidable sum."

"Apart from this important person whose name you do not know, who would you say is the centre of the organisation?"

"Perhaps Madame Germaine—I do not know. I assure you, gentlemen, that I am not told names: I receive orders to carry out from time to time and when these two men telephoned to me from the prison cells I knew that my duty was to let them escape and they dictated the message to Madame Germaine. I thought, of course, that the Deputy in question would protect me."

"You will understand, Monsieur le Maire, that my action in this interview has been entirely guided by a sense of duty; that I have no kind of animosity towards you and that you may count upon me to keep your name out of the business as far as possible. We will now take our leave of you."

As they went down the stairs Vincent observed: "You were very polite and friendly towards the Mayor, considering the part he has played in this business."

"One never knows what one of these Mayors may some day become in the country. I might encounter him as Minister of the Interior and my chief."

"It is easy to see why they do not trust so stupid a man with names. He would blurt them out and ruin the whole organisation on the slightest hint of trouble to himself."

"We shall have to use a broom and sweep out all the doubtful characters in these northern ports. What would I not give for the name of the Deputy, but it's obvious that the Mayor was not entrusted with it."

IT took an unreasonable time to get connected with Chief Constable Richardson at New Scotland Yard. Apparently half the population of France was eager to telephone to half the population of Great Britain, for, according to the operator, the line remained occupied and

there were others before Vincent waiting for their turn. At last Vincent heard the voice he knew. He gave a succinct account of what he had done and asked for instructions whether he should go to Paris to pursue his inquiries or leave the French police to carry on. The reply was emphatic.

"Now that you've gone so far, it would be foolish to throw up the sponge. You must go to Paris and I will cover your expenses with the Receiver."

Goron was waiting outside the telephone booth.

"It's all right," said Vincent. "We are to travel to Paris together."

Both were busy with their own thoughts on the journey to Paris; they exchanged scarcely a syllable. At the Commissariat of Police they met Verneuil coming down the stairs, thinking that he had finished work for the day, but on recognising his visitors he insisted on taking them up to his office.

"But you were just going out."

"Only to consume an aperitif at the Rond Point—a bad habit into which one so easily falls. Besides, I have some news that may interest you. We have located the laundry in whose basket we believe Madame Germaine escaped."

"Have you done anything about it?" asked Vincent, rather eagerly.

NOT yet, monsieur, beyond putting that laundry under observation. The fact is, I was keeping any further steps until your return to Paris. Needless to say I am having every basket that passes in or out examined by one of my officers."

"Is the laundry doing any genuine business?" asked Vincent.

"Oh, yes, its van goes round collecting work from the best residents in the quarter. It has a considerable staff of laundry women and the proprietor lives with his wife in a flat above the laundry itself. I have made inquiries of the concierge and have ascertained that no strange lady is staying with the proprietor and his wife."

"I suppose we could visit the working part of the laundry?"

"Certainly, if I go with you, but at this hour of the day the work-people have gone home and the place is locked up."

"I should like to see these work-people arrive in the morning," said Vincent.

"You think that Madame Germaine may have converted herself into a laundry woman?" asked Goron.

"I think that possible; at any rate it would be easier to make a recognition when women are dressed for the street than when they are in working kit."

"You are quite right, my friend. The working kit of a woman is a good disguise."

"It will mean an early start," said Verneuil. "You will have to meet me here not later than eight if we are to see them all come in."

"Eight o'clock sharp, then," said Vincent after consulting Goron. "And now, my friends, I have a proposition to make. It is that we find a quiet restaurant to dine in and that you should become my guests for this evening. We have a great deal to talk over."

"The resolution is carried with acclamation," said Goron. "Monsieur Verneuil must be an unrivalled guide for this part of Paris. I suggest that we place ourselves unreservedly in his hands."

It was not surprising that the conversation at their table should have turned to the

subject of drugs, Goron recounted to Verneuil their adventures at St. Malo.

"That's the worst of our provincial police system in France," said Verneuil. "The Mayor is responsible for the municipal police and if someone buys him over then you must remember that these drug traffickers can afford to bribe heavily."

"You must know," said Goron, "that our English friend here is a walking encyclopedia on the subject. He is the personage who is in charge of the traffic at Scotland Yard and he is sent out to Geneva to represent his country whenever the subject is discussed."

"Indeed! Then perhaps he can solve a good many of our difficulties in Paris."

"I take no credit to myself for knowing something about it, monsieur," said Vincent. "It chanced that the Central Narcotics Intelligence Bureau came across a certain Monsieur Voyatels and took the liberty of making a search of his baggage in this certain papers were found which were handed over to me. They included a pocket-book and a code-book. The code-book was a compendium of all the persons in China and Japan to whom Voyatels was in the habit of sending telegrams. On the first page was a list of names of the members of the gang, together with the names of the factories which supplied the poison, for example the Societe Industrielle de Chimie Organique and Roessler of Mulhouse."

Verneuil wrinkled up his eyes until they were the merest slits.

"Then it was due to your information that we were able to close those two which were the most active of our drug manufacturers."

"And what about Hedouin—the name that was in Madame Germaine's book?"

"That has been under suspicion for some time, but it is difficult to get direct evidence against the firm. Now, perhaps, we can get a move on."

"Were there no European names?" asked Goron.

"None; probably these were contained in another book which has never come into our hands. In my belief these two Americans about whom we are so much concerned are merely runners—that is they carry the drugs between France and England and France and America."

"And what do you think are the duties of Madame Germaine in the business?"

"She supplies the means of transport. In her case it is hats. Every kind of ingenious device has been pressed into the service. For example, a considerable quantity was concealed in millstones, hollowed out and plastered up so that the stones had to be broken before the drugs could be discovered."

"Now I understand the part played by the wives of the two men; they were employed to buy the hats," said Goron.

"Yes, and I doubt whether their parts were important enough to justify us in following them and searching their rooms. The main thing is that we now have the sources of the supply; what we want to find out is the headquarters of the organisation in this country," said Verneuil.

"And I," said Vincent ruefully, "am less concerned with the drug traffic than I am with locating and procuring the arrest of those two men, not on the charge of drug-trafficking, but on that of murder." His forehead was wrinkled; he had something on his mind. "Let me be quite frank, Goron. In England, as you know, we cannot arrest people unless we have more than a suspicion that they are concerned in a felony, but in France you are not so strait-laced in your

view of these powers. You can arrest on suspicion."

Verneuil's anatomy was disturbed by an eruption of silent laughter. Before Goron could reply he had supplied the answer. "In practice, my friend, and it is only practice that counts, we can arrest anyone. The only risk is that if he's entirely innocent, he may make a fuss, but generally he is so well content to be set at liberty that he says nothing."

A waiter behind Vincent's chair was showing signs of impatience. The other clients had departed a full quarter of an hour earlier. The two French guests took the hint and rose to take their leave.

"Au revoir until eight o'clock to-morrow then," said Verneuil.

Goron and his English colleague met actually on the stairs of the police post at the Grand Palais next morning.

"What a gift is punctuality!" exclaimed Goron, looking at his watch. "We are on the stroke of eight, and here, if I mistake not, comes our colleague Verneuil himself. I recognise the light footfall." It was thus that he described his colleague's heavy tread on the stairs above.

After the usual morning salutations, Vincent inquired how they were to go to the laundry.

"As time presses we will take a taxi," said Verneuil. "There are not many to be found at this hour, but I have rung up the depot."

He had scarcely finished speaking when a taxi drew up beside them; it had come in response to the telephone message. Verneuil gave the driver the address and they all bundled into it.

On arrival at their destination, by a friendly arrangement with the concierge the three police officers were accorded a position in the courtyard which gave them a view of everyone who passed into the building. A number of women passed in; none was in the least like Madame Germaine. They waited still a few minutes, and as there were no new arrivals Verneuil crossed over to a little window at which he had seen all the women record their arrival. The woman behind the glass he recognised as the proprietor's wife. It was no moment for finesse. He asked her bluntly whether all her employees were now in.

"Yes, monsieur," she replied in a sullen tone.

"Then my colleagues and I would like to see them at work."

"You people seem to do whatever you like," grumbled the woman as she led the way into the sorting-room. There, there were only two women, but in the ironing-room there were ten. None of these corresponded in the least with the description of Madame Germaine.

Meanwhile Vincent was quietly counting the women in each room. He whispered to Goron at the door of the next room in which nine women were washing: "I counted only twenty women who came in and there are now twenty-one at work."

The women at the washbasins had their hair tucked into mob caps and large coarse aprons enveloped their figures. It would have been an effective disguise for the beautifully-groomed milliner of whom they were in search. Vincent was concerned not with their faces or figures, but with their hands. He noticed one whose hands were not wrinkled. He stopped in front of her and made an unobtrusive signal to Goron and Verneuil.

Verneuil addressed the woman: "You must be finding this work hard and distasteful, madame."

The woman behaved as if she had not

heard him and went on with her work with redoubled energy.

"You can now drop this disguise, Madame Germaine, and come with me. I am, as you know, an officer from the Prefecture of Police."

She dried her hands on her apron and said with dignity: "I think you will agree, gentlemen, that we cannot discuss things in this room. I suggest that we ask the proprietress to lend us her office for our interview."

She led the way and the three officers followed her. The proprietress was still in the office.

"The curtain has fallen on our farce, chérie," said Madame Germaine; "perhaps you will allow these gentlemen to come in and make their explanations."

Once inside the room she removed first the coarse apron and then an overall, revealing a graceful figure in ordinary morning dress. Lastly she removed the mob cap and then all doubts about her identity were removed.

"Are you taking me far?" she asked in polite tones. "Because, if so, I must run upstairs for my hat."

"WELL, send for your hat," said Verneuil, bluntly. "You may not want it for some time."

"You mean that I am to be taken to prison?"

"You will be taken to a place where they supply coverings for the head."

She flushed. "This is an outrage. Of what am I accused?"

"I understand that the charge is trafficking in drugs, but all that can be discussed at the place to which you are going."

"You have no right to take me. No doubt you have searched my shop and, naturally, without result. I have never had drugs there."

"May I suggest, madame," said Goron, "that an innocent woman does not escape from her shop in a laundry basket."

"That was a theatrical joke on my part. You were having my shop watched, although you had no grounds for suspicion. I knew you expected a denouement and so I gave you one. Also it gave me an opportunity for showing that your subordinates are not from the top drawer in the matter of intelligence."

"I fear that you will have now to pay for the fun you have had," said Goron. Turning to Verneuil he said: "We will leave you to escort this lady, comrade."

He and Vincent walked to the rue Duphot and Goron engaged the watcher in conversation. He said that no one had visited the shop except the little employee who came each morning to see if her employer had returned and couldn't understand her absence.

"I suppose that Verneuil is satisfied that the employee knows nothing," said Vincent.

"Yes, and if Verneuil is satisfied we can take that as proved. It takes much to satisfy Verneuil; he has a distrustful nature."

The man who was keeping observation opened the shop door for them, telling them that the postman had dropped a letter in the box.

The letter bore a London postmark and was addressed to

"Madame Lewis,"

"chez Madame Germaine, Modiste,

"rue Duphot."

Goron did not scruple to tear the envelope open. The letter was in French, written in an uneducated hand. It ran as follows:

"Dear Madame,
Please ask your husband to bring a double supply when he comes on August 1st.

"Accept, dear madame, the expression of my most devoted sentiments.

"ALICE DODDS."
"What address does she give?" asked Vincent eagerly.

"None."

"Then give me the envelope." He examined the postmark, which was not very clear, but he was able to make out W.11. "I must get back to London at once, August 1 is the day after to-morrow."

"But not without seeing Verneuil?"

"No. I'll make my preparations and be at his office at two o'clock. Will that be convenient to you?"

"Quite. You take the letter. Au revoir, at two o'clock."

WHEN Vincent arrived at the rendezvous he found Goron waiting at the bottom of the stairs; Verneuil had not yet returned from lunch.

"I should be glad if you'd give me an expert opinion on this letter," said Vincent; "as you see it is written in an illiterate hand, but the composition of the text strikes me as being anything but illiterate, considering that French is a foreign language to the writer."

Goron studied the letter and handed it back. "The handwriting is certainly illiterate, but I judge that the letter has been copied from a text supplied to the writer by a well-educated woman."

"That coincides with my opinion. At any rate I will try to locate Alice Dodds as soon as I get to London and get from her some information about Lewis."

"Alice Dodds may not be easy to find," suggested Goron; "you have only a postmark giving the postal district."

"Quite true, but there is a division of police in each of these postal districts and through them I shall find the woman."

Verneuil entered the lobby at this moment and greeted them in his usual petty officer's manner. They climbed the stairs to his office and when the door was shut Goron inquired without preamble: "Did she talk?"

"Yes, at great length. She gave me information, but I doubt whether any of it was true. According to her version she did nothing in this business but supply hats to the wives of those two men. They were exacting clients—returning over and over again for trifling alterations in the trimmings. When I pointed out that their requirements amounted to converting ribbons she said that she had nothing to do with the eccentricities of her customers. She admitted having received letters at her shop for them but it was natural for her to oblige customers in this way. Finally, my friends, I decided that if we were to get any further a short sojourn at La Roche would be the only method of persuasion."

"Your method was an inspiration," said Goron; "but we are to lose our British colleague almost immediately."

"Impossible!" said Verneuil; "just at this moment when our efforts are so soon to be crowned with success. Surely your chiefs can spare you a little longer."

"It is that I have another clue to follow in London. This drug business seems to have wide ramifications, but as you know my main task is to discover the whereabouts of those two Americans. This clue may help." He handed the letter found in Madame Ger-

maine's letter box to the ex-petty officer, who read it with growing excitement.

"A double quantity on the first of August? I suppose that you will take steps on your side of the Channel to intercept this merchandise."

"Indeed we will."

"Of course, we have given orders to all the French ports about these two men, but that is not to say that they won't slip through. Dupres is not the only man who has a fast motor boat."

"I shall arrange for orders to be circulated on our side of the Channel, but, as you say, these motor-boats can slip in anywhere."

"Well," said Goron, "your plans are settled and while you're away we shall not be inactive on our side. You remember that the Mayor of St. Malo told us of a Deputy who was protecting these young people, for a consideration that is well understood. We must make it our business to find this gentleman and hear what he has to say on the subject."

"That will be a task for you, my friend," said Verneuil. "Deputies are quite outside my province; they require delicate handling."

"Very well," said Goron; "I will occupy myself with the search for him and also I will send instructions to the Surete officer stationed at Cannes to interview those two women and see what he can get out of them."

"If you should come across the tracks of their husbands I hope you will not fail to send me a telegram," said Vincent; "and if I find them I shall, of course, let you know at once."

They parted with mutual expressions of goodwill. Vincent, who had already booked his passage by air, was in time to catch the afternoon plane to Croydon. He had telegraphed to Sergeant Walker asking him to meet the plane at Croydon and bring with him the latest reports bearing on the case in which they were interested.

"I have a car here," said the sergeant.

"Very good, then we will talk as we go."

"Well, I haven't been idle while you were away. I have been interviewing the bank officials. Pitt's defalcations amounted to a large sum. The inquiries are not yet complete, but he had certainly made away with a good many thousand pounds. On the other hand, the amount was not large enough to cover the expenses he incurred in his way of living and we've been wondering whether he had not got some other source of supply."

"He had," said Vincent. "I discovered that while I was abroad. He was dealing in drugs."

Sergeant Walker whistled. "That explains a good many things. In following up the tracks of Bernard Pitt, of Hampstead, I found that he had another banking account at the National Insurance Bank, which account he closed on the day before he was murdered."

"The money was paid to him in Bank of England notes, of which the numbers were known, and one of these notes of ten pounds was brought into a Hammersmith bank and changed for treasury notes. The woman who brought it was made to sign her name on the back—Alice Dodds."

It was now Vincent's turn to whistle. "This is a lucky coincidence. I am hunting that woman at this moment. Have you found her?"

"No, not yet; the information reached me only half an hour ago. Why are you interested in Alice Dodds, Chief Inspector?" Vincent gave him a brief account of his

own doings in Paris. "This woman must be found and made to account for the possession of that note. A C.I.D. officer at Holland Park will do that for us; you see the postal district is W.11. Will you attend to that part of the inquiry while I am seeing Chief Constable Richardson? You can take this letter."

"I'll drive you straight to the Yard and then go on to Holland Park. You'll be in time to catch the Chief Constable. He very seldom leaves his table before eight o'clock."

On being admitted to his chief's room, Vincent delivered all the polite messages from France with which he had been charged by Verneuil.

"My friend Verneuil is a rough diamond, but he has a warm heart and an unrivalled knowledge of the French criminal, particularly the Parisian variety. How did he strike you?"

"Well, sir, I can't imagine how he would behave in a drawing-room, but he is a good man for a British police officer to know. He can be very useful."

When Richardson had heard his chief inspector's report he said: "Of course, you did quite right in coming over, but I don't think that those two men that we want will venture to set foot in this country. I agree with you that the woman Dodds must be found; she may prove to be very useful to us. Have you any other plan to work upon now you have come back?"

"Yes, I thought of rounding up the friends of the murdered man—that is the Bernard Pitt, of Hampstead. He must have been supplying some of them with drugs and they might very well give shelter to Blake and Lewis now that the country is getting too hot to hold them."

"You have, of course, warned the Port Officers?"

"Yes, Sergeant Walker is doing that, but they won't try to come in in the ordinary way; they will come in a motor boat and may land anywhere."

"What about the coastguard?"

"Sergeant Walker is seeing to that also." "Yes, because it is quite possible that one of the coastguard may spot this motor boat and report the landing of these people. They would, of course, be passed on to the police as having landed illegally, but we ought to be told of it."

THE Newquay police got into touch with their local coastguard about the motor boat that the two men escaped in, but so far no information has come in.

"You have seen Sergeant Walker and he has posted you in the developments on this side of the Channel?"

"Yes, sir; he has. My present idea is to get hold of the servants who were at the Hampstead house—the man Anton for choice and the chauffeur."

Richardson consulted the file of papers lying on his table. "This is the file of the Bernard Pitt case and it gives all the information we have. You had better run through it."

"Very good, sir, I will. The dead man's chauffeur is the person most likely to be able to give me the information I want—the names and addresses of Pitt's associates. I did interview one of his friends at the beginning of the case, but in the light of the drug traffic information I ought to see others."

"That's the right line of inquiry. See if we have his address in that file; I haven't yet had time to go through it."

Vincent took the file and ran through

It with a practised eye. "I see by this that Anton has been allowed to remain in the Hampstead house as a kind of caretaker. I suppose we shall have to pay him something out of 'incidentals'."

"Yes, he can't live on air."
"I don't see the chauffeur's address in this file, but no doubt Anton will be able to give it to me when I see him. I shall go straight out to Hampstead now."

Vincent did not stop to pick up Sergeant Walker. He took a taxi straight out to the house in Hampstead and rang the bell. Anton, who answered it, was wearing a worried look.

"The telephone has been ringing many times to-day," he said. "Some ask for Mr. Blake and some for Mr. Lewis. I tell them they are not here, but, oh, sir, it is anxious work for me all alone in this big house. This was not what I came to England for."

"No, but you will have to endure it for a little longer, my friend," said Vincent.

"I ask myself why these people ring up Mr. Blake and Mr. Lewis when it is known now that my master, their friend, is dead."

"Probably they think that these men, Blake and Lewis, may be hiding in this house now that it is empty. I suppose that none of these people would give their names?"

"No, sir, though I always ask them: some of them were ladies."

"You told me the other day that your master never entertained ladies. Are you quite sure of that?"

"Quite sure, sir. If he entertained ladies it must be at some restaurant."

"I suppose the chauffeur will be able to tell me more about these visits to restaurants."

Anton gave a short laugh. "That chauffeur could tell you, sir, but he will not speak. He never speaks to anyone and he has no friends. He hated all of us."

"Do you know where he is now?"

"No, he told no one where he was going. All the others, I know where to find them, but not that chauffeur."

"The car is still in the garage?"

"Oh, yes, sir; nobody takes the car out; the police have the key of the garage."

JUST then the telephone bell began to ring persistently. Vincent quickly made up his mind on a course of action.

"Answer the call and if they ask for Mr. Blake or Mr. Lewis, say that you will call them and come for me."

He listened to the half conversation.

"I can call Mr. Lewis to the telephone, madam, if you hold on." With frantic dumb play Anton signalled to Vincent, who among his other accomplishments could talk American.

He went to the instrument and cried: "Hello!"

A woman's voice answered: "Is that you?" It was a quavering voice, shaken with emotion of some kind, and without waiting for the answer she went on eagerly: "Have you got it?"

In his best American accent Vincent replied: "I must know who you are."

"Oh, you know, I'm Dods—Alice Dods. I want it for myself, and her as well. Heaven knows we want it badly enough."

Vincent realised that this woman was in a state in which drug addicts throw caution to the winds. He answered: "Come round to this house right now."

"I'll take me a good part of an hour to make the journey."

"Never mind: I'll wait for you."

He put down the receiver and turned to

Anton. "A lady is coming to see me. If the telephone bell rings again do not answer. Let them go on ringing."

"Very good, sir."

"Meanwhile I am going to look over the house again."

Having made a perfunctory second search of the house without result he went down to the ground floor and rang the bell for Anton.

"As I told you, I am expecting a lady. When she comes, go to the door, and if she asks for Mr. Lewis show her into the dining-room and fetch me. I shall be in that little smoking-room opposite."

He had not long to wait. His visitor had been better than her word. When the bell rang Anton followed his instructions, showed the visitor into the dining-room, and fetched Vincent.

She was a walking example of what addiction to heroin will reduce a self-respecting woman to. It was obvious from her speech that she belonged to the upper servant class, but she was ill-dressed and untidy in her person and there was an air of entire indifference to her appearance. She did not rise when he entered the room, but looked at him with lack-lustre eyes.

"Where's Mr. Lewis and who are you?"

"I'm here to see you instead of Mr. Lewis. A dark cloud of distrust and suspicion was evident in her expression. "Has he let me down?"

"You mean, has he failed to bring what you expected?"

"He's got it all right, but he wants to frighten me into paying more than the regular rate. He thinks that he will always pay anything he chooses to ask."

Vincent realised that this lack of caution was characteristic of the addict in the later stages. She had taken it for granted that he was one of Lewis' associates. He decided to drop all play-acting, together with his assumed American accent.

"Mr. Lewis is not here, madam, but now that you have come I have some questions to ask you."

Her attitude changed; she shook with fear, not the fear of being questioned, but the fear that she was not going to receive what she had come for.

"When do you expect him here?" she said with a kind of wail in her tone.

"We'll talk about Mr. Lewis later on. First I want you to answer my questions. Why did you expect Mr. Lewis to be here?"

"Because he answered the telephone."

"Why did you telephone to him here?"

"Because his letter said this house on August 1, and to-morrow is the first. She said he might arrive earlier."

"Who is she?"

"I'm not going to answer your questions," she said rudely.

"Very well, just as you like, only unless you do you'll have to come with me to the police station."

"No, don't take me there," she said, cringing with alarm. "They took her there once when she was put on probation and she's never forgotten it."

"Is she your mistress?"

"She was once, but I'm not in service now."

She assumed a boastful air. "I'm a lady living on my own now."

Vincent decided to adopt another method of attack. "Who gave you that ten-pound note which you changed for treasury notes at the bank in Holland Park?"

"Oh, I picked it up in the street, and finding's keeping you know."

Vincent decided that the proper course was to take her to the police station and let the police surgeon deal with her. She

was a typical addict. He went to the door and signalled to Anton.

"Ring up a taxi," he whispered, "and when it arrives come in and announce it. I shall take this lady away, but I shall come back because I intend to spend the night here."

To Vincent's great relief the woman followed him to the taxi without demur. He gave the address of the nearest police station and they drove off together.

THE police surgeon was sent for and while the woman was in charge of the matron Vincent explained the situation to the doctor.

"Of course, you know all about the symptoms of drug addicts when they have been deprived of their favorite poison."

"I ought to; if I don't it is not from lack of practice."

"Well, I have questions to put to this woman and I can get nothing out of her in her present state. She can be held for the present on another charge; she was in possession of a stolen ten-pound note."

"Very good. I'll see to her and I'll ring you up as soon as she is in a state where she can usefully be questioned. I suppose if I ring up the Yard you will get the message?"

"Yes," said Vincent. "I'm going back there immediately, but I may not be able to stop there long."

"Oh, that's all right. The woman will sleep here to-night and I shan't want you until the morning."

Vincent found Walker in the sergeants' room at the Yard and called him into the chief inspectors' room.

"I'm and I have got a busy night before me. We'll have to take it in turns to keep watch in that house at Hampstead, because it is quite possible that our American friends, thinking the house empty, will take the liberty of breaking in; it will have a deal of trouble if they do. Anton tells me that the telephone bell has been busy, and I think that the clients are expecting those two, and that they have been given that address."

"Unless they've already landed, I think they'll have difficulty in getting through. I have warned the coastguard people as well as the Port officers and there'll be a sharp lookout everywhere."

"Then we'll be off and trust to Anton to provide us with some kind of meal."

Anton proved himself to be a skilled chef. He produced lunch with a meal worthy of a first-class restaurant. The two officers kept alternate watch during the night, but it passed off uneventfully. Police officers are accustomed to disappointments of this kind; neither was depressed by the failure of their hopes. Anton provided them with hot bath and breakfast before they made for the Yard.

On Vincent's table lay two telegrams, one from Gordon to say that the two women had left Cannes and not improbably, would attempt to enter England; the other from the coastguard at Newquay saying that a motor boat had landed two men and two women in Pulney Cove in the early hours of the morning, and they were being detained by the Newquay police on the charge of landing illegally.

Vincent leapt from his chair and made a dash for the door of the sergeants' room to find Walker. The sergeants engaged in writing up their reports were accustomed to these sudden interruptions; Vincent had a reputation throughout the service of being a man who could not take life easily.

"I want you, Walker. Come along to my room."

They were alone in the chief inspectors'

room and Vincent was free to indulge his instinct for quick movement. He paced up and down.

"Here, Walker, read these." He handed him the telegrams. "There'll be no mayor to connive at their escape on this side of the Channel, thank the Lord. But you and I will have to go down to Newquay immediately; otherwise the local beaks may dismiss them with a caution."

"Won't the Aliens' Department at the Home Office have something to say?"

"They may, but they're funny people at the Home Office. It depends upon whose hand the papers fall into. While you are getting the car round and filling her up I'll telephone to the doctor at Hampstead about that woman, Alice Dodds."

The police surgeon at Hampstead had a callous manner of dealing with such cases.

"We've got the woman in cold storage, but you know what it is with addicts when the supply is suddenly cut off. She has all the symptoms of reaction, vomiting, sneezing, sweating and palpitation of the heart. It will be some days before she will be fit to be questioned."

WERE any papers found in her handbag, or concealed about her person, because I've reason to believe she has been acting for a person in a much higher social position.

"Nothing was found on her, except her name and address and a sum of eighty pounds in treasury notes."

"Will you give me her address and I'll have inquiries made about her in the Division."

He made a note of the address and before Sergeant Walker returned he had time to send a note to the Division, requesting that a report should be made to him on the woman's mode of life. By that time the car was waiting for him. Vincent took the wheel himself; it was to be a long run and a fast one.

At Newquay police station they saw Inspector Harrowby, the officer who was in charge of the car in which Bernard Pitt had apparently been murdered.

"You are holding four people on a charge of landing illegally," said Vincent.

"We are—two men and two women. They have told us the usual kind of fairy tale, that the captain was a personal friend and that it seemed to be the cheapest way of coming. We've submitted the case to the Aliens' Department at the Home Office and are awaiting instructions. If it is decided not to prosecute, they will be taken in custody to the nearest port and pushed out."

"I want them for something else. It may interest you to know that they were the men who left that motor car behind when they left Newquay a few days ago."

"Do you think they were coming back for the car?"

"No, I think their plan was to make for the nearest railway station and take the train to London. Have they been searched?"

"They have. They were carrying personal luggage but nothing contraband."

"An excessive amount of luggage?"

"Nothing out of the way. Would you like to see them?"

"Yes, I should—one at a time and the women first. Let each one bring her luggage in with her."

Mrs. Blake was the first to come in carrying a suitcase of moderate size. She was tall and rather handsome. Vincent judged her to be a little on the wrong side of thirty. She spoke English with a very slight foreign accent.

"You are the Customs' officer, no doubt,"

she said, with a charming smile. "We did not know that we were committing a grave crime in landing as we did. We happened to know the captain of the motor boat and begged him to give us a passage, but you can examine everything we brought with us, just as if we had landed at Dover or Folkestone."

She opened her suitcase with alacrity. "You see there is nothing here, but one change of clothes, which any woman would need."

"I see," said Vincent, dryly; "and of course a second hat."

"Of course," she agreed.

"I am particularly interested in the hat, also in the one you have on your head. May I ask you to remove it and let me look at it?"

She looked a little disconcerted, but she did as he asked with the best grace she could muster.

"You see," he explained with a smile. "I happen to know your milliner in Paris, Madame Germaine."

"Ah! Madame Germaine is a modiste of talent."

"I must ask you to step into this room," he said, politely opening the door for her. "While I see your friend. Your hats will be safe in my keeping."

He closed the door behind her and put her hats in a cupboard before sending for Mrs. Lewis.

Mrs. Lewis was a contrast to her friend. She was small and slight and her foreign accent was more pronounced. She said that she had been born in Austria and began a voluble explanation of her reasons for coming into England in a motor boat.

Vincent stemmed the flood by putting up his hand firmly. She seemed to think that he was going to stop her mouth with a large hand and she subsided into a few broken sentences.

"I know exactly what you were going to tell me," he said. "Your friend has already given the explanation which you made up between you. It is your luggage that interests me. Kindly put it down and remove your hat. Thank you."

Vincent's rough and ready way of dealing with her dried up the springs of eloquence. Tears came into her eyes and here again Vincent opposed the cold douche of brutality which he had assumed.

"If you wish to cry, madam, I would ask you not to do it in this room. You can cry on your friend's shoulder." He threw open the door and motioned her into the next room. It was as if he had swept her out with a broom.

He opened the door into the passage and called in the inspector. "I have a job here which only a woman can do," he said. "You see these hats—four of them. I've reason to believe that the trimmings are tubular and contain drugs. Have you anyone who can unpick them carefully and put the contents of each trimming into a separate envelope for analysis?"

The inspector wrinkled his brow. "I doubt whether the police matron would be up to a job like this; she has a fist like a prize fighter, but we'll try her, if you like."

But when the matron was called she tossed her head at the idea that there had been any doubt about her competence. Any woman, it appeared, could do what was wanted, and she took from her bag the scissors and other tools necessary and then and there began to dissect a hat.

sors and other tools necessary and then and there began to dissect a hat.

"I'm sure the inspector will provide you with some stout envelopes for the job, if you will take the hats downstairs with you."

The next task was to interview the two men separately. Blake was called first. He was a stout, thick-set man with a protruding under jaw. His manner proclaimed the fact that he was an American who feared neither man nor devil and who had a contempt for the legal machinery of a foreign country. Vincent knew the type.

"I suppose you haven't come back for your car?" he said.

"What's that?"

Vincent repeated his question, which appeared little to the man's taste.

"Why . . . ?"

"You needn't trouble to think out a reply. It would tire your brain to make up a plausible story, but I can save you the trouble. We know what has brought you here; you were bringing merchandise for people in London which would not have passed the Customs. Unfortunately for you in landing it like this you have broken the law doubly, but I have a few questions to ask you about the car you left behind on your last visit."

"You've got the wrong man, mister. I know nothing about a car and I defy you to find anything in my baggage that you can hold me on."

"No, the contraband was carried by the ladies in their hats, but I must warn you that you may have a more serious charge to answer—a charge of wilful murder. I must caution you that anything you say will be taken down and may be used in subsequent proceedings."

"See here, boss, you're barking up the wrong tree. I want to save you trouble hereafter. What the women were carrying was no concern of mine. They happen to know the captain of that boat and he offered to run us all over and land us. As to a motor car and wilful murder, you're talking through your hat."

THE garage foreman here in Newquay with whom you left the car and the owner who hired it to you and your friend, Mr. Bernard Pitt, will be able to identify you."

The man proceeded to make the American eagle scream. Vincent cut him short by rising and opening the door. "You can finish the rest of your harangue downstairs. I have no time to listen to it. Inspector," he called, "take this man downstairs and send up the other."

The second man, Lewis, was of a different type. He was older and less blatant. Moreover, he had a story to tell at the end of the first five minutes. He did not deny having left the car.

"See here," he said quietly, "we didn't come back for that car and you know why. There had been murder done in it."

"I'd better warn you that you are suspected of murder and that anything you say will be taken down and may be used hereafter."

"Oh, I know all about that. You needn't worry yourself. We didn't commit that murder, but I know we shall have a job in getting you guys to believe it."

"If you would like to make a statement, I'll call my sergeant and get him to take it down in writing and then you can sign it."

"O.K. Call him in."

As soon as Walker was in his place with

his notebook and pencil, the man began. As he listened to the story Vincent reflected that it was the most incredible story that he had ever listened to and that it did credit to the imagination of the man who told it.

"I guess that you know a good deal of what I'm going to tell you, but there it is. I'll tell you the truth and you can make what you like of it. It was a week ago last Saturday when my friend Blake and I started off with Bernard Pitt for Newquay in a car that he'd hired for the journey; we were to meet a motor boat belonging to a friend of ours which was to take us over to France. We hadn't gone far out of town when a man jumped out of a car ahead and stuck out his arms to stop us. He was got up to look like a regular bandit as you see in the flicks. Pitt was sitting at the back alone; the bandit got in beside him, fired and jumped out again. It was all so sudden, that we hadn't time to do anything. We didn't realize at first that Pitt had been killed. At that moment a terrific thunderstorm started. It got so bad that we couldn't go on. We saw a barn a little way off the main road and made up our minds to shelter in it, but the car was too big to get in. It was then we discovered that Pitt was dead, and Blake said: 'It won't do for us to be found with a dead man in the car; we'd better take him out and dump him; nobody will see us in a storm like this.' Then we went on to Newquay."

"But you stopped on the way to get the broken window taken out."

"Yes that was Blake's idea. He's always getting brainwaves like that. He nearly lost us the boat through that one."

"Why didn't you give information to the police at the time? Your story was more likely to be believed than that it is now."

"I know it, but you see in my country the cops are out to make a bit on every deal and a quick get-away is the safest."

"**B**ERNARD PITT was escaping from the country with a large sum of stolen money on him. What became of that?"

"It was taken by the bandit I told you of."

"You said that he was in a car. What sort of car was it?"

"Sure I can't tell you that. I've told you that it all happened so quickly that it took our wits away. I could swear it was a dark color and that's all."

"What happened to the bandit?"

"He jumped back into his car and got away. He drove like fury."

"Well, you are now under arrest for importing narcotics into this country."

"We were fools to come back here; we were safer in France."

"In France you had powerful protection."

"Why, certainly, but the protection was paid for."

"It was no less a person than a Deputy?"

"You mean Monsieur Laurillard? Why, yes, but I guess he can do nothing for us in this damned country."

"Surely you've squared someone over here?"

"We thought we had squared the Newquay roving guard, but they were pulling our legs."

"Thank you. That's all I have to ask you for the moment. You must consider yourself under arrest. Now, Walker," he said, as soon as the door was closed, "get

this wire sent off to Goron, Ministry of the Interior, Paris. Name of the Deputy is Laurillard and sign it Vincent."

IT was ten o'clock the following morning when Goron rang the bell at the Laurillard flat and handed his card to the manservant. He had time to observe that the flat was expensively furnished in the modern style.

He had not long to wait, probably no longer than sufficed for the gentleman to decide upon the replies he was to make if he was questioned about his connection with the drug traffic, because a man who was engaged in risky transactions such as his must always feel that the axe was hanging over his head.

"I have called to give you a hint, monsieur; some friends of yours in this country and in England are in danger and may require you to use all the influence you possess in their behalf."

The flabby complexion of the Deputy took on a sickly shade. "I do not understand to whom you are referring," he stammered.

"No? Then let me make things plainer. Persons concerned in illegally introducing narcotics into England and this country have been arrested and they are counting upon you to restore them to liberty."

"You speak as if I were a Court of Appeal. I have no power to have them released." He drew himself up with dignity and continued: "Really, this is an outrage. I must bring it to the notice of my friend, the Minister. How dare you suggest that I, a Deputy in the Chamber, am linked with scoundrelly traffickers in drugs."

"I fear that you must blame your friends rather than me, and if I may be permitted to give you a word of advice, I suggest that you would be making a mistake in appealing for protection to the Minister. I am merely carrying out my duty in calling upon you."

Laurillard had been doing some rapid thinking; his manner changed. "It is not worth troubling the Minister with so trumpery a charge. I will interview these people who dare to abuse my name."

"Unfortunately two of them named Blake and Lewis have been detained in England by the British authorities."

"The mistakes made by the British police have nothing to do with me. Who is there in France that I can deal with?"

Goron decided that for the time at least it would be prudent to withhold the name of the Mayor of St. Malo. "There is a milliner in the Rue Duphot named Madame Germaine."

"A woman? Send her to me and let me deal with her."

"If you will come with me to the police station at the Grand Palais I will have her brought to you."

"I cannot come at once. I have to be at the Chamber."

"We will make any time you choose convenient. Shall we say this evening at half-past five?"

"Very good. That time will do. I will come to the Grand Palais."

Goron's next objective was the office of his friend Verneuil. To him he narrated the receipt of the telegram and his interview with Laurillard.

"Ah! So M. Laurillard was the protector and friend of this little gang." He began to chuckle. The tremor began low down in his anatomy and worked its way upwards until it culminated in laughter. "One finds them everywhere, these eager gentlemen who snatch at illicit profits, but most of all among the politicians, for their harvest

may be a short one and they make their hay only when the sun is shining."

"Have you loosened the tongue of that woman Germaine?"

Verneuil screwed up his eyes. "Not yet, but I think that an interview between M. Laurillard and her may produce something."

"Then we must contain our curiosity until half-past five, when this intriguing interview is to take place."

Goron spent the next few hours in making confidential inquiries about M. Laurillard and his friends and relations. As it proved his time was not ill-spent. He had gleaned some facts that were likely to be useful when the interview took place.

He arrived at the Grand Palais a few minutes before the appointed hour and climbed the stairs to Verneuil's room. There he found Madame Germaine in her full panoply of make-up, beautifully dressed and groomed and bristling with the self-confidence that women enjoy when they feel themselves to be well turned out.

Verneuil, whose whimsical expression Goron knew so well, observed: "Madame Germaine is looking forward to her interview with her old friend, Monsieur Laurillard."

"Yes, indeed," burst out the woman; "now I shall see justice done."

Verneuil bowed obsequiously. "And we shall make our humble apologies for any inconvenience that madame has suffered."

It was at this moment that M. Laurillard was announced. Madame Germaine rose from her chair and approached him with outstretched hand. He drew back.

"I have not the honor of madame's acquaintance," he said.

"Oh," said the lady, "so that is to be the line, is it? It is well to know how we stand. I will give you one chance, monsieur, before laying all my cards on the table before these gentlemen. Is this the first time that we have met?"

There was a cold light in her eye which Laurillard could not fail to see. His instinct was to compromise. He turned to the others, saying: "Can I see this lady alone?"

GORON replied: "I cannot see why a private interview should be necessary on the mere question whether you and this lady are acquainted."

"It is possible that this is not the first time that I have met this lady. She might recall the incident to my memory if we could talk *à l'écart*."

Before either of the men had time to reply, Madame Germaine burst forth with blazing eyes:

"I have borne much and I can bear no more. I am free to tell these gentlemen all that they are anxious to know."

Laurillard made a last attempt to save his face. "Of course, you two gentlemen are free to take down any cock and bull story that a detractor chooses to make. When the time comes I shall defend my honor. At the moment I have important business to discharge in another part of Paris and I cannot stop to hear her."

Goron placed his back against the door. "You will pardon me, monsieur; I too, have questions to put to you before you go."

"By what right? I am a Deputy. I have my parliamentary duties to attend to."

"Quite right, monsieur, but my questions will have nothing to do with your parliamentary duties."

"I shall have to make a complaint to my

friend, the Minister of the Interior, about this insult on the part of one of his functionaries. You know that as a Deputy I am immune from this form of petty persecution."

"I merely wanted to ask you whether M. Charles Laurillard, one of the directors of the Hedouin chemical laboratory in Belfort, is your son."

"He is," burst out Madame Germaine, unable any longer to contain herself. "And this factory turns out the stuff which the Blake and Lewis women have been dealing in."

LAURILLARD drew himself up. "My son's factory is engaged in important government work."

"Yes, and what about the secret room behind two steel doors? What goes on there?" said Madame Germaine vindictively.

"That," said Laurillard, sinking his voice almost to a whisper, "is the room in which the famous anti-gas product is being made for the masks. She has no right to know about it."

Goron now played his trump card. "Whatever goes on in that secret room is already known to the Surete Nationale, who were to pay a visit to it this afternoon."

Laurillard made a final attempt to retreat with dignity. "If it is proved," he said, with lips so dry that they scarcely enunciated the words, "if my son is proved to have done anything contrary to the interests of his country, I shall be among the first to vote for his punishment."

Neither Goron nor Verneuil did more than bow him out. When the door was shut behind him, Verneuil's attitude was trying to Goron's gravity, for half unconsciously he was mimicking the dignified carriage of their late visitor. In fact, thought Goron, my friend Verneuil is a positive loss to the French stage.

"Well now," said Madame Germaine: "you have begun to realise some of the truth, namely, that I am guiltless and that the real malefactor is that gentleman and his son, Charles."

Goron left Verneuil to answer. "I fear, madame, that the hospitality that I provided for you at La Roche has not been entirely to your liking; you would prefer the comforts of your own home, and if I felt sure that you would stay there without having recourse to a laundry basket, we might come to terms."

"You are going the best way to ruin me, gentlemen. My shop has been closed for days and all my customers will desert me for rival establishments. Surely you've done enough."

"We shall have done enough as soon as you have done something on your side by making a clean breast of your connection with this affair of drug-smuggling."

"Very well; I'll tell you. My connection with the affair began when those two ladies came to me to buy hats and insisted that the trimmings should be made tubular. They explained laughingly that they wished to smuggle perfume into England. Later they brought to me some coarse white powder which I was to introduce into trimmings in such a way that it couldn't leak out. I guessed that something was wrong and demurred. After some discussion—"

"And something passing from hand to hand," murmured Verneuil. "After some discussion you consented?"

"Yes, to oblige the ladies."

The ex-petty officer's eyes narrowed to a

slit. "It is always worth while to oblige customers, isn't it?"

"Well, of course, that's how commerce goes forward."

"In what other way did you oblige your customers?" asked Goron.

"I did receive letters at my shop for them."

"What did you do with the letters?"

"I had instructions sometimes to forward them, sometimes to hold them till they called."

"But you warned these people when we first made inquiries at your shop. Under whose instructions did you do that?"

"The instructions of M. Laurillard." She brought out the name almost triumphantly.

"When did you first meet this distinguished Deputy?"

"Some months ago. I was introduced to him by Madame Lewis. He assured me that I should be safe from molestation by people like you if I consented to act as their post office."

"You knew that they were trafficking in drugs," said Goron.

"To be frank, I guessed it."

"And your friends at the laundry. How come they to be mixed up in this business?"

"Oh, they had no part in this at all. They helped me to escape for old friendship's sake. I had been able to help them in building up their business."

"Well, madame," said Verneuil; "for the time being you shall be set at liberty, but it is right to warn you that your correspondence will be supervised."

She shrugged her shoulders. "You may not believe me, gentlemen, but my profession is more to me than this wretched business into which I was dragged. If people write foolish letters to me and you intercept them, it will concern them, not me. I shall do nothing but read the letters which you allow the postman to bring to me. All I ask is that you do not expect me from France, the country that I love."

They allowed her to go and Verneuil seized the opportunity for asking how Goron had discovered the identity of Laurillard's son.

"That was simpler than you think. 'Laurillard' is not a very common name. As you know since this affair started, my department has been getting together all possible information about chemical factories in France. I searched through the lists of directors and in one of them I found the name of Laurillard, a director of the Hedouin chemical laboratory in Belfort. As you know, that address was in Germaine's notebook. During my investigation of the Laurillard family I have to-day learned something that may interest him. The daughter of the Deputy married an Englishman named Pearson and is now living in England. The last letter found in the box of Madame Germaine had a London postmark. It intrigued our English colleague because the writing was illiterate, but the text, which was in French, and the spelling were impeccable. This marriage I speak of may be the explanation. At any rate I shall send him this information and he may hunt up Madame Pearson. I leave you now, my friend, in order to write this letter."

CHIEF Constable Richardson had been listening to Vincent's report.

"Where are these two men now?" he asked.

"I presume that they are in prison. They

were brought up before the Newquay magistrates who, when they heard how the men had landed and that drugs had been found on the two women, remanded them and refused bail."

"You have not yet charged them with murder?"

"No, sir, it is about that that I have come to take your instructions. Their story is fantastic."

"During a long career, Mr. Vincent, I have found that even fantastic stories cannot be dismissed with a shrug of the shoulders."

"Circumstantial evidence is all against them. The window of the car was shattered by a bullet; they stopped to have the window replaced, which would have been the instinct of guilty people."

"We must not forget that the first instinct of these drug-traffickers is to avoid any contact with the police. Have you any further evidence?"

"Yes, sir, I have. A note stolen from the murdered man was changed by a woman named Alice Dodds. This woman is a drug addict and we have a letter signed by her proving that she was in contact with these people."

"Then she is an important witness. Have you found her?"

"Yes." He explained his meeting with the woman in the Hampstead house. "But she is not in a physical condition to be charged or questioned. She has been taken to a cottage hospital, where the matron and the medical superintendent have agreed to notify us as soon as she is fit to be discharged."

"But you have made inquiries about her?"

"I have, sir. She lives in a comfortable little flat in Holland Park and apparently has private means. The housekeeper of the flats could say nothing about her except that she was very delicate and often prostrated by illness. I have told you about the mysterious 'she' whom she frequently mentioned. The housekeeper said that a lady often came in a big car driven by a chauffeur to see Alice Dodds, but she did not know her name. From information I have just received from the Paris police I am inclined to think that the mysterious lady may be a Mrs. Pearson—a Frenchwoman married to an Englishman, the daughter of the Paris Deputy, M. Laurillard."

"The man mixed up with the drug-trafficking gang. You have not yet located her, I suppose?"

"No, sir, but we have the name and we know that she has a Lanchester car. We are making inquiries at the London County Council office for licensing cars. I hope to have her address this afternoon."

"Very good, but in view of the story told by Lewis and Blake, you ought to find out whether the murdered man had ever been threatened. Have you questioned the servants again?"

"There is someone who might help me—a Mr. Brooklyn—in Jernyn Street. I've seen him once and he seemed quite ready to help us if he could. He may be able to furnish the names of people who used to play at these parties."

"Then you had better see him again."

"Very good, sir. I should probably find him at home now."

On leaving his chief's room, Vincent made straight for Jernyn Street. He found Mr. Brooklyn home, but their conversation led to nothing useful.

"None of the people that I met at those card parties would have been at all likely to resort to murder to get rid of a gambling debt, except, perhaps, those two Americans, but they did not lose; they won."

"I may tell you that we suspected those Americans and I have questioned them. They told me a fantastic story of having been held up near Oldbury by a masked bandit."

Brooklyn burst out laughing. "You don't mean to say that you, a hard-boiled officer from Scotland Yard, believed a cock and bull story like that. Why, man, it was hatched at Hollywood."

Vincent joined in his laughter and took his leave. His next visit was to Hampstead to see what news Anton could give him. The news was important. The chauffeur had called to know whether the car had been disposed of and Anton had got his address from him.

"Has he another job?" asked Vincent.

"Not yet," he said. "He asked me if any ladies had telephoned. I said: 'Why do you think ladies should telephone?' and he said: 'To take up his reference when he applied for a new job.'"

"Did you tell him about the woman who came here?"

"No, sir. I think you would wish no one to be told about that."

"Quite right, Anton. No one else has telephoned, I suppose?"

"No, monsieur."

"Well, give me the chauffeur's address and I'll go and see him."

Anton scurried off into the back regions and returned with a slip of paper torn off the margin of a newspaper. Vincent copied the address into his notebook. It was in the neighborhood of Palmer's Green. As Vincent had the car he drove out there.

It was a small house with a tiny garden in front. A middle-aged woman opened the door.

"Does Mr. Arthur Green live here?"

"Yes, sir, he is my son. Do you want to see him?"

"Yes, I won't keep him long."

"Come in and I'll call him." She went to the bottom of the stairs and called: "Arthur, you're wanted," and Vincent heard the clatter of boots on the stairs. It's a gent in the dining-room," explained his mother.

The chauffeur looked worse for wear since Vincent had seen him last. He apologised for a three-days' growth of beard by saying: "One gets moulty out of a job. There's nothing to shave for if you understand what I mean."

"You," began Vincent, "used to drive your late master out in the evenings. I want you to give me the names and addresses of people he went to see—to spend the evening with."

"I gave you one—Mr. Brooklyn of Jermyn Street."

"Yes, but only one. I want you to give me others. Did you know any of these friends by sight?"

"Yes, some of them."

"Were any of them youngish men?"

"Yes, some of them—Mr. Brooklyn, for instance."

"Can you think of anyone else?"

"Mr. Tibbison in Arkley Street—number 41."

Vincent jotted it down in his notebook. "Anyone else?"

The chauffeur gave quite a string of names and Vincent noted them all.

"When you were with Mr. Pitt did you live in the house?"

"No, I couldn't stick the servants so Mr. Pitt let me have my own rooms over the garage."

"Why didn't you like the servants?"

"Well, they were all blooming foreigners, and I don't trust foreigners."

"Were the keys of your quarters over the

garage handed over to the police with the keys of the house?"

"Yes, your sergeant took them when he took all the other keys."

"You have seen a lady recently about a new job?"

"No, I haven't."

"Think again."

The man looked a little uneasy. "Well, I've seen quite a lot of people, but nothing's come of it."

"What made you give the address of your late master as a reference when you knew he was dead?"

"Well, I had to give some address."

"But you knew a dead man couldn't give a reference."

"I said that I'd worked at that address when Mr. Pitt was alive."

"I see. Well, if you do get a job you can give me as a reference."

"Thank you, I will."

"Well, thank you for this list of names. I must get on and see the people."

"Have you found the murderer of Mr. Pitt yet?"

"Not yet. When we do you'll see it in the papers."

Vincent was studying the list of names as he left the house, but he did not visit any of them; he drove back to the Yard to find Sergeant Walker and get from him the key of the garage and the chauffeur's quarters over it.

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"Of course, madame being French would naturally wish to visit her own country."

"I am English by marriage."

"But M. Laurillard, your father, is French."

"The service to which you belong seems to be loaded with unimportant details. My parentage has nothing to do with my former chauffeur, about whom you have come to inquire."

Vincent smiled enigmatically. "How long ago did he leave you?" he inquired.

"About a year as far as I can remember."

"When he left you I understand that he went to a Mr. Bernard Pitt. Did you know Mr. Pitt?"

She hesitated for a moment; her hesitation was not lost upon Vincent. "Pitt is not an uncommon name in England."

"I mean Mr. Bernard Pitt."

"I knew a Mr. Pitt who was cashier at my bank, but not socially."

"Mr. Pitt had a large circle of friends who did not know that he was employed in a bank, but you knew him only as a bank cashier?"

"That's all." Behind her apparent indifference Vincent marked an undertone of anxiety.

"I think you know a woman named Alice Dodds."

The lady appeared to search her memory. "Alice Dodds? No. I don't think I've ever heard that name before."

"Was she never employed by you?"

"No, because in that case I should remember her name."

"But your Lancaster car is seen not infrequently at the door of her lodgings."

"Oh, then all I can think of is that my chauffeur drives there occasionally without my permission."

"You would have no objection, I'm sure, to my interviewing your chauffeur."

"Not at all, but it will take some minutes. I have always to call him by telephone when I want him."

"Never mind, I will wait."

"Very well, then I will telephone to him. I will leave the door open; you will like to listen," she added with an arch smile.

She spoke in French very rapidly and Vincent failed to catch anything that might have been construed as a warning. She returned to the room.

"You will like to assure yourself that I have no communication with him before you see him."

She handed him an illustrated magazine and picked up some unfinished embroidery. Ten minutes passed before the chauffeur made his appearance. He was a Frenchman and their conversation was conducted in French. Pressed by Vincent, he made a shuffling acknowledgment that he had occasionally used his mistress' car without her permission to visit Alice Dodds, whom he had met casually in a little restaurant. He apologised for this breach of decorum to his mistress, who with dignity replied that she would discuss the matter with him at some future time.

Turning to Vincent, she said: "Do you wish to question him any further?"

Vincent shook his head; he had decided not to press either of them any further at this juncture, and took his leave.

As he took his seat in the car beside Walker, Vincent said: "I think that an interview with that bank manager might be useful. It struck me that the hesitation of the lady's manner showed that her connection with Pitt was closer than that which sub-

slate between a lady and her bank cashier. Also she and her chauffeur both lied about her visits to Alice Dodds. We mustn't forget that she is Laurillard's daughter."

"And I suppose it's her brother Charles who runs that drug factory in Belfort," said Walker. "Things seem to be fitting in, don't they? You'll go to the bank manager's private address, I suppose. The bank closed hours ago."

"Yes, we may have to drag him from his dinner-table, but I'm sure he'll give us all the help he can."

As soon as Vincent sent in his card, the maid returned to show him into the morning-room. Close upon her heels came the bank manager with his table napkin still in his hand.

"I'm sorry to trouble you at this hour," said Vincent; "but I won't keep you more than a minute."

"It's about the Pitt case again, I suppose," said the manager.

"It relates to that case. What I want is any information you can give me about one of your customers, a French lady by birth—a Mrs. Pearson."

The manager pondered a moment. "Mrs. Pearson? A French lady? I can't tell you very much beyond the fact that she has never overdrawn her account and that she gives us very little trouble."

"Can you tell me whether the late Mr. Pitt transacted any business for her outside the ordinary banking business?"

"I can't answer that question offhand, but I can see some of the junior clerks and let you know what they say."

"It might be very helpful if you did. Perhaps you would send me a note addressed to Scotland Yard."

"I will with pleasure. You will, of course, keep my name out of the business?"

"Most certainly."

As they left the bank manager's house, Vincent said: "I think we've done enough for to-day. We haven't discovered much, but we have opened up fresh lines of inquiry."

ON the following morning a letter marked "Personal" was delivered to Vincent by hand. It was from the bank manager, informing him that registered letters from abroad in stiff envelopes used to arrive at the bank addressed to Mrs. Pearson, c/o B. Pitt, Esq., Asiatic Bank. The clerk who gave this information could be seen by Chief Inspector Vincent if he cared to come round to the bank.

Vincent lost no time in setting out for Lombard Street. He was shown into the manager's room and the clerk was sent for. He was an intelligent young man with a good memory.

"Now, Mr. Carruthers," said the manager. "I want you to answer any questions which Mr. Vincent puts to you. You need not regard any of the bank business as confidential in the matter which Mr. Vincent has in hand."

The clerk smiled and turned towards Vincent to invite his questions.

"I understand that you saw the letters that used to come addressed to Mrs. Pearson, c/o Mr. Pitt. Will you describe what they looked like?"

"Well, they were in thick foolscap envelopes and addressed as you say, but they were marked 'Personal' and 'Confidential,' so they were delivered to Mr. Pitt."

"Do you know how Mr. Pitt disposed of them?"

"Only that he took charge of them to deliver personally to the lady."

"Did it strike you that they contained papers only?"

"Well, now you come to mention it, they seemed to me to be rather more solid than papers would be. Mr. Pitt gave me to understand that they contained French notes and certainly there was paid into her account, after one of these letters had arrived, a certain sum of French money."

"When Mrs. Pearson called at the bank did she ask for Mr. Pitt?"

"No, sir, never. She cashed cheques over my counter because I deal with customers whose names begin with a 'P.' That was all the business that she did."

Vincent thanked the manager and made his next call at the National Insurance Bank, where Pitt had had an account. Here he had the task of persuading the manager to allow him to inspect Pitt's account.

"You will understand, of course, that your customer is dead and that I am charged with tracing the cause of his death by the police authorities. Otherwise, I should not have ventured to ask you to allow me to inspect a customer's account."

The manager touched an electric bell on his table. The uniformed messenger appeared. To him was handed a slip of paper to be given to the chief cashier and a minute later the messenger returned bearing a huge ledger.

"You will understand, Mr. Vincent, that Mr. Pitt closed his account here on the day before his death and his passbook was handed to him. Would not his cheque books give you all the information you require?"

"No doubt they would if we had them, but they have either been destroyed or stolen from his house. There was a mass of burnt paper in the fireplace of his library. In any case, it is the credit side of his account as well that we want."

The manager turned over the leaves of the ledger until he came to the name he was looking for and then pushed the book over to Vincent, who ran his eye down the page.

"You will permit me to make notes, I suppose?" he asked the manager.

"Certainly."

Vincent made rapid notes in pencil in his notebook. The manager watched him, hoping that something would be said to satisfy his curiosity, but when Vincent closed his book and rose to take his leave, he told him nothing.

"Have you got all the information you hoped for?"

"I think so, thanks to your kindness," replied Vincent, and made his departure.

Vincent looked at his watch. There was still time for his visit to Brooklyn before lunch. He made his way to Jernyn Street.

Mr. Brooklyn, he learned, was at home, but was shortly going out to lunch at his club. He sent up his card and was at once admitted to the flat. He found the gentleman in a more serious mood than on the occasion of his last visit. "Come in, Mr. Vincent," he said; "you are always welcome. What can I do for you?"

"I have come to bother you again about that Pitt case, Mr. Brooklyn. I see that a good deal of money seems to have passed from Pitt to a Mr. Thelusson. Was this in settlement of gambling debts, do you think?"

Brooklyn wrinkled his brow in thought. "It can scarcely have been that," he said. "Pitt was a careful sort of bloke and no gambler. There was some funny business going on between those two men which I have never been able to make out."

"What was Thelusson's profession?"

"I had always understood that he dealt

in fancy soaps and women's beauty apparatus—cosmetics and such like."

"But the sums that passed would have been sufficient to keep the beauty parlors of all London in cosmetics for years. The address which I have for Thelusson is 41, Arkley Street. Do you know if he has his beauty parlor there?"

"Oh, no. That is his private flat; I've

been there to play cards."

"Does he play for high stakes?"

"He did, sometimes—like the rest of us. If that's a crime I shall plead guilty and take the consequences."

"Did you ever hear a quarrel or a disagreement at any time between Thelusson and Pitt?"

THEY had a minor row on one occasion. I fancy Thelusson had reproached Pitt about the kind of friends he entertained and called them 'a lot of thieves!'

"Was that at Pitt's house or at Thelusson's flat?"

"At Pitt's house in Hampstead."

"Was it the kind of row that might have led to something more serious—you can tell me confidentially."

"No. If you mean was it enough to culminate in murder, the suggestion would be absurd. Thelusson is rather a gay dog. He has plenty of money and he takes life easily; but why don't you call and size him up yourself?"

"I mean to when the proper time comes, but I mustn't take up any more of your time and make you late for lunch."

"That's all right. Come and see me again if you think I can be of any use to you. Good-bye."

Vincent resolved to have one more interview with Anton. He drove himself to Hampstead.

He found Anton restored to his usual polite calm. Peace had been unbroken since Vincent's last visit. There had been no disturbing telephone calls. The sensational Press had ceased to be interested. Vincent went to the point at once.

"Among the visitors to your late employer, do you remember a Mr. Thelusson?"

"Oh, yes, sir. Mr. Thelusson was a very good friend of Mr. Pitt. He came often."

"And they never had a quarrel?"

"Mr. Thelusson never quarrelled with Mr. Pitt. No, but there were quarrels."

"Who quarrelled?"

"Well, sir, there were loud voices between Mr. Blake and Mr. Thelusson one night. You could not help hearing," he added apologetically, as if to excuse himself for eavesdropping.

"Of course, I understand that you couldn't help hearing the quarrel. Now think carefully and tell me what you did hear."

"Well, Mr. Thelusson, he says Mr. Blake is a cheat."

"He meant that he cheated at cards?"

"I suppose so, but they did not mention cards. Mr. Thelusson says: 'I have paid you twice, you cheat,' and Mr. Blake says: 'You never paid me for last time. You are a worse kind of cheat, a miserly cheat.' They say other words, very bad words."

"Was this long ago?"

"Oh, no. Only just before my master went away."

"Did you hear quarrels between Mr. Pitt and anyone else?"

"No, Mr. Pitt never quarrelled. There were never quarrels in this house except that one: that is why I remember it."

"Well, Anton, I'm glad you have a good

memory. By the way, has the chauffeur been to see you since?"

"No, he hasn't been again."

"You and the rest of the staff didn't like him?"

"No, sir; no one like him."

"Did Mr. Pitt like him?"

"Mr. Pitt must have liked him very much, because he let him do what he liked."

"Thank you, Anton. If I think of anything else that you can tell me I will come round here again, and if anything unexpected happens you ring me up immediately."

After a light lunch in the mess-room at headquarters, Vincent went downstairs and looked into the sergeant's room. He narrowly escaped collision with Walker in the doorway.

"I was just going out again, Mr. Vincent. I looked in to see if you had left a message for me."

"I want you to come down to Newquay with me. As you know, the local bench remanded those two rascals in custody and I want to interview them again about some further evidence that has come to hand. They are to come up again to-morrow, and, unless something fresh transpires we shall have to ask for another remand, so we must get down to Newquay to-night. I suppose you've found nothing compromising about those payments?"

"Only in one case, Mr. Vincent, but it's an important one. Among the payments was a cheque drawn by a Miss Heller for seventy-six pounds. This woman has been up before the court quite recently on a drug charge and she was reported to the bench as being a drug addict. The magistrates put her on probation, and she is under the care of friends."

"Where can we find her? I should like to have an interview with her before we go down to Newquay."

"I have her address here. Her friends are very well-to-do. You see, their house is only twenty miles from Charing Cross."

"Have you had your lunch? Yes? Then come along; we'll start at once."

The house proved to be an old Georgian one. They were shown into a library and a few moments later a very charming elderly lady came in, holding Vincent's card in her hand.

"I suppose that you've come to see Miss Heller. Unless it's absolutely necessary, I would rather give you the information you require myself. This is her hour for resting and we must if possible keep any disturbing influence away from her."

"I'm afraid you may not be able to give me the information I want. It concerns the payment by her of a cheque to the late Mr. Bernard Pitt, and I want to know what this payment was for."

She smiled sadly. "I suppose you suspect that it was a payment for drugs."

"Well, to be quite frank, we do."

"Is that the man who was murdered recently?"

"Yes."

"Well, I can tell you that she was greatly upset when she read of the death in the newspapers. In fact, she took to her bed for a couple of days."

Vincent saw that she was ready to help him if she could. "I don't want to upset your establishment in any way. The fact is that I have to trace this connection between Miss Heller and Mr. Pitt, and if I am able to do it indirectly through you it will be quite sufficient."

"I will tell you frankly what I have learned from her during the past fortnight. I must tell you that she is the daughter of a very old friend of ours, and that she was left a considerable income at his death."

She was headstrong and insisted upon living her own life without advice from anyone. I can't tell you when or how she first came to take drugs, but I do know that a few months ago she took into her employment a maid who was herself a drug-taker."

"A woman named Alice Dodds?"

"Exactly. You seem to know a great deal about the case."

"As a matter of fact this woman, Alice Dodds, is now detained by the police, and is seriously ill in hospital. I wanted to trace the connection between Dodds and a lady who is French by birth and British by marriage."

"I can help you there, I think. The woman was recommended to Miss Heller by a Mrs. Pearson. I must add that the woman Dodds seemed able to obtain as much of the drug as she wanted."

"Thanks to the information you have given me, I need not see Miss Heller to-day. I hope that under your care she will continue to improve."

"Thank you and for my part I am grateful for the help and forbearance shown to us by the police."

AS soon as they were in the car Walker spoke. "So Mrs. Pearson was lying when she said that she had no knowledge of Alice Dodds?"

"She was, but the important feature is that she should think it worth while to lie over such a trivial matter. She must have had a strong reason; she may have been afraid that Dodds would give her away as a purveyor of drugs."

As they were approaching Newquay Vincent remarked: "We cannot see any of the prisoners to-night; that must wait until to-morrow morning, but we can have a talk with the police inspector, who may have something useful to tell us."

The car drew up at the police station. The station sergeant relieved them by saying that the inspector would be found upstairs; if they would take the trouble to go up to the first door on the left, he would announce their arrival on his house telephone.

There was an air of relief about the inspector when he shook hands with them. "I fear," he said, "that you can't see any of the prisoners to-night; they will be brought in under escort to-morrow morning in ample time for their appearance in the Court, but it may interest you to know that the two women assert that they are not legally married to the men, and each woman is demanding to be represented by her Consul—in the one case the Austrian and in the other the Russian Consul. Whether these gentlemen will instruct solicitors to represent them at the hearing to-morrow I do not know."

"How did they communicate with their Consuls?"

"The Governor of the prison allowed them the use of his telephone for the purpose this afternoon. He rang me up to tell me."

Vincent smiled. "I suppose they are counting upon being tried in this country. If they thought that their trial would take place in France they would begin running round in circles."

At nine the next morning Vincent found himself standing over the telephone operator who was ringing up Paris. There was the usual delay, but at last the answer came in the strangled accent of a far-off French voice trying to pronounce English.

When Vincent was satisfied that he heard Goron at the other end of the wire, he explained briefly the kind of defence that the

women were relying upon: "They are throwing the entire blame on to that milliner in the rue Duphot; of course they know that she will not come over to give evidence against them."

"Have no fear, my friend. I want those two women here, and with your permission I will come over and fetch them. I have also other fish to fry—is that not what you say?" Mr. Laurillard, the Deputy of whom you know, is taking a holiday in England at the house of his daughter, we believe. You have her address. It is a holiday demanded by his state of health, since at this moment the air of France would not be conducive to the recovery of his peace of mind."

Vincent laughed. "You have a very neat way of putting these things, my friend."

"So you see, I have two missions to perform in England. First to question M. Laurillard, who has taken himself off to avoid me, secondly to bring back with me those two women. I shall bring with me a female officer of the Surete to escort them."

"But will they go with you?" asked Vincent. "Drug-trafficking is not an extraditable offence."

"Quite true, but theft is. They stole bill heads from Madame Germaine, who is prepared to swear if necessary that they have stolen hats from her also. Have no fear, if they will not come willingly, then I shall bring with me extradition warrants."

"Well, you know your own business best. In this country I should not dare to go so far, but our courts never question an extradition warrant. When will you arrive in England?"

"This afternoon I shall leave by air."

"Then I may be back in time to meet you at Croydon Aerodrome."

The thought of meeting his old friend Goron was a great solace to Vincent, who had been inclined to gird at the legal circumlocution prevalent in his own country as compared with France, where the liberty of the subject was in many directions less consulted than in England. He told the inspector the result of his telephone conversation.

"In that case," said the inspector, "if the women will not go voluntarily I will get the magistrates to back the extradition warrant and we shall be rid of these two creatures, which will be a great relief to everybody concerned. When do you count upon being able to hand me the warrants?"

"Early to-morrow morning, before the Court sits, I hope."

"Very good, Mr. Vincent; I'll get the magistrates to remand the women until to-morrow. Will you want to see them before they appear?"

"No, not the women; only the men. I suppose that they have not expressed a wish to make statements since I last saw them."

Vincent had barely time to dictate to Walker notes of his telephone conversation, when the arrival of the prisoners was announced. Lewis was brought into the room by the station sergeant.

"Sit down," said Vincent, who knew the value of having a man's eyes on the level with his own when questioning him. "You made a statement the other day to account for the murder of Mr. Pitt. On the face of it your statement was difficult to believe and it is now up to you to modify it or strengthen it by giving additional particulars. Did you know Mr. Pitt well?"

"I guess I knew him as well as the other people who played cards with him did."

"When and how did you first meet him?"

"That's quite simple. My friend and I engaged rooms in lodgings in Bloomsbury and he had rooms in the same house. We used to pass each other on the stairs and pass the time of day as you say in this country."

"How long ago was that?"

"Getting on for two years ago."

"When did you first become mixed up with him in selling drugs?"

"I've told you before that I've never been mixed up in the drug traffic."

Vincent held up his hand. "I'd better tell you at once, Mr. Lewis, that the French police have just raided the factory in Belfort from which you obtained your stock-in-trade, so lying about it will not help you. We know more than you think. Let me remind you that in this country the punishment for murder is death, while the punishment for traffic in drugs may be as low as imprisonment for a month with deportation at the end of it. You can only help yourself out of a charge of murder by telling me the plain, unvarnished truth."

"Well, I guess you have me cornered, so get on with your questions and I'll answer them."

I HAVE already asked you how long ago it was that you got mixed up with Mr. Pitt in selling drugs."

"Well, I'll tell you, and you can believe me or not, as you like. We lodged in the same house and one night I and my friend needed a corkerew. I set out to borrow one from Pitt. I tapped at his door and pushed it a little way open, and there he was sitting at his table with a heap of accounts before him and a camel hair brush in his hand. There was a little cardboard box with two bottles in it. I knew the stuff. It taken out ink without leaving a trace. He turned green and swept a newspaper on to the table to hide everything and asked me what I wanted in no very polite manner. He said he hadn't got a corkerew and got rid of me quick. I consulted my friend, who said that he'd been told that the man was cashier in a big bank, so we thought it our duty to tell him where he got off. It wasn't what you would call a pleasant interview with smiles and handshakes, because we put it to him straight that he was robbing his employers and altering the books to hide what he was doing. Of course, we took the high line with him—the Sunday school line—and talked of acquainting his employers. That brought him down with a bump. So we struck a bargain. We told him that we had stuff to dispose of and if he found us customers for it, which was easy for a man in his position, we'd say nothing about what we'd seen, otherwise we'd feel it our duty to put his directors wise."

"How did you think that a bank cashier could find customers for drugs?"

"We had a better plan than that when we found that the guy thought of nothing but making money. We got him to take that big house in Hampstead."

"Did you pay the rent?" asked Vincent.

"No fear. The guy had made thousands already out of the bank and he persuaded him that he could make thousands more. When we got the house in Hampstead going we introduced one or two people to him and they introduced others, and what with his card parties and peddling the dope and his winnings at the card tables, he was a warm man."

"Why did he decide to run away?"

"He got the wind up, because the bank were getting nosy."

"And so you offered to provide him with a passage to France in a motor boat."

"Of course, we couldn't desert a pal when he was in trouble."

"Well, that's clear as far as it goes, but you introduced a number of people to him and they introduced friends of their own. You knew them all and I put it to you that you would know if someone owed him a grudge sufficiently strong to induce him to commit murder."

"Well, I don't know that, and you may feel sure that if I did I'd have told you before to bear out our statement."

"You guessed that he would be taking a big sum of money with him when he resolved to bolt."

"Why, certainly."

"Did anyone else know that he was leaving the country?"

He hesitated a moment. "Certainly there was one person, but it was a lady."

"You mean Mrs. Pearson," said Vincent quietly.

"You guys from Scotland Yard seem to know everything. That lady was giving him letters of introduction to her friends in France."

"You mean her father, M. Laurillard."

"I do."

"She used to receive the dope from her father in stout envelopes by registered post addressed C.O. Mr. Pitt."

"She did. But that doesn't give her a motive for having Pitt done in. He was more use to her alive than dead."

"Was she the only person besides yourselves who knew that he was leaving the country?"

"Well, he had one friend who might have known it."

"You mean Thelussion?"

"Why should you think of him?"

"Pitt was paying large sums of money to him."

"But they had no quarrel."

"I suppose Thelussion is mixed up in this drug business."

"Up to the neck."

"Did Thelussion know that Pitt would be taking a large sum of money away with him?"

"He was likely to make a pretty good guess."

"Well, my sergeant has taken down your answers to my questions and that is all I have to ask you for the present."

The second man, Blake, proved to be less amenable to questioning, but the answers he did give corroborated his companion's statement in every particular. Vincent questioned him further about Thelussion.

"You were not always friendly with him?"

"We had words once or twice."

"About payment for dope?"

"Why, yes."

"Your quarrel didn't lead to blows?"

"No, only to mudslinging. That guy had no stomach for fistuffs."

"I have another question to ask you. What do you know about a woman named Alice Dodds?"

"Oh, that woman. She was just running errands for someone else."

"You used to supply her with heroin. You wouldn't have supplied it unless you thought that you were safe in doing so. Who guaranteed her to you?"

"Well, as you seem to know such a lot, I don't mind telling you. It was Laurillard's daughter, Mrs. Pearson."

"I thought as much. Mrs. Pearson used to employ the woman as her maid. She also employed at one time Arthur Green, Pitt's chauffeur. Was Green ever used by you or Pitt in distributing dope?"

"Not to my knowledge. He wasn't the kind of man that any of us would care to trust."

"Do you think Pitt would have employed him without your knowledge?"

"I guess we should have known it if he had."

"Well, my sergeant has taken down your answers and I've no more questions to put before you appear in Court."

As soon as they were alone Vincent said to Walker: "You and I have seen some crooks in our time, but this little gang would be hard to beat."

VINCENT was fortunate enough to reach Croydon in time to receive the afternoon plane from le Bourget. The great plane circled above the hangars and came to rest exactly on the spot which her pilot was aiming for. The passengers descended the ladder and were shepherded into the shed where landing permits and passports are inspected, but Vincent had been permitted to approach the plane to receive his friend Goron. They shook hands warmly and strolled together towards the barrier. Vincent's car was standing outside.

"I'm glad you've come," said Vincent. "I don't know what powers you've brought with you to compel these women to go with you to France."

"That's all right," said Goron, tapping his breast pocket. "In case they should dig in their toes and refuse to come with me, I have a couple of extradition warrants to shake in their faces. Women, as you know, can be obstinate devils, but a piece of blue paper shoved under their noses is apt to put fear into them. Madame Germaine is in a vindictive mood. She alleges that these women had promised her protection and yet she was taken off and immured at La Roche. The women have not paid for the last hats they ordered from her and she alleges that they stole a handful of her bill heads from the shop. It was on this that she obtained the extradition warrants."

"I see," said Vincent dryly. "You can do things in France that would be difficult for us in England. But tell me about a much more influential person—M. Laurillard, the Deputy."

"Ah! there you have touched upon a thorny subject. In fact you have stamped upon a hornet's nest. From that small beginning of yours in the hat shop of the rue Duphot, you have dragged in another European country, Belgium. That factory at Belfort was supplying many kilogrammes of dope to the Belgian pedlars, always, of course, with the connivance of railway officials. I believe that if we were to make a simultaneous arrest of all men concerned, the trains would cease to run between Paris and Brussels."

"Have you an extradition warrant for Laurillard?"

"Alas! no. As a member of the Chamber he could claim immunity, and so I did not apply for one."

"Well, I am driving you straight to Madame Pearson's house for this momentous interview, and I myself will accompany you as I have questions to put to the lady."

Have you brought any female escort with you?"

"She is crossing by boat and will find her own way by rail to Newquay."

For the rest of the drive Vincent tried to satisfy Goron's appetite for information about his own work in the hunting of Pitt's murderer since they last met.

"You think that this wild story about a bandit on an English high road can be true?"

"I do, but I have a big task before me in getting proof of my theory. But here we are. This is the street where Mrs. Pearson lives."

The maid-servant who opened the door appeared surprised when they asked for Monsieur Laurillard. "Yes," she said; "he is here, but he only arrived this morning and he's been resting in his room ever since."

"This gentleman has come all the way from Paris to see him. We will wait inside while you explain this to your mistress. Here is my card."

She showed them into the dining-room and ten minutes later the door opened to admit Mrs. Pearson. They rose as she came in.

"My father is resting," she said; "and I cannot disturb him now."

"You might take me to his bedside, madame," said Goron, diplomatically. "A few minutes of conversation is all that I require."

"He's not in bed; he is resting in an arm-chair. He may even be asleep, but as you insist even after I have told you this I must take you up to his room."

"And perhaps when you have introduced this gentleman to your father's room you will return here. I have one or two questions to ask you," said Vincent.

"Are you still concerned about that former chauffeur of mine—Arthur Green?"

"Yes, and about one or two other matters in which you can enlighten me."

There was no undue delay about her return to the dining-room. She entered holding her head high, hoping perhaps to induce in her visitor a sense of shame at intruding on her privacy.

She made no motion towards a chair and the interview took place standing, she retaining the door handle in her hand. These were not the conditions under which friendly meetings are conducted, but Vincent felt himself quite equal to measuring weapons with her.

"When we last met, Mrs. Pearson, I asked you a question about a woman named Alice Dodds and you told me that you had never employed a woman of that name. May I ask why you thought it proper to tell me an untruth. You must have had some reason, because a lady in your position would naturally tell the truth in answer to a direct question."

She hesitated scarcely an instant before making her reply. "If I misled you it was in the interest of the woman herself. I did not care to take away her character and so—naturally—"

"And so, naturally, you told me an untruth?"

"If you like to put it that way, I have no objection."

"You feel, no doubt, that there is no harm in deceiving a police officer; in fact, that it can be a meritorious act to do so. I suppose this explains why you told me another untruth."

"Indeed?" said the lady with the sweetest smile.

"You told me that your only knowledge

of Mr. Pitt was just the slight acquaintance which a customer has of a bank official when they stand with the counter between them."

"Did I?" smiled the lady.

"You forgot to mention those registered packages that Mr. Pitt used to receive for you."

"Registered packages?"

"Yes. Packages containing heroin. Vincent was determined to drag the lady from the saddle of her high horse, but it was not a very easy manoeuvre."

"Mr. Pitt is dead. You are trying to fabricate dramatic evidence. I don't know why."

"The evidence I have is not fabricated. I assure you, madame. If you ever have to meet it in court I fear that your counsel will have his work cut out for him."

"You are trying to frighten me."

"I must have the truth and you will do yourself no good by giving me false answers. You keep a wages book, I suppose. I want to know from your wages book the exact dates when Arthur Green and Alice Dodds were in your service. In fact, I should like to see your wages book for myself."

She shrugged her shoulders. "If you will wait here I will go and get the book."

WHEN the book was brought and opened at the appropriate page she said: "It is lucky that I did not destroy this book as so many people do. You will see that it relates to last year, not this one."

Vincent studied the pages, making notes in his pocketbook. "I see from this book," he said, "that these two people were in your service at one and the same time. That is what I wanted to know." He shut the book and handed it back to her.

"One more question before I go. Did Mr. Pitt ever pay you for goods with which you supplied him?"

Her surprise at this question was so genuine that Vincent could not think that she was lying when she said: "Never."

"Did you ever ring up the late Mr. Pitt's house in Hampstead?"

"Never."

"Not even after his death, when you thought that Mr. Blake and Mr. Lewis might be hiding there?"

"Never."

"Did Arthur Green, the chauffeur, ever act as messenger between you and Mr. Pitt?"

"Certainly not. When Arthur Green left my employment I had nothing more to do with him."

"Thank you, Mrs. Pearson," said Vincent, taking up his hat. "You will perhaps permit me to wait here until my friend has finished his business with your father."

"Certainly," she replied coldly before she withdrew.

Five minutes later Goron joined him with an air of elation. "I made him talk," he said, "and he gave me everything I needed."

"Names?"

"Oh, yes, he'd no scruples about giving away his friends. There may be honor among thieves, but honor does not rank high among drug traffickers."

"Well, as we both have gained our points, we are free to leave the house."

At the door Vincent drew the uniformed porter aside and asked him: "Do you know where Mrs. Pearson garages her car?"

"Yes, sir. It's that Filmsoll's garage round the corner."

As they walked to their own car which had been parked a few doors away, Vincent

explained to Goron that he wished to interview the French chauffeur of Mrs. Pearson and suggested that they should go together to the garage. They were lucky enough to find the chauffeur at work on the car.

"It might be useful if you asked him in French what has gone wrong with the car. He will be startled by being addressed suddenly in his own language."

In reply to Vincent's questions they drew from him the admission that he had lied about Alice Dodds. He himself had never seen the woman. He drove his mistress to the house and was paid by her to keep his mouth shut about it. If he was ever questioned he was to tell the lie that he had told Vincent. They were satisfied that they had extracted all the material truth from him, and they returned to their car.

"Now," said Goron; "I must ask you to find me a hotel, for I don't propose to go down to Newquay until to-morrow morning."

"You will come with me to my lodging; my landlady will give you a bedroom and it will delight the poor soul to be allowed to provide us with a meal; she is no mean cook. If you don't mind making a little detour in the car, I want to catch my servant and then we shall be free."

Vincent devoted the rest of the evening to entertaining his friend Goron, whose visits to London had been rare. At breakfast on the following morning Goron remarked: "If I'm going down to Newquay to-day I shall need an interpreter."

"Certainly. I've arranged for that already. You will take one of our French-speaking officers, Sergeant Gumpion, with you. He has been warned to be ready."

Having seen Goron safely off to Newquay with his detective interpreter, Vincent decided that it would not be too soon to call upon the tenant of 41 Arkley Street. The door of the flat was opened by a maid-servant who smiled discretion from every pore. From him Vincent learned that his employer was at home and he was shown into a sumptuously-furnished room. Like all detective officers, Vincent was quick to appraise the financial status of the man he had come to see. The flat was roomy and well but not over-furnished in the labor-saving modern style in which there is nothing to catch dust. Its owner bustled in holding Vincent's card in his hand. He was a man not much over thirty, rather thick-set, and he looked overfed—certainly, in Vincent's opinion, not the type of man who would hold up a car in the road and act as a bandit. Vincent plunged into business at once.

"You knew the late Mr. Bernard Pitt."

The man hesitated a second before replying: "I did."

"You had certain monetary transactions with him."

"We played cards together sometimes."

"Did Mr. Pitt lose heavily to you?"

"No, sometimes he won and sometimes he lost a bit, as always happens with cards."

"But the money transactions that I'm thinking of were for large sums and always from Mr. Pitt to you."

"That's quite possible. We transacted business together. I sold him goods and he always settled on the nail."

"What kind of goods?"

"Fancy soap, principally. I import this soap from France and retailed it to Pitt and others."

"Can you tell me what Mr. Pitt did with the large quantity of soap you supplied to him?"

"I always understood that he re-sold it to other people."

"I suppose you've no objection to my looking through your books?"

"Not at all, but they are not here. You would have to come to my place of business."

"It must be nearly time for you to be starting. Couldn't we go together?"

"If you like." The tone was not cordial, but Vincent thought it better to appear as if he were accepting an invitation. Thelasson refused a lift in Vincent's car on the ground that his own was waiting for him.

"Then," said Vincent blandly, "perhaps you'll give me a lift in your car and I'll leave mine in the car park here and come back for it." He was not going to allow Thelasson to escape from his sight.

The car set them down at the Beauty Parlor, which was as sumptuously furnished as its owner's flat.

Thelasson conducted him into the office and laid a pile of books before him with an air of polite boredom.

Before opening any of the books Vincent asked: "Where is your store-room?"

Thelasson pointed to a door leading out of the office. Vincent opened the door and ran through the names: there was nothing suspicious about the entries in this book or in the others that he examined. There were names of well-known hairdressers with invoices of goods, but the name of Pitt was not among them.

"Where did you keep Mr. Pitt's account?" asked Vincent.

"I destroyed his invoices when he died to avoid the risk of my clerk sending an account to a dead man."

Vincent turned over the pages of the ledger. "I don't see that any pages have been taken out of this book. Did you keep a special ledger for Mr. Pitt?"

"I did. He was my most important customer."

Vincent made notes of the names and addresses of the firms who had been supplied with soap and other requisites. Thelasson watched him contemptuously, as who should say, "this is how public money is wasted."

But when Vincent turned to him for permission to enter the store-room he observed that the expression changed to one of concern. The permission was given, however, and Vincent found himself in the presence of dozens of boxes of soap. There were a few packing cases nailed down and addressed ready to be delivered. One case was not addressed nor was it fully filled. Vincent dived his hand into it and took out a cake of soap.

"I'll take this away if you don't mind," he said, as he put it into his pocket. Thelasson gave an inarticulate grunt. It was clear from his expression that he intended very much indeed.

Vincent hailed a taxi and drove to the park where he had left his car; thence he made for police headquarters and ran up the stone staircase that led to the laboratory. He explained to the white-coated officer in charge what he wanted. The man shook the cake of soap close to his ear.

"It seems all right in weight, Mr. Vincent," he said. "What do you think is wrong with it?"

"I can't say until you have got to work on it with your dissecting knife, or whatever surgical instrument you use."

The laboratory assistant smiled. "That's soon done, Mr. Vincent." He took the soap to a table which he covered with white paper and used a boring tool. At first flakes of soap were detached, but presently the tool encountered something less solid. A few grains of white powder escaped from the orifice and were lost among the soap flakes.

"Why, the cake's hollow," exclaimed the

assistant. "You didn't warn me of that."

"I did not because I didn't know it, until you made that hole in it."

IN his way down from the laboratory a detective patrol stopped as he was stepping out of the lift.

"Sergeant Walker has been looking for you and instructed me to let him know as soon as I found you. I think he has something important to tell you."

"Very good. Tell him to come to my room."

A few minutes later there was a tap on the door and Walker came in, shutting the door carefully behind him.

"You've something fresh to tell me?"

"Yes, sir. When I got out to Palmer's Green last night I found a notice 'To Let' on the gate of Green's house. The next door people told me that the Greens left the day before and they did not know where they had gone. So I dropped into the local pub and got into conversation with the barman over my beer. He was a forthcoming kind of man. He said that he knew Arthur Green well. 'Often in here?' I asked. 'That's right he's been one of my best customers. If he carries on the same way in the place he's gone to, all his profits will go down his throat. I never knew such a chap for putting it away.' 'Got his own place now, has he?' I asked. 'Yes, a motor garage down at Allon, in Hampshire. He bought it from me and paid a good price for it.' I asked him whether he'd paid for it in cash. 'For, bless you, no. He paid for it with a cheque.' 'Oh, then Arthur Green has gone up in the world—runs to a banking account of his own,' I said. 'No, the cheque was signed by the gentleman who's financing him.' 'An old employer, I suppose,' I said. 'I think so. 'Was the name Pitt?' I asked. 'Oh, no, he said. 'It was a long name and I can't pronounce it, but I'll spell it for you.' And then he spelt the name of Thelasson," said Walker.

"You did very well in getting all that information out of the barman," said Vincent. "Of course, you got the address of the garage that the man's gone to."

"Oh, yes, I've got that all right."

"Well, if he's just taken a garage of his own, he's not likely to give us the slip. I must see Thelasson again and hear his version of how Green came by that cheque."

"Do you want me to go down to Hampshire and look him up?"

"Not yet. Have you dug out those statements of Pitt's servants that we took from them in the beginning?"

"Yes. I have them here."

Vincent read the statements and then gave a satisfied click of his tongue.

"Ah! Perhaps you've noticed the discrepancy between the statements of Anton and the chauffeur as to what happened. The chauffeur said he was given special leave on that Sunday and Anton said that the chauffeur always had Saturdays off. The chauffeur said that Pitt often dined out on Saturdays and Anton said that he always gave a dinner party at home. You know the lie of the land. It would have been quite possible for the chauffeur to take the car out without the other servants' knowledge. While I'm visiting Thelasson I'd like you to slip round to the garage and make a note of the last day's run of the speedometer. Green may have forgotten to change it to zero. There was a heavy thunderstorm that morning; you might see whether the wheels are muddy."

Vincent wondered whether Thelasson had

already taken to his heels in consequence of the cake of soap that had been taken from his store-room, but to his relief he found him sitting in his little office apparently without a care on his mind.

"You import a remarkable kind of soap," Mr. Thelasson.

"You think so. It is very much in request on account of its nutritive properties for the hair."

"I can well believe that there is a sale for it, but I haven't come to see you about that now. That will be gone into by the proper authorities. What I have come for is to know how you came to give a cheque for a fairly large sum to the chauffeur of the late Mr. Pitt?"

"Well, Pitt was a friend of mine and the chauffeur came to me with a hard-luck story about not being able to get a job and said that a small outlay in capital would put him in possession of a valuable motor garage and so I advanced him the money."

"I see," said Vincent dryly. "It would be quite incorrect for anyone to say that you paid him that as hush money?"

"Hush money? What do you mean?"

"Perhaps my next question will make my meaning clear. Did you sign or did he sign any agreement for repaying this loan?"

"No. It was a verbal agreement between us that he would repay it at some future time."

"A rather curious way of doing business, wasn't it?"

"Well, of course, I knew the man and that makes all the difference."

"You knew the man and that made all the difference? And you knew, of course, that a man in that position might talk and so you thought that you would put him under an obligation. Evidently you do not know the ways of blackmailers as well as I do."

"Blackmailers!"

YES, that is the word I used, because Green was blackmailing you. He knew something about you that might be very compromising if it came out."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Well, let me put it a little more plainly. You know, of course, that Pitt was murdered. The car in which he was travelling was stopped by a man who entered it and shot him through the head. This man may have been someone who wished to get rid of Pitt, or he may have been hired by someone else."

Thelasson sprang to his feet. "This is outrageous. Do you dare to suggest that I hired Green as an assassin to shoot Pitt?"

"That theory had crossed my mind," said Vincent calmly. "Of course, if you can suggest any other reason why he should be blackmailing you, I shall be glad to listen to it."

Thelasson took two turns up and down the room and then stopped opposite Vincent. "I suppose the game's up. You have that cake of soap and you'll have it analysed, and so I may as well own up."

"I must caution you that I shall take down what you say in writing."

"Never mind that. It's better to come before a court for drug-trafficking than for murder. Green was demanding hush money because he knew that I was importing drugs. He had been blackmailing Pitt also."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Quite sure, and Green himself told me that Pitt had promised him two thousand pounds to clear out of the country, but it was

Pitt who was trying to clear out without keeping his promise."

"Did Green tell you that he knew that Pitt was going to leave the country?"

"I gathered that he knew because he said that instead of helping him to leave the country, Pitt was clearing out abroad himself."

"You are quite sure that he put it in that way?"

"Yes, quite, and he talked a lot about Pitt's meanness as he (Green) was anxious to leave the country and Pitt knew it."

"Did he say why he wished to get out of the country?"

"He told me that there was a woman who had taken to drugs and he wanted to get her abroad to lead a new life. I didn't know if the woman was a relation. I didn't ask him any more details, but he blamed Pitt and his associates for her downfall."

Vincent sprang an apparently irrelevant question upon him. "Do you know a Mrs. Pearson?"

"I do, and as I'm making a statement I may as well tell you that it is through her agents that I imported that stuff for Pitt. All the other soap and cosmetics that I import are pure. The special soap of which you were able to secure a sample was imported for Pitt. I have no personal customers for it and I don't know who his customers were."

"Wasn't it risky leaving the case open in your store-room?"

"Not at all. I give out all goods from the storeroom and none of my assistants is allowed to help himself."

"DID Arthur Green mention Mrs. Pearson as one of the people who had helped to ruin this woman?"

"As a matter of fact he did."

"Now, Mr. Thelsson, you are in the unauthorised possession of dangerous drugs and are liable to prosecution, but if you show yourself ready to help the authorities a prosecution need not necessarily follow. I need not disguise from you that the people we want to get at are Mrs. Pearson and her little gang. I shall recommend you to my colleagues as a useful informant. Personally, I am engaged in hunting down the murderer of Pitt. Do you know of anyone in this band of drug-traffickers who had a motive for getting rid of Pitt?"

"Frankly, I can't say I do. You know, of course, of the case of Miss Heller. I believe that Mrs. Pearson was badly frightened over that case, thinking that she would be dragged into it as purveyor of the drugs, but I don't think that Pitt's share in the drug traffic was known to many people. He was so clever."

"Well, thank you, Mr. Thelsson. That's all that I have to ask you now."

"So I have to sit here wondering when the axe will fall on me. It's not a pleasant position for a business man to be in."

"I can well understand that, and I'm afraid I can say nothing at this juncture to relieve your anxiety. I must leave you now to get on with other pressing work."

On reaching the Yard, Vincent found that Sergeant Walker had already returned from his visit to the garage in Hampstead.

"Well, what about that speedometer?"

"It's all right; the record of the last run had been left untouched; it would just have accounted for a run to Oldbury and back, but

the car had no mud on it except a little on the underside of the wings."

"Of course, he would have cleaned off the mud. Now I've discovered that Pitt had promised that chauffeur two thousand pounds and was leaving the country without paying it. That gives us a motive for the crime."

"But if the chauffeur waylaid Pitt and killed and robbed him, what can he have done with the money, because he got the cheque out of Thelsson to pay for that garage?"

"Oh, I think that he's taking no risks; he's afraid to change any of the notes for fear that they may be traced. Besides establishing a motive for the crime I think I've found a closer connection between Alice Dodds and Green; the only note that has come to light out of the sum which Pitt withdrew from his bank was changed by Alice Dodds. I wish to heaven that woman would get well enough to be questioned."

"Have you seen the doctor's report upon her this morning? It was pretty bad."

"Yes, it was; there's some doubt as to whether she'll recover. I'm wondering if that accounts for the purchase of that garage by Arthur Green."

"You mean that he doesn't intend to bolt out of the country?"

"According to Thelsson's story he had some young woman who had taken to drugs and whom he wanted to rescue by taking her abroad. I think you'd better slip down to Alton and find out what you can on the spot. We are going to have difficulty in bringing this crime home if he is the guilty person. There comes a moment in every case when one has to rely upon luck and I think that that moment has come. I feel quite sure that Green knew that his master intended to leave the country on that Saturday morning. You get off to Hampshire as quick as you can. I'm going round again to that garage where Pitt hired the car."

On arriving at the garage in Bloomsbury, Vincent sought out the proprietor.

"Have you got your car back from Newquay yet?" he asked.

"No, not yet, but I know it's safe down there so I'm not worrying."

"You told me when I was here before that after you had let out that car another garage came in and told you that they had been to him first. What was he like?"

"He was a youngish man pretty ordinary looking of about my height, but stouter built than I am. He had a very gruff sort of voice and was what I should call a grouser."

"Can you remember what questions he asked you?"

"He asked me very particularly what car I was lending them."

"Did you show it to him?"

"I did and he looked it well over. Then he said, 'Oh, well, that's a smarter car than I could have lent them.'"

"Can you remember whether he asked you at what time they wanted to take the car?"

"Yes, he asked me that, and though I didn't see what business it was of his, I told him that they wanted it at eight o'clock. He made some excuse about being so inquisitive and said: 'Oh, I couldn't have got them the kind they wanted in time.' I can't remember any more than he said."

"I may want you to pick him out from a dozen men a little later," said Vincent.

"I hope you've got a good memory for faces."

"Pretty good, I fancy."

When Vincent got back to his office table he found cause to remember what he

had said to Walker—that there comes a time in every case when one has to rely upon luck. Lying on his table was a note from the telephone room.

"For Chief Inspector Vincent from Inspector Collins of Hampstead. The woman Alice Dodds is now lucid, though still very ill. The doctor certifies that she is fit to reply to questions."

Carrying the message with him, Vincent set out for the hospital.

WHEN Vincent arrived at the Cottage Hospital the police doctor from Hampstead met him in the corridor. "I must explain why you find me here. The woman Alice Dodds is extremely ill and not likely to recover."

"You think that she cannot recover?"

"Yes, I doubt whether she will last out the day; she is beyond all medical help. If you will follow me into the ward I'll introduce you to the nursing sister."

Vincent would have found it difficult to recognise the patient if she had not been pointed out to him. He shook hands with the sister, who warned him not to say anything to excite the patient if he could help it.

"She keeps asking for a person named Arthur Green," said the sister, "but she is unable to indicate where he can be found."

"I can soon find Arthur Green," said Vincent. "Has she said why she is so anxious to see him?"

"She is quite conscious that she is dying and she wants to give him something—some paper I gather that it is."

"It is important that I should be present when she hands over this paper. I suppose that this can be arranged."

"The sister looked round the ward. "I could put you behind that screen so that you could hear what passes between them."

"Very well, then I will ask the matron superintendent to allow me to use her telephone before I see Alice Dodds."

He asked the matron to put through a call to the police station at Alton, and in a very few minutes the connection was made.

"Is that the superintendent at Alton?"

"Who is speaking?"

"Chief Inspector Vincent from Scotland Yard. I want to speak to Sergeant Walker from the Yard if you know where to find him."

"He's in the office at this moment. If you'll hold on I'll call him to the phone."

Vincent felt immensely relieved when he heard the voice he knew. He asked: "Have you located Arthur Green yet?"

"Yes, I have, but I haven't had time to see him yet. I've only just arrived. Luckily the local police knew where to find him."

"I want you to bring him back to London as soon as you can. You can tell him that Alice Dodds is dying in hospital, and keeps asking for him. That ought to make him come willingly."

"Very good, I'll get hold of him at once. Where shall I bring him to?"

"To the Cottage Hospital at Hampstead. I shall be there."

"Very good, but I can't be up in town in much under two hours."

"That will bring us to about seven o'clock. That will do all right. You can be as lavish as you like in taking taxis because every minute counts."

"Very good. I'll start off at once."

Vincent returned to the ward and approached the sister.

"Is the woman still conscious?"

"Yes."

"Then I can speak to her now."

The sister surrendered her chair by the

bedside to Vincent, and took her stand behind him to watch the patient.

Vincent bent over the pillow and asked softly: "You wish to see Arthur Green?"

"Yes," she said faintly.

"I've sent for him. He will be here in an hour or so. You know Arthur Green well?"

"Yes, very well," she murmured with the ghost of a smile.

"In fact he wanted to take you out of the country and make you well."

"But there was his mother. He had to get her settled first."

The sister looked warningly at Vincent.

"I've only one more question to ask," he said.

"Arthur Green gave you a ten-pound note not long ago."

"Yes."

Vincent rose and patted the wasted hand of the patient. "That's all I wanted to ask, sister."

On leaving the hospital he told the matron that he would return in time to meet his sergeant and Arthur Green. He had nearly two hours to dispose of time to go back to the Yard and put through a call to Newquay and exchange views with his friend Goron. It took some little time to put the call through but in the end he learned that Goron was actually in the police office and would be summoned to the telephone.

After the usual greetings that French officials consider essential, Goron came to business.

"I have brought those two women to reason. They will cross to France to-morrow."

"Then shall I not see you again?" asked Vincent.

"Oh, yes. I shall bring them with their female escort up to London by the nine o'clock train which gets in early to-morrow morning. Then I can spend a short time with you before taking them across; we shall have quite a lot to discuss. How are you getting on with your end of the case?"

"I am on the right trail, I feel sure, but my difficulty is to get proof of what I know to be the truth. I will meet your train to-morrow morning and you will come back to breakfast with me."

Vincent had plenty of occupation in writing up his report of the case while he was waiting. He left again for the hospital in good time.

It was seven o'clock when Walker arrived with his man—more than an hour after the hour when visitors are turned out. As Vincent had expected, Green was in a sullen mood. He had been persuaded to come against his will. By arrangement with the lady superintendent he was taken straight to the bedside of Alice Dodds.

Vincent was already in his place behind the screen. The nurse had told him that Alice Dodds refused to be parted from her handbag. Her voice was so weak that from his listening post he could not catch her words, but he was in a position to see what passed. Her lips moved and Green leaned forward to listen. She handed her bag to him; he opened it and took out from it an envelope which he put in his breast pocket.

After a very short exchange of whispered words between the two the sister intervened and turned both Green and Vincent out of the ward, arranging screens round the bed.

The two men met in the corridor.

"I want that envelope that Alice Dodds has just given to you," said Vincent firmly.

"I've no doubt, you do," was the surly reply. "You police can't even respect the wishes of a dying woman."

"Unless you hand over that envelope it

will be my duty to arrest you as an accessory to a felony."

"All very pretty and nice, but you can't scare me with your legal police terms."

"You refuse then to hand over that envelope?"

"I invite you to come and take it."

"Very well, then I arrest you as an accessory to a crime. You'll come quietly to the station, or would you prefer me to call a uniformed constable to help me take you there?"

Vincent could see that the other was measuring his chances of using violence and making his escape after delivering a smashing blow in the face. Prudence prevailed, however. "We don't want a row in a hospital," the man said. "I'll come quietly with you to the station."

Vincent was taking no chances. Walker was at the other end of the corridor and he signed to him to approach.

"Slip down to the telephone and ask the superintendent to send up a couple of reserve patrols to lend us a hand."

THE show of force had apparently led Green to drop his intention of resistance or escape, for he fell into a sullen silence and accompanied them to the police station. There he was charged with having been in possession of the stolen banknote which he had given to Alice Dodds.

"You think yourselves very clever," he said; "but Mr. Pitt gave me that banknote on the day before he went away."

The reply was taken down and Vincent proceeded to search him. In the envelope taken from his breast pocket he found a safe deposit receipt for a box deposited with Messrs. Wrench and Company.

"Keep this man in custody until we return from Wrench and Co.," said Vincent. "We shall bring back the box with us."

Green broke out into noisy protests against what he called interference with his private property, but Vincent replied courteously that provided that all the property in the box proved to be his he had nothing at all to fear.

Walker accompanied Vincent to Wrench's emporium and there, after some delay in convincing the managing director that he must hand over the box in return for an official receipt from the police, they were allowed to take it away. It was a white wood box fortified with iron angle plates.

On arriving back at the police station, Green was asked for the key. He said that he had left it at his home in Alton and that in any case the police had no right to open it.

"It will be opened in your presence," said Vincent; "and you can see that everything taken out of it is replaced provided that there is nothing in it to which you have no right. Get a hammer and chisel, Walker."

The tools were brought and at the second blow of the hammer the lock gave way. The box contained nothing but a leather cash-bag such as bank messengers use. That, too, had to be opened forcibly, since Green declined to supply a key. It was packed with Bank of England notes of varying denominations and at the bottom lay a pass-book of the National Insurance Bank in the name of Bernard Pitt.

Vincent turned towards Green, from whom all truculence had now disappeared. "Arthur Green, I arrest you for the murder of Bernard Pitt by shooting him through the head. You are not obliged to make any statement."

Goron and Vincent breakfasted together half-an-hour after the arrival of the train from Newquay.

"So you have arrested the man you believe to be the murderer of Pitt," said Goron; "and that fantastic story told by those Americans is true after all."

"Yes."

"What interests me keenly is the difference between criminal procedure in England and its counterpart in my own country. There is a refreshing finality about your English procedure. But tell me, how do you regard your case as watertight?"

"Well, the story that Blake and Lewis told was that their car was held up in the road by a masked bandit who killed Pitt and made off with a bag of money. That money, consisting of notes that could be identified, was found in Green's possession, and what is more, a search of his room revealed a black mask hidden in a drawer."

"How strange that criminals should so often preserve objects that bring the crime home to them! Was his motive only robbery?"

"Partly revenge, I think. It appears that at one time he was a fellow employee of a woman named Alice Dodds; they were in the service of Mrs. Pearson, Laurillard's daughter. She employed Dodds over the drug traffic, with the inevitable result that Dodds herself took to drugs. After that Green took service with Pitt and black-mailed him. Pitt promised to give him two thousand pounds to clear out of the country with his young woman, Dodds, but Green discovered that Pitt was on the point of leaving England himself without redeeming his promise. That, in my opinion, supplied the motive. From inquiries I have made, Green found out the make of car that Pitt was hiring and his time of departure. He lay in wait for him in the open road and shot him."

"And so while you were hunting for the murderer in France he was here under your very nose."

"Had Pitt's companions been just ordinary law-abiding passengers they would have denounced the murderer and he would have been run to ground sooner, but they were criminals with much to hide, and Pitt himself was no flower; he was bolting with money stolen from his employers."

"A pretty nest of rascals. But why didn't Arthur Green make his escape while there was time?"

"To do him justice I think he was trying to persuade the woman to go with him and she was in such an advanced state of addiction to drugs that she hung back. Then, apparently, he was afraid to use the money because the numbers of the notes were known."

"It seems to me," said Goron; "that the person who deserves the heaviest punishment is Laurillard's daughter, Mrs. Pearson."

"Yes, the sinister part of it is that she will escape scot-free."

"Never mind, my friend, in hunting down your murderer, you have rendered a signal service to us in France. You have enabled us to close down another of these poison factories which were sapping the strength of our youth. These young people began poisoning themselves from a sense of adventure, the sense that assails most young people at some time of wishing to defy the law."

"Yes, if the sacrifice of Alice Dodds and of this young fool, Green, could be a warning to others, their deaths will expiate their follies."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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